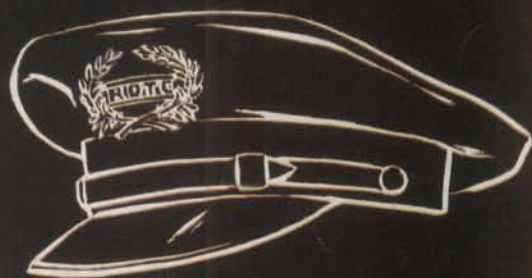
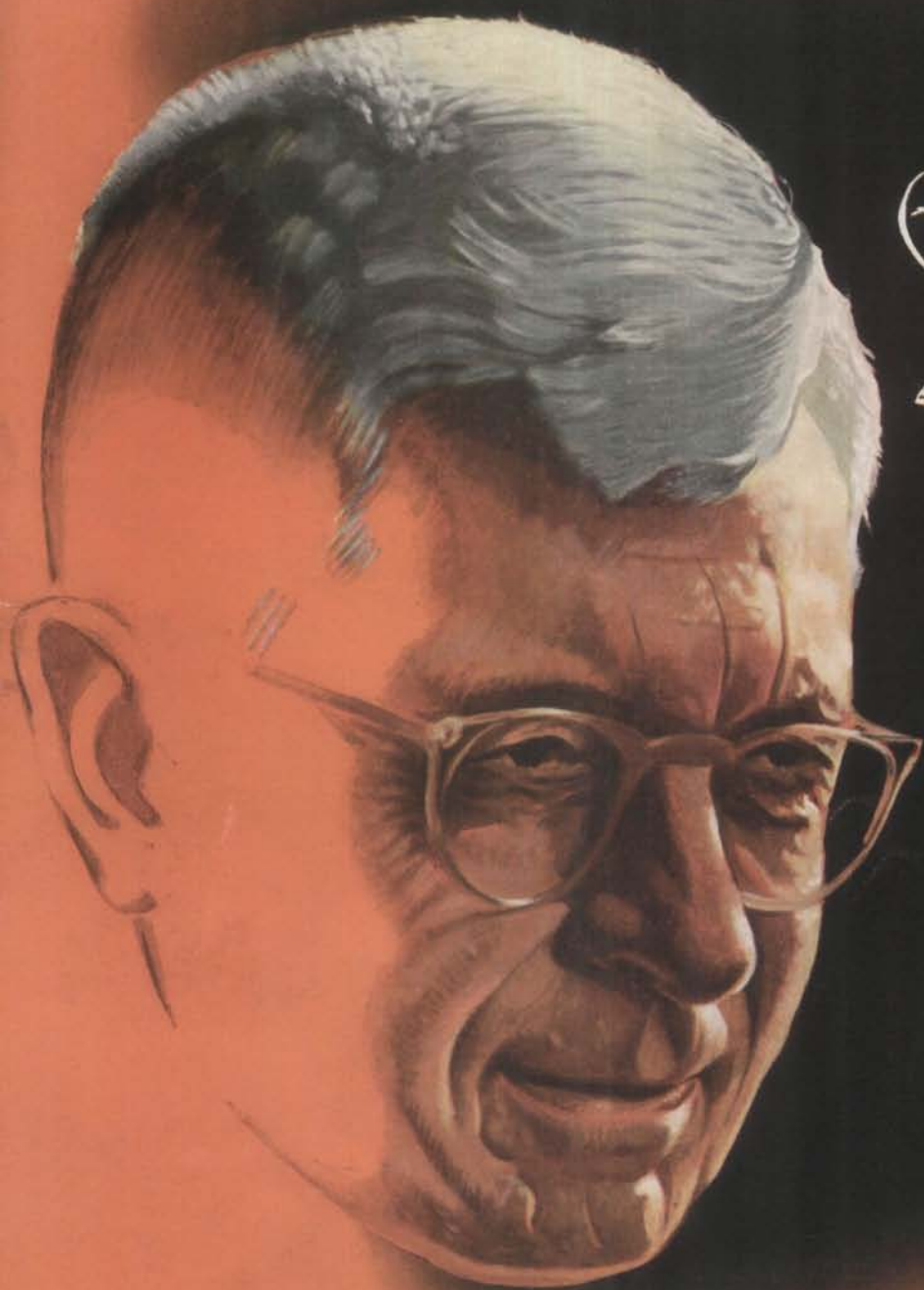


THE *Atlantic*

MARCH 1953



**Your Boy
and the
ROTC**

by
**President Dodds
of Princeton**

50c

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

"The rats and the mice,



did lead me such a life..."

Have you heard the story of Jasper, Indiana? The town the rats deserted? And the flies deserted? The garbage-less, and the garbage-man-less town?

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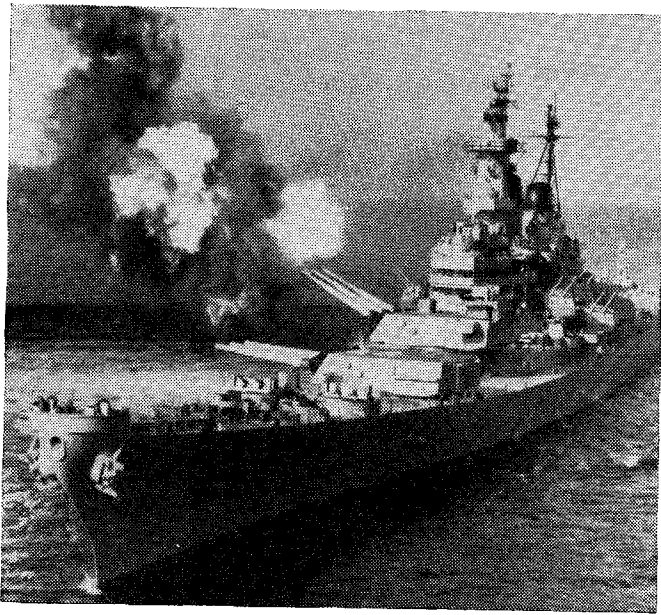
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We're telling you this story with another point in mind. Somebody has to pioneer things. Somebody has to dream a bit, work a lot, spend a lot, and worry a lot to get better things going. Finally things happen.

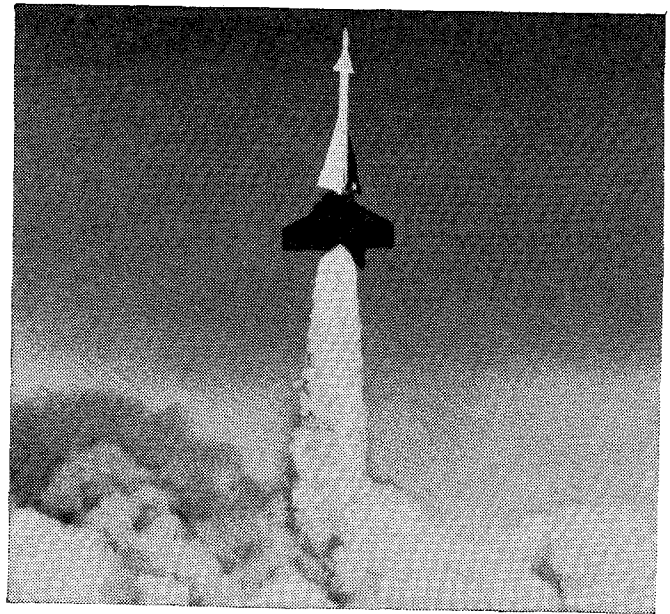
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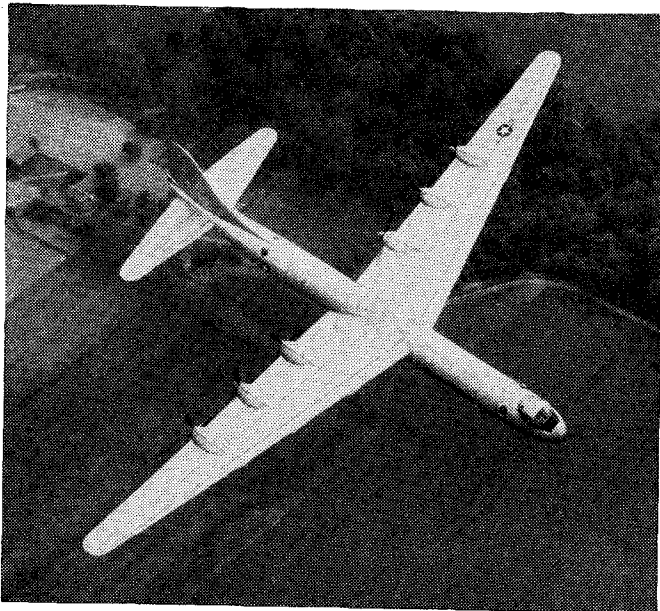
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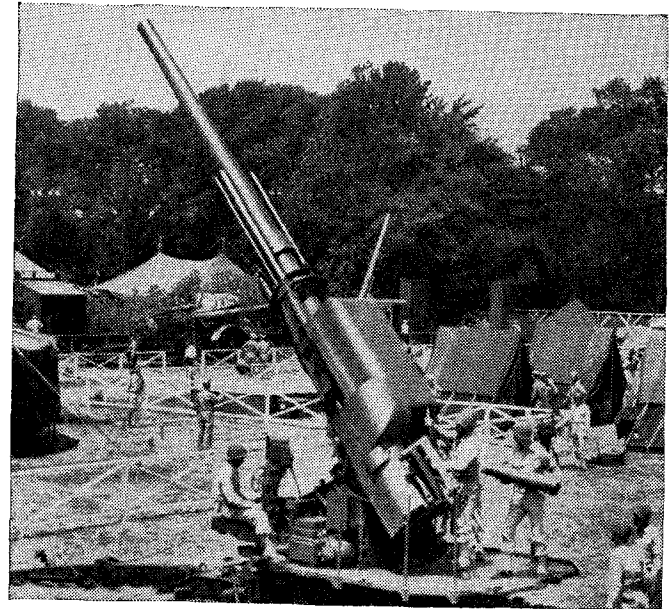
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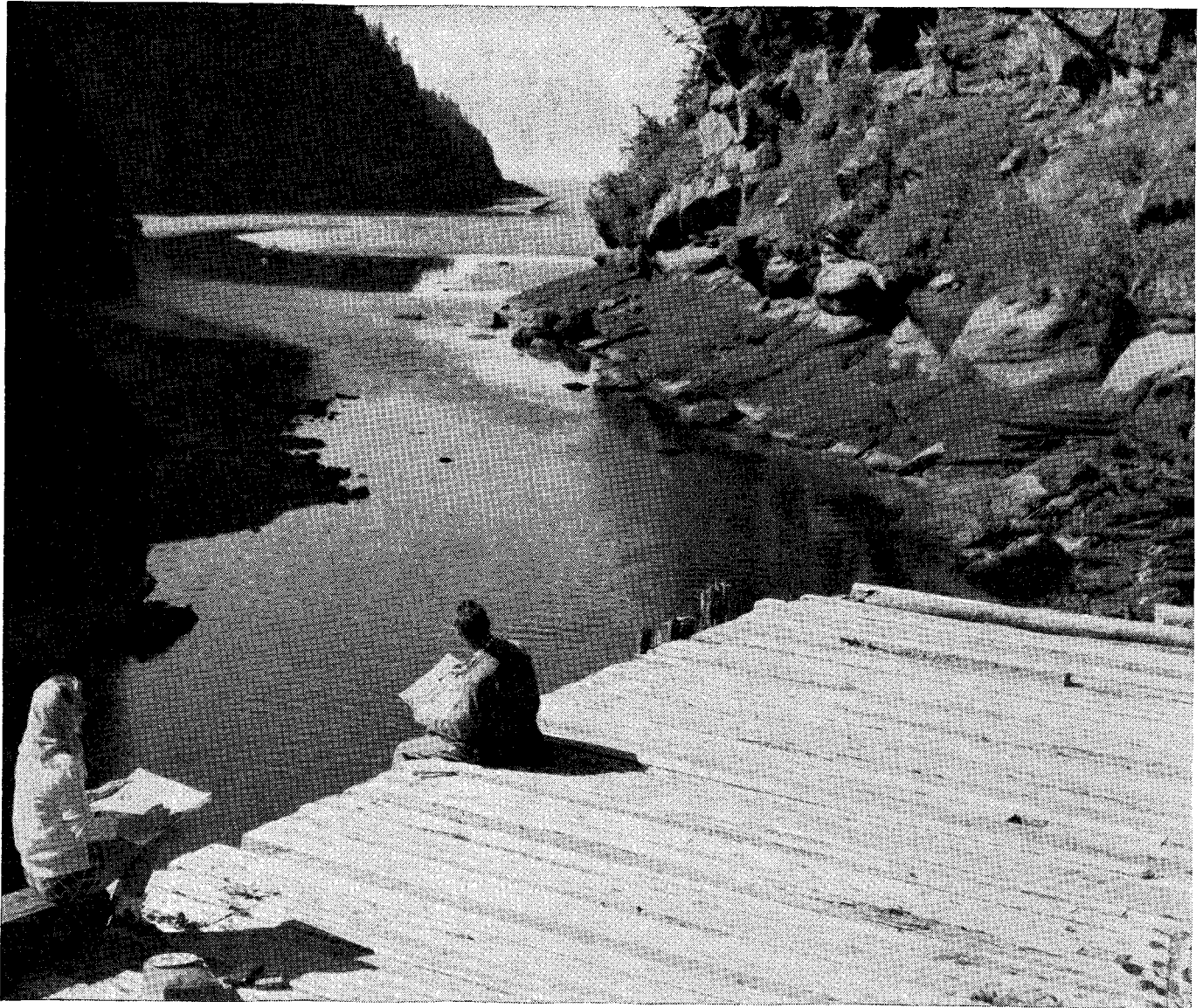
Cover portrait of Harold W. Dodds by Ern  de Sauv 

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Japan



It is difficult for Americans at home to realize the weight of our impact on Japanese life. We funneled a million and a quarter Americans in to reform the country in 1945. Today we maintain a command network, big military and naval bases, airfields, hospitals, and an enormous State Department establishment. Unannounced but manifestly large numbers of UN troops are always in Japan on rest and rotation leave from Korea.

American administrators, often able specialists, tend to assume that what is good for Nebraska is good for Japan. More perilously, the Japanese tend to assume the same thing. Both are justly proud of a long list of particular political, economic, and technological reforms, and it is in fact easy to trace our tangible contributions. It is much harder to see what we have taken away from the Japanese.

There are swarms of able American reporters in Japan, but they are absorbed in the Korean War and in concrete Japanese developments. Therefore, cultural changes have remained almost entirely unreported. The new personality structure of the Japanese, their system of values, the complex vocabulary of motives, is not so much misunderstood by us as unknown. Yet these determine Japanese attitudes towards their standard of living, militarism and defense, Communism, and relations with America.

The greatest change in Japanese values is the extent to which the people have become consumption-minded. They have observed the habits of Occupation families and decided to acquire much of the paraphernalia of American life. And why not? Well, Japan is a poor country that simply hasn't the material resources for American living.

Excepting the very wealthy, the Japanese must make do with fifth-best imitations of our bars and cabarets, our bobbysocks and Hawaiian shirts, our radios and phonographs, our shoes and permanent waves (which they call *pah-mah*), our plumbing, and our food. Heavy, toasted bread called *pan* rivals scarce rice; meat, coffee, and even cheese are now in fashion.

Fifth best would be better than nothing, had it not displaced the old first best and its many satisfactions. The Japanese were once able to live close to nature, in what they called elegant simplicity, and to develop a polished and sophisticated culture, rich in human relationships and in aesthetic rewards, that demanded few material props. One has only to compare a Japanese room with an American room to understand this.

Korean war boom

For the moment, the Japanese enjoy a relatively high level of consumption. Since the outbreak of the Korean War we have placed "special procurement orders" in Japan for war supplies averaging \$31,000,000 a month. This nicely offsets the average monthly foreign trade deficit of the period of \$30,700,000.

The Japanese know that their economy is being floated by the Korean War and its side effects, and that its end will bring an economic crisis. This produces a here-today-gone-tomorrow attitude. The wealthy spend lavishly and conspicuously. The stock market is booming to new highs. Gambling, especially in the form of a kind of vertical pinball game called *pachinco*, flourishes. Night life is fast. Heavy industry and shipbuilding are working at capacity. Real estate is soaring, and



A self-check on your recent reading habits

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GIANT by Edna Ferber..... ☐
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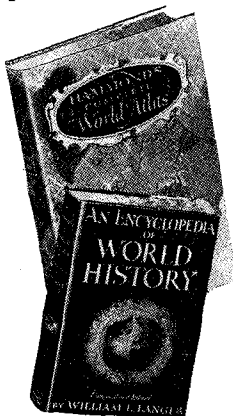
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The Atlantic Report on Japan



both construction costs and volume are whirling to dizzy heights.

But Japan's consumer industries, especially textiles for export, are in the doldrums. General retail trade is slow. Savings and capital formation are lagging desperately, in spite of the temptations of interest rates well over 10 per cent. While the cost of luxury items, especially Western ones, is very high, the cost of ordinary living is low, and declining somewhat. It has to. The base monthly pay of office workers is \$28, of government employees \$35, and of railroad workers \$37. Materially, these people are better off than they have ever been before, but they have an uneasy feeling of instability and rootlessness.

Neutrality

Under our tutelage, and also because they fear Russian bombs more than Communism, the Japanese have become profoundly antimilitarist. They believe fervently that they were misled by their generals. They have seen war at its worst, and are skeptical of all its rationalizations, especially those that paint it as a defensive necessity. Young people say that democracy is just another ideology, no more worth fighting for than the idea of the Emperor.

The big literary award last year went to a novel by Yoshie Hotta called *Loneliness in the Public Square*, a neutralist tract whose sentiments are echoed in many other books. To reconcile their neutrality with their yearning for science and logic, young writers and painters have become overwhelmingly Francophile. Translations from the French have displaced translations of American books on the best-seller lists. For instance, an omnibus of Camus's novels was in second place early this winter.

Popular sentiment against rearming is so strong that the Yoshida government would commit political suicide were it to speed up defense measures. Even though the cliquish regime is highly unresponsive to public opinion, Yoshida made a year-end statement that the country could not afford rearmament. The truth is that on this issue big business, which enjoys American war orders and fears taxes, is united with the public, which sardonically cherishes the MacArthur-drafted constitutional ban on armament.

Yoshida has tried to meet heavy American pressure for defense measures through a new National Security Corps, which was booed when it paraded

in Tokyo a couple of months ago. Anyone can draw a laugh in Japan by repeating the official word that this organization, equipped with tanks and fighter planes, is a police force.

The Communists lose ground

In the general election last fall the Communist vote fell from an average of 3,500,000 since the war to 896,000, or 2.5 per cent of the total vote cast; in the previous general election, in 1949, it had been 2,984,000, or 9.7 per cent of the total vote cast.

Almost all the unions have purged themselves of their once influential Communist leaders. The massive coal and electric power strikes — which all but paralyzed Japan in December, halting factories, curtailing train service, and even inconveniencing compound-sheltered Americans by reducing gas supplies — were not Communist-inspired.

Universities, usually the scene of Communist demonstrations, have been very quiet. University officials say that the attitude of the students has shifted from prankish imitation of a few exhibitionists to apathy, and recently to antagonism. Almost all Japanese, even Party members, resent Communist opposition to the Emperor.

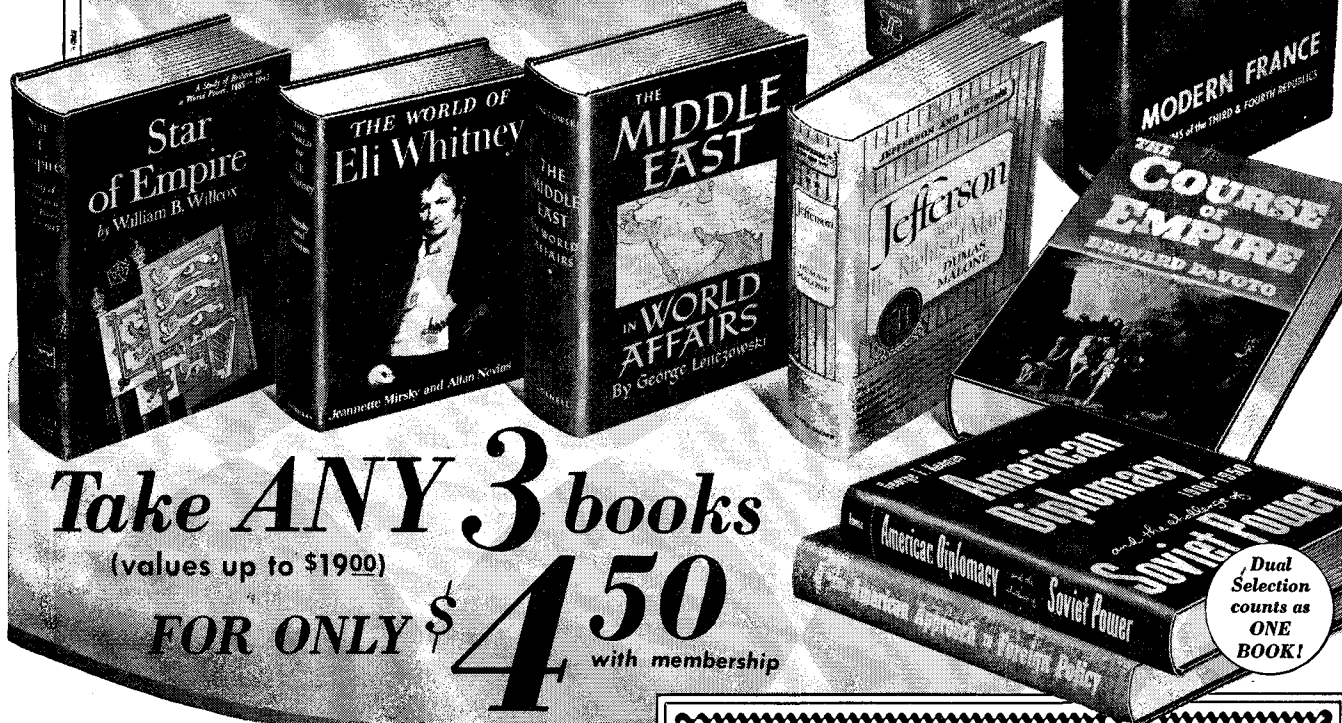
Bitterness runs high on account of those prisoners of war, mostly skilled technicians or engineers, still held by the Russians. All prisoners were heavily indoctrinated in Russia, and the several hundred thousand who returned expected to see their homeland groaning under the heel of American imperialism. Startled by the truth, many of them have publicly recanted and turned anti-Communist. They do not resent captivity itself, having been allowed considerable freedom — to work. To questions about their treatment, they say almost invariably that it was "not bad, not good."

Our impression of Communist influence in Japan has been exaggerated because scattered anti-American violence and demonstrations by Communists are necessarily played up by our press, while quiet is not news. A visitor has to hunt hard to find visible animosity. On the other hand, Americans who have been injured by common criminals sometimes receive flowers and apologies on behalf of the nation from strangers.

Anti-Americanism

Antagonism to American culture is a different matter. Westernization is not a one-way process, and the frustration of new desires for material things plus disdain for American materialism set

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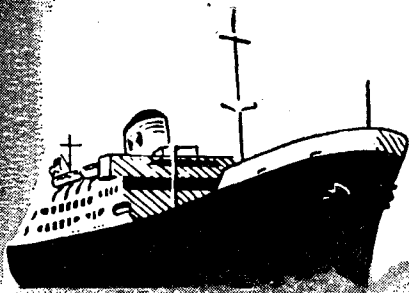
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up complex ambivalences, often in the same individual. Many Japanese say they are glad the American Occupation lasted as long as it did because they were able to learn so much from us. Still, its aftertaste is not all sweet. Parents regret the coarse American habits their children have picked up, and it is true that some of the Japanese youngsters can out-bobbysocks ours.

The way the Japanese have worked themselves up about the 200,000 illegitimate children (the figure is theirs) left behind by the Occupation troops suggests that this is a catalyst for seldom expressed general animosity. A novel about an orphanage sheltering some of these waifs has just become a top best-seller, and a movie, the success of which is certain, is being made from it. It is called *Yassa-Mossa*, a colloquial word meaning confusion.

The subject is brought up everywhere. Recently there was a furious public debate over whether these children should be educated separately. Illegitimacy is no real stigma to the Japanese; what really worried them was the large infusion of white and Negro blood into what they hold to be the purity of their race. Fortunately, the Ministry of Education took the course of reason.

The noisy barbarians

Even in the most Westernized hearts, some feeling for tradition persists, along with admiration for our science and technology. So the stock American is drawn as a red-faced, noisy barbarian leading an overactive life full of artifices, and covering his insensitivity to human feeling by an informal, stereotyped jocularity. This kind of cultural anti-Americanism does not take violent forms. It takes the form of gentle and often very funny satire, of withdrawal, of irritation, and sometimes of secret contempt.

In a brilliant Tokyo theater season last fall, for example, a satire called *East Is East*, by a popular novelist, Bunroku Shishi, was an outstanding success. It deals with a Chinese scholar shipwrecked on the coast of Japan long ago who, although he lived with a cultivated Japanese woman for three years, learned neither her language nor her country's customs. It captivated its audiences be-

cause it so obviously applies to Americans who have lived for seven years in their stainless steel compounds knowing nothing of Japan.

Even Japanese who live in Western style rail at Americans who have sealed themselves and their dependents off in aseptic, mechanized, gadget-filled compounds that, their Japanese names not being good enough, are now called something like Washington Heights.

SCAP's biggest blunder

But irritation flares most over extraterritoriality, our greatest political and psychological blunder. In February, 1952, in anticipation of the end of its authority in April, but against the wishes of the State Department, SCAP concluded an administrative agreement of which Article XVII gives complete criminal jurisdiction over American military and civilian personnel and their dependents to U.S. military authorities. It could not have done worse. Extraterritoriality has for a century been, in Oriental eyes, the most irritating as well as the most conclusive evidence of Western imperialism, not to mention race prejudice.

The Japanese do not object to our jurisdiction over crimes committed on American military bases, or over off-base crimes committed by men on duty. But they strongly and justly resent our jurisdiction over crimes both off base and off duty. They are angered because American personnel in NATO countries do not enjoy the same privilege. And they are fully aware of the trickery of a dictated agreement concluded just before Japan regained her sovereignty.

Japanese and American observers agree that relations between Americans and the population are very good. But in the nature of things, the normal incidence of misconduct by American (and British) troops is featured in the Japanese press, and every detail of apprehension, trial, and punishment is watched with hawklike attention. Even in cases in which our authorities act with extra severity (thus offsetting any imagined benefits of American justice), incalculable emotional forces are aroused.

The folly of SCAP was all the greater because the administrative

agreement is to serve only during a transitional period. This April, one year after the resumption of full sovereignty, the Japanese have the option of reopening the question as free agents and equals. If we exact our full pound of flesh and yield only at the last legal minute, we shall lose an immeasurable amount of good will. The time is limited; we must instantly surrender this mockery of a privilege.

The new nationalism

Contempt for Americans is mixed in with a national inferiority complex. But the Japanese will sometimes point out that the movie version of *Gone with the Wind*, released in Japan only in 1952, met with an entirely disproportionate and unexpected success because it shows what an army of occupation can do to a civilized country.

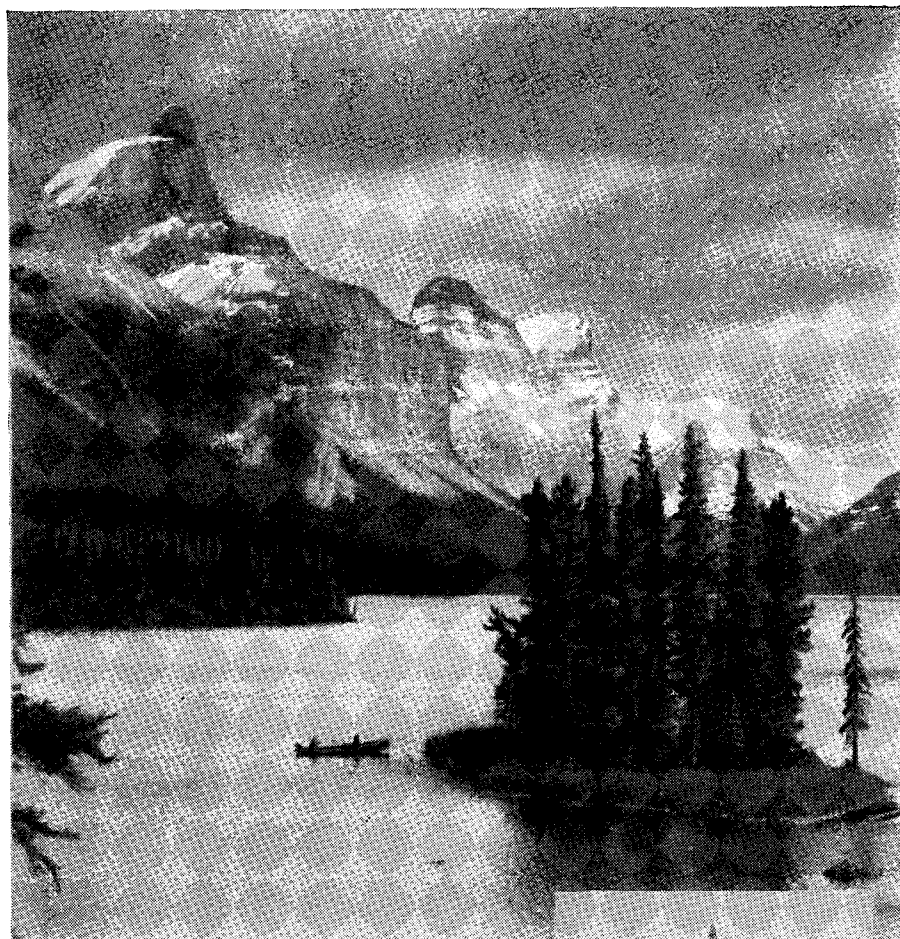
Amid the craze for Western methods, there are a few Japanese thinkers and evaluators — critics, philosophers, teachers, editorialists, and even speech-writers — who feel that the destruction of traditional Japanese values has gone too far. These intellectuals should not be chalked off too hastily as reactionaries.

One of them, a very distinguished man, recently said that a nationalistic reaction is bound to occur. If it comes soon, it will help to re-establish Japanese self-confidence, self-respect, and dignity. It will be a new nationalism, based on Japan's very real cultural assets, devoid of militarism, of chauvinism, and of impossible territorial or economic ambitions. But if the reaction is delayed too long, it will become extreme and ugly.

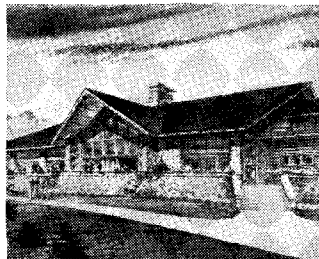
Although Tojo's Japan used the methods of the police state, most Japanese even now believe they were merely copying Western imperialism. As they say, not without irony, they had a serious case of nineteenth century morality. If they turn to aggression again, they will be under the compulsion of far more terrible beliefs. But they will turn to aggression only if they fail to recover a moderate, healthy self-esteem.

They still think that all things Japanese must be bad because they lost the war. We have no experts to send them to teach them pride and dignity; these they must find for themselves.

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Washington

THE new Dulles-Bedell Smith team of foreign policy managers has been shaped around the belief that in the great power struggle of our era the time is approaching when the Western world, led by the United States, can pass over from the defense to the offense in quest of a solution without war. The necessity of a shift to the offense was laid down by Eisenhower in the campaign, notably in his promise to seek the liberation "by peaceful means" of peoples enslaved by the Soviet expansion.

Applying World War II terms, the holding phase is nearing an end. A base line has been secured, and strength has been coming into being behind it. Berlin, Korea, and the struggle for Europe's economic survival have been like Guadalcanal, the Coral Sea, and the Battle of Britain — the successful defenses which won the chance for the future. Perhaps an El Alamein and a Stalingrad must be won before the turn of the tide is obvious. The adversary is still powerful and still capable of penetrating if his constant probings locate a weak spot.

The areas of decision

The primary goal is to obtain the recession of the power frontiers of Russia in both Europe and Asia. In Asia that means a long-term effort to sever the mixed strands of ideological agreement and of subjugation which bind Red China to Stalinist Russia. And to be successful, the policy must be executed without starting World War III.

Nearly all, if not all, the major foreign policy problems facing the Eisenhower administration are related to that primary goal — completion of adequate military strength for the West; the revival of normal international trade and the closing of the dollar gap; a settlement in Korea in particular and the Far East in general; the advancement of European unity; a practical adjustment with the new nationalisms along the southern rim of the Mediterranean basin; friendship between India and Pakistan, and a firming of their Western ties; the rehabilitation of the United Nations.

In essence, the main problems themselves are not new to U.S. foreign policy. Henry Adams, writing in his "Education" of the problems facing Ameri-

can diplomacy at the turn of the century, perceived that "Hay's and McKinley's statesmanship turned on the point of persuading the Kaiser to join what might be called the Coal-power combination, rather than build up the only possible alternative, a Gun-power combination by merging Germany in Russia." To what other purpose are President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles urging Germany now to join the Western European community?

And John Hay, as Adams notes, had his Manchurian problem at that time. It was not quite what it is today, but it involved a triangular conflict of interest among the abutting powers, Russia, China, and Japan. Dulles recognizes that the conflict remains, has enlarged, and, in its Russian-Chinese aspect, should be exploited to our advantage.

The Truman-Acheson team was born and trained in the defensive period. Its historical role was defense against the great post-war outward surge of Russia. It will someday be recognized as a good defensive team. But its necessary preoccupation with defense robbed it of opportunities to develop ideas, offensive plays, or even the offensive spirit.

The shift to the offensive will not be easy. An intensified, better-organized psychological strategy program, with clearer lines of authority, a broader interdepartmental coordination, and more prestige than characterize the present operation, is essential and could be the spearhead of that offensive. Psychological strategy is implicit in Dulles's ideas for achieving "liberation" — by which he means reduction of the Soviet power area.

Dulles's objectives

Dulles has been rather guarded in the public utterances in which he began to recommend — long before the campaign started — a shift to the offensive. It is possible here, however, to report some specifics of what he has had in mind.

Dulles inherits the situation of Russia's extraordinary military power development, its exploitation of 300 million people in Europe for aggressive military purposes, and its progress in

exploitation of an even larger number in China. He would say that even assuming you can hold them where they are, it is too big a gamble to let those forces develop further.

The Acheson policy of containment, Dulles would say, looks to the possibility that the Russian system will eventually fall apart from the inside. (Dulles obviously does not believe in the possibility of our achieving co-existence so long as the Soviet Union is dedicated to world conquest.) If it is assumed that the system will eventually disintegrate, Dulles would ask, why not try to accelerate the process?

The only way to hold a dynamic force, Dulles would argue, is by another dynamic force. Any static bulwark is sure to crumble — ours too. That is what is happening in Asia and Africa, and the only reason it is not happening in Europe is that the Russians are not pushing very hard.

It is, in Dulles's view, a legitimate type of preventive activity to increase internal difficulties of despotisms to such a degree that their ability to carry out external adventures becomes limited. Dulles once said publicly that he would force the Russians to stay at home by giving them some homework to do.

What Dulles has in mind is nothing so vague and intangible as "spreading the idea of democracy," nor so long-range as undertaking to construct what he calls a social-security belt around the Soviet sphere. The approach would vary with the target. It would play upon love of country in Poland, for example, or the lowered standard of living in Czechoslovakia.

If sabotage and subversion are to be accompanying techniques in the program — which the United States could never overtly admit — it is a relevant circumstance that Bedell Smith has just been heading the Central Intelligence Agency.

Dulles and Kennan

This general concept of cold-offensive tactics was brought into at least indirect challenge just before Dulles took office, in a speech by George F. Kennan, inactive Ambassador to Moscow. Kennan warned against "doing anything at the governmental level that purports to affect directly the

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governmental system of another country." He suggested it would be wrongful, risky, and probably unproductive.

By accident, Kennan spoke the day after Dulles had testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, urging a "strong but not reckless" foreign policy. Hasty explanations were made that Kennan had no intention of opposing his new chief in the public prints. He has only a year to go before retirement, and naturally wishes to serve it out. As a Foreign Service officer, it was stipulated, he fully recognizes Dulles's final authority, and knows that if fundamentally opposed to a Dulles policy, he would have to move into a field where he would not be concerned with its execution.

The "incident" was officially "closed" by Dulles after a personal meeting with Kennan. However, the Kennan speech had been cleared through State Department top quarters before its delivery. By implication there is therefore a substantial task of reconciliation between Dulles and the top career men of the Department before agreement is reached

on the precise meaning of the Dulles "liberation" strategy.

The new high command at State is better related and devised for the assignment than is generally realized. Smith, the slight, tense, dry-minded, dedicated World War II chief of staff to Eisenhower, is no presidential "plant" in State to curb the more imaginative and freewheeling Dulles.

On the contrary, Dulles picked Smith for his own reasons. Smith knows the bureaucratic labyrinth of Washington. He served high in the Budget Bureau for four and a half years after World War I. He was ambassador in Moscow for three years.

Finally, Smith and Dulles went through several great post-war international conferences together and discovered a mutuality of thought.

The problem of Chiang

The freedom of movement and decision with which the Dulles-Smith team at State is blessed can be illustrated by taking a look through their eyes at Chiang Kai-shek.

During recent years, Chiang had become enwrapped in an intricately wound cocoon of warring American political ideologies. It became heresy for a Democrat to propose using Chiang, and equally heretical for a Republican to doubt that Chiang represented the perfect answer to the Far East problem.

Whether Chiang and his forces will be put to genuine strategic use depends on the answers to certain questions comprehending the whole Far Eastern problem. Is there any serious prospect that the Chinese people will ever rise and throw off the Communist government? If so, Chiang is a possible, though improbable, instrument of the rising. If not, then Chiang is a pawn in a longer game. He can be used to threaten the flank so long as Peiping remains in the Moscow embrace. Eisenhower's order to the Seventh Fleet to cease "shielding" Communist China from Formosa-based Nationalist attacks was an act combining "psychological strategy" with exploitation of Chiang's role as a flanking threat.

Dulles and Smith both incline toward the diplomacy of using a wedge between Red China and the Soviet Union. A commitment to that course could only mean for Chiang that his future is behind him.

To Secretary Dulles the separation of China from Russia must be the overriding objective of Far East policy, to be reached either by upsetting the Red regime or by accepting its durability as a fact of life and attempting to persuade it towards Titoism. It has been a Dulles conviction that the United States has at the most ten years in which it can maintain a divorce of Japan from China. By then, he would say, China will either be drawn from behind the Iron Curtain or Japan will be lost to it. He well recognizes the economic attraction the two have for each other, and his purpose is to see that attraction moves China out, not Japan in.

It was with at least a groping sense of this long-range goal that the Eisenhower group which went to Korea decided, in their conferences homeward bound, to treat the Korean War not as an isolated problem but as only a part of the whole Far Eastern problem. It was viewed in its relation to Japan, to Indo-China, to Hong

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Kong, to Formosa, to Malaya, and to Asiatic public opinion, and the hot wars in the Far East were considered also in relation to the drain they impose on forces needed for defense of the decisive theater, Europe.

Germany and Conant

Our new diplomatic GHQ understands that in Europe the economic relationship of Germany to the satellite area is much the same as the Japanese-Chinese relationship, with the same magnetism of trade potential at work. Eisenhower's advisers quickly grasped the import of Stalin's words during the Communist Party Congress last fall, and warned that the new Soviet tactic would be to offer trade as bait to pry economically beset nations from the free-world alliance. It must be a Dulles objective to see that the satellite areas are persuaded toward trade with a Germany aligned with the West, rather than finding one fine day it has worked the other way around.

But the cleaving of China from Moscow is not something that is going to happen overnight, nor is there much sense of assurance right now that Germany can be committed irrevocably to the West as quickly as had once been hoped. In the meantime, persistent economic distortions, resulting principally from the establishment of the economic iron curtain, threaten the whole fabric of the anti-Communist alliance, and some interim means of lessening the unbalance must be found.

The importance Eisenhower attaches to Germany's role is indicated by his appointment of James B. Conant as U.S. High Commissioner, later to become Ambassador. The Harvard president is a welcome giant to a people who hold scholarship and scientific attainment in high regard. As the Scientific Advisor on Atomic Energy to General Grove and again as the American Consultant on Atomic Energy at the Moscow Conference in 1947, Conant has held Federal appointments of major importance.

Conant's statement to the *Harvard Crimson* explaining why he took the post deserves to be quoted: "A person in good health is, perhaps, justified in laying down prematurely the heavy responsibilities of the presidency of Harvard only if in so doing



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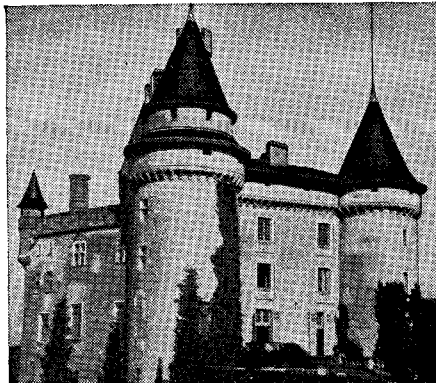
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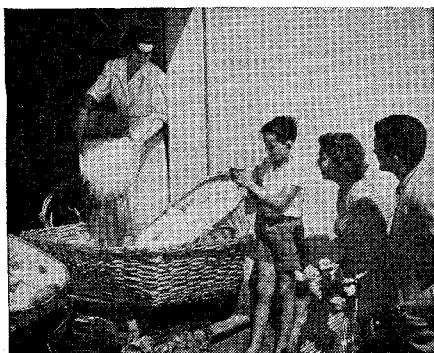
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he accepts an equally challenging task of prime significance." He warned that "the greatest threat to our national security is our failure to realize how great in fact is the threat," and added: "Those who have agreed with my diagnosis of the present danger will need no convincing when I say that I believe the position of the representative of the President of the United States in Germany in the coming years is one of vital importance."

The *Catholic Standard*, newspaper of the Washington Archdiocese, found the Conant appointment "puzzling." Its observations reflected the interest of the American Catholic community in the present West German government with its strong Catholic coloration. The *Standard's* criticism is based on the fact that Conant has opposed the granting of Federal aid to parochial schools as he has to all independent schools.

On the other hand, the appointment may come as balm of Gilead to German Protestants who have felt left out of Chancellor Adenauer's predominantly Catholic government.

Mood of the Capital

The fresh winds of pragmatism are blowing all through Dwight D. Eisenhower's Washington. The new question is not "What doctrine do we apply here?" but "What will work?"

There are exceptions to the new pragmatism. Eisenhower men have their beliefs: successful men of business are peculiarly qualified for government; less government is better than more; decentralized government is better than centralized government. But even these do not weigh against facts when there is conflict. The need for a labor leader in the cabinet outweighed the fondness for businessmen.

The best example of the new mood occurred when the Eisenhower administration came face to face with budgetary fact. There were campaign prospects of lower taxes, budget cuts, and balanced ledgers. The fact turned out to be enormous commitments already made against revenues. It was the campaign prospect that gave way in the painful moment of confrontation. Eisenhower decided that campaign promises are subordinate to reality.

The Soviet Peasant

ALTHOUGH some 20 million Soviet citizens moved from the country to the city between 1929 and 1939, as part of the government's program of rapid industrialization, Russia is still predominantly an agricultural country. Only about one third of its 200 million people live in cities. Over half live by farming, forestry, and fishing. Moreover, most of the city-dwellers have close connections with peasant life. A very large proportion of them have themselves worked as peasants; many still go back to the villages to help with the harvest; many cultivate vegetable plots and raise poultry and livestock in their free time.

Peasant life is notoriously conservative, in Russia as elsewhere. Relying on nature, the peasant is accustomed to a slow rhythm both of thought and action. He is also mentally and physically less accessible than his urban brother to governmental pressures. Only by what Stalin himself called "a second revolution," "a revolution from above," did the Bolshevik regime succeed in uprooting the traditions of the Russian peasantry and creating a new form of agricultural economy: the collective farm.

Between 1929 and 1932, some 20 million small peasant landholdings were consolidated into about 240,000 collective farms. Millions who resisted collectivization were sent to labor camps, exiled to remote regions, or otherwise "liquidated." Millions who finally joined the collectives, first slaughtered their horses and other livestock.

In theory the new collective farms were voluntary associations of farmers who pooled their resources to form a large coöperative enterprise; in fact, they were formed by compulsion exerted chiefly by the Communist Party, against the tremendous resistance of the peasant population. The results were violence, illegal slaughter of horses and other livestock, illegal disposal of crops, graft, waste, refusal to work — and famine. In 1944 Stalin told Churchill that the suffering of the collectivization period surpassed even that of World War II.

The peasant's no did not force the Soviet state to abandon the collectivization program, but it did cause it to make important modifications of the

original objectives of that program. The original idea of collectivization was the ultimate conversion of the peasantry into a rural proletariat, working for wages on giant state-owned "factories in the fields." By 1935 this idea was largely spent, although some so-called state farms, on which peasants work for wages, were organized and continue to exist.

The principal concessions won by the 97 per cent of the peasants on the "collective" farms were: first, the right to keep for themselves what remained after heavy government levies; and second, the right of each peasant household to maintain its own house-and-garden plot and its cow and other animals.

These concessions have not deprived the government of what from its point of view is perhaps the chief benefit of collectivization: the ability to collect what it wants from the farms for delivery to the cities. Further, the state controls the collective farms through about 7000 Machine Tractor Stations, which furnish both machinery and operators, and which have made Soviet agriculture almost as highly mechanized as that of the United States. The MTS charges very dearly for its services, not in money but in kind.

The Soviet peasant continues to pay a high price, in poverty and regimentation, for Russia's industrialization. Nevertheless he has kept his identity and his individualism to a surprising extent.

Piece rates on the farm

The individual peasant on a Soviet collective farm is not paid wages, strictly speaking, but a share of the profits of the collective, his share being calculated on the basis of what he has produced. Shares are measured in terms of so-called labor days. Under a law of 1948 there are nine different labor-day rates, ranging from one-half labor day for the least skilled work to two and one-half labor days for the most skilled and most difficult. A worker who weeds an acre of onions may be credited with one-half labor day, while a worker who picks two acres of cotton may receive two and one-half labor days.

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A labor day is only a percentage share of the total income of the collective farm. At the end of the fiscal year, each collective divides its total net product (after taxes and reserves) by the total number of labor days earned by the members.

The larger the product, the greater the value of a labor day — and the richer the peasants of the particular collective farm. Inequalities of net income of different collective farms may be considerable, though they are somewhat lessened by taxation, which is based on potential production determined according to total arable acreage. Soviet literature refers proudly to “millionaire collective farms.”

Bonuses and other incentives

As in the factory, piece-rate payments are part of a larger system of incentives. Orders, medals, titles, and bonuses are given to peasants who exceed the indices established for production of different crops, for breeding of cattle, for milking, and for other tasks. The peasants work chiefly in brigades consisting usually of 30 to 60 members, each brigade cultivating a certain area for one or several seasons. Bonuses consisting of a percentage of beyond-plan production are paid to individual brigades and to individual squads within a brigade.

A sense of “socialist competition” is encouraged by special rewards for breaking of records. “Shock brigadiers” and “model workers” are given trips to Moscow, get their pictures in the papers, and are hailed at public meetings. The more promising and industrious are given the opportunity to study to become agronomists, teachers, engineers, doctors.

The equality of peasant women, who now comprise a sizable majority of the peasant working population, and whose position before the revolution was one of marked inferiority, is in general protected. They do not have to turn over their pay to their husbands. They may rise to positions of leadership, though relatively few are collective farm chairmen. However, they probably comprise 70 per cent of all squad leaders.

As in the factory, rewards for success are matched by punishments for failure. For disciplinary violations, such as failure to report to work with-

out adequate reason, or refusal to obey orders, peasants may be warned, reprimanded, rebuked at the general meeting of the collective farm; they may have their names placed on a blackboard; they may be fined up to five labor days, demoted, suspended, or even expelled.

Keeping the farmers in line

In contrast to the industrial enterprise, which both in theory and in practice is run by the manager (under state and Party controls, to be sure), and to the so-called state farm, the collective farm is in theory — though not in practice — run by the general membership meeting. It is not easy to understand why the fiction is maintained that the general meeting elects and controls the collective farm chairman, when — as the Soviet press and even Soviet legislatures periodically complain — the chairman is in fact sent in from outside, and has complete power over the collective.

There is a very heavy turnover of chairmen. Also there is a very complex system of controls over a particular collective farm: its production quotas are assigned by the Ministry of Agriculture; its work methods are to an important degree controlled by the Machine Tractor Station; its deliveries to the state and its general operations are supervised by local and district government organs. There are, of course, Communist Party agencies standing behind each of these state and economic bodies, and at the same time the Party has its own agricultural organization. There have been official complaints that Party agencies have tried to displace the local offices of the Ministry of Agriculture.

The collective farms are under almost continual fire for so-called bureaucracy. A statute of September, 1946, inveighed against “the undue increase of executive and service personnel in the collective farms and the exceedingly high waste of labor days and money for the cost of administration. . . . Grafters and parasites frequently hide themselves in useless, artificially invented jobs.”

Similarly, there have been complaints against the peasants’ habit of underestimating their production in order to evade government collections. “In the Bashkir Autonomous Republic,” one writer stated in 1946,

"the state production quotas have not been met. The explanation given is shortage of fuel, which is untrue. It is not because of lack of fuel but because of the anti-government attitudes which exist in the region."

Difficulties of administrative and political control have been intensified by the smallness of the collective farms. In 1949 there were about 253,000, averaging about 75 families and about 1200 acres under cultivation. Only one out of three or four collective farms contained a Party organization. During 1950, through administrative mergers of the smaller collectives, the total number was reduced to 123,000, and by 1952 the number was down to about 97,000.

In the Moscow region, for example, 6000 collective farms were consolidated into about 1700, averaging about 1800 acres and 250 able-bodied farmers apiece. In one province of the Ukraine 866 collective farms were merged into 342, averaging 7400 acres each. It is now reported that a majority of collectives have their own Party units.

The drive to consolidate the collectives was accompanied by a revival of the controversy of the thirties regarding a "rural proletariat." A member of the Politburo, Khrushchev, advocated not only an administrative consolidation but a physical amalgamation of collectives, and the formation of agro-towns in which the peasants would live in apartment houses. To an outsider who knows something of Soviet means of transportation and Soviet peasant housing, the idea seems — and seemed — fantastic. It was propagated for some months, implemented in a few places, then criticized, then dropped like a hot potato.

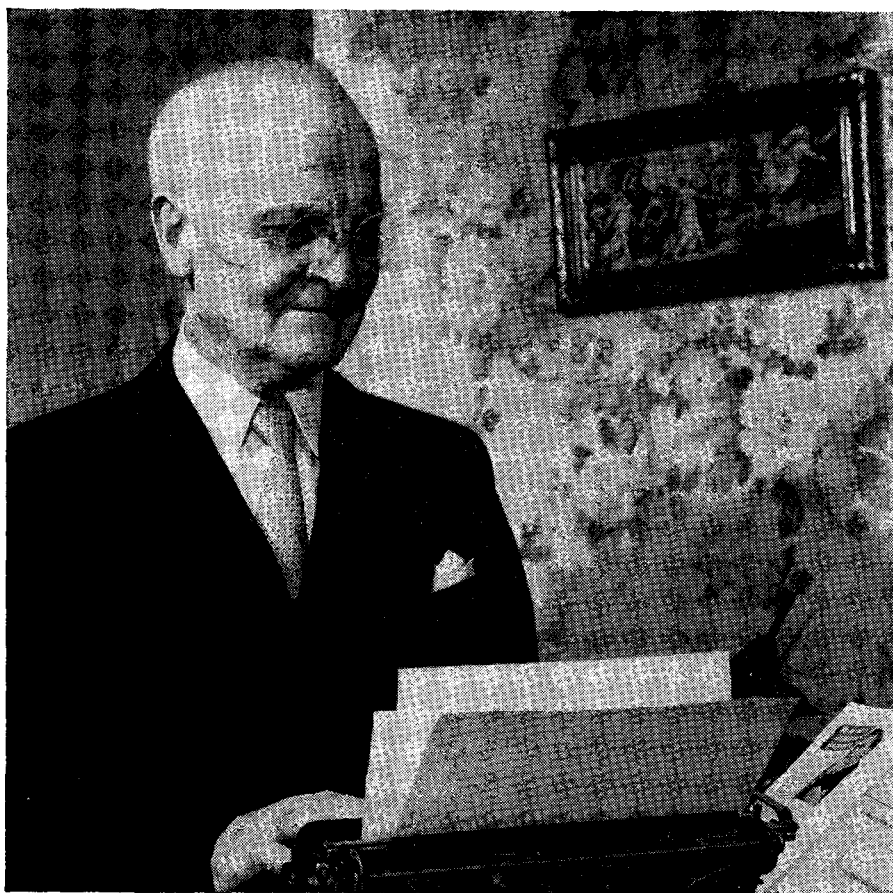
The peasant household survives

While the administrative merger of collective farms does not seem to have altered seriously the pattern of peasant life established in the mid-1930s, the transfer of peasants to agro-towns would have deprived the Russian peasant of the one thing he cherishes most: the peasant household. In the early days of collectivization Soviet radicals proclaimed that "the peasant household as a separate unit is doomed." In 1935 the recognition of the rights of the peasant household was perhaps the most important

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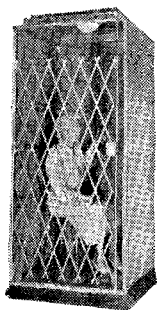
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In March Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *The Earth Is Born*—latest scientific theories on how our earth began, how it will end; *We CAN Win the War in Korea*—William Bullitt's analysis of how we can end the bloody stalemate; *Fred Waller's Amazing Cinerama*—how a self-made scientist is bringing breathtaking realism to movies.

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means of reconciling the peasantry to collectivization.

Centuries of Russian history are embodied in the institution of the Soviet peasant household. Originating in ancient times, it has survived many different forms of agricultural organization. Defined by the Soviet Land Code as "a family-labor association of persons jointly engaged in agriculture," it may consist of any number of persons (today it rarely exceeds fifteen), related by blood or by marriage or by adoption into the household, who carry on a joint domestic economy.

Under Soviet law, the land that may belong to a peasant household is restricted to an area between five eighths of an acre to two and one-half acres, depending on the type of collective farm. Peasant household land comprises only about 5 per cent of the total area under cultivation. Nevertheless, owing to the time and effort spent on it by the peasants, household land has in some years accounted for about 20 per cent of the total agricultural production.

Soviet law permits a peasant household to own one cow, two calves, one sow with sucklings, ten sheep and goats, an unlimited number of fowls and rabbits, and twenty beehives. In nomadic and seminomadic areas some other animals may also be owned. Despite these limitations, peasant households owned before the war about 65 per cent of the cows and calves in the Soviet Union, and over half the pigs and sheep; they provide a large proportion of Soviet meat, vegetables, fruits, poultry, dairy products, and honey.

The peasant would like to devote his energies as much as possible to his household plot. In order to secure the deliveries which it desires, the government has passed laws requiring that a certain minimum amount of labor days be earned in the collective fields and combating the illegal encroachment of households onto collective fields. Also the peasant households are taxed. Nevertheless, the income from their plots probably remains at least as large a source of income to the peasants as their income from the collectives.

The peasant takes the produce of his household plot, as well as his pay-

ments in kind for work on the collective fields, to the so-called collective farm market. Here prices are free — and high, despite some competition from state foodshops. There are said to be some 4500 such local free markets in the Soviet Union — over a thousand more than the total number of cities and towns. In 1939 they accounted for over 15 per cent of the total volume of trade, as measured in rubles.

However, the peasants now suffer from the shortage of consumers' goods which they must buy in the state-owned village shops or else at exorbitant prices in the black market; and this situation is aggravated by the decline in home industries such as weaving and shoemaking which played an important part before collectivization.

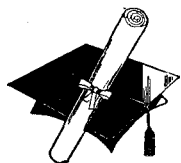
The family collective

The members of the peasant household are bound by the closest ties. The right to manage, use, and dispose of all household property belongs to the members as a whole; in the absence of unanimity, decisions are by majority vote of the adult members.

The members select a head of the household to administer its affairs. The powers of the head are governed by local tradition and custom. Occasionally cases get into the courts involving the rights of the peasant household — such as the right of the members not to have the head of the household sell a household building without their consent, or the right of a member to his share in the property of a household that has been dissolved, or the right of a household to recover damages from the "parent" collective farm for illegal withdrawal of the household plot.

At least as important as the economic and legal aspects of the peasant household, however, is its social aspect as an institution for transmitting the tradition of peasant life from generation to generation. Soviet collectivization of agriculture has been superimposed on an older family collectivism.

It is impossible to measure in quantitative terms the significance to Soviet society of the peasant way of life; it is also impossible to doubt that its significance is tremendous.



Schools and Camps



To Atlantic Readers

This is the first of our new monthly School Directories. Here we shall call your attention to developments in private schools and camps.

Year in and year out the *Atlantic* publishes many thought-provoking articles on the subject of education and American schools. In this issue you will find President Dodds' challenging article, "Your Boy and the ROTC." In the February issue John Garrett, Headmaster of the Grammar School in Bristol, England, raised the provocative question "Do American Schools Educate?" Just a few issues back Dr. Claude M. Fuess, long-time Headmaster of Phillips Academy, Andover, told *Atlantic* readers what he had learned about "The Schoolboy's Code."

Your letters have proved that educational interests are an important part of your lives. We know that *Atlantic* readers play an important part in P.T.A. and alumni activities, and we believe you will welcome up-to-the-minute and accurate information about the special programs and advanced facilities offered by American independent schools.

If a child in your personal circle needs a private school, remember that schools differ as much as children do. Always the correct answer is to find the particular school to fit the special needs and abilities of the individual child. Any one of the school directors whose announcements you find in the *Atlantic* School Directory will be happy to aid you.

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ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

In Defense of Thomas Merton

SIR:

When Thomas Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain* was first published, I read several reviews in Protestant publications which were a little on the critical side, but not so censorious as the article "Thomas Merton" by Aelred Graham, a Roman Catholic monk, in the January *Atlantic*.

The Benedictine scholar seems to be supercilious towards Thomas Merton's all-pervading belief in the actuality of redemption and his concern for the lost world, which resulted from his own experience of divine grace transforming his inner life.

Nor did I like the critic's haughtiness towards various phases of Merton's message. For instance, he doesn't like Merton's verses about self-indulgent millionaires, and yet can anybody read *The Seven Storey Mountain* without being impressed with the need to do something for the underprivileged? I wonder if the critic ever worked among the Negroes in Harlem as Merton did.

The Benedictine scholar doesn't like Merton's message to the average person to withdraw from the world: "In our present predicament no religious propaganda could be more in harmony with the Marxist book than an appeal to Christians to let the world go to the devil in its own way." That wasn't the way I read *The Seven Storey Mountain*.

I have often wished that Protestant ministers had the insight into the actuality of the God of redemption and the hollowness of man's nature apart from Christ that Merton has.

S. EARL DUBBEL
Huntingdon, Pa.

Marc for Breakfast

SIR:

What Ann Masters drank with her coffee on that memorable morning in the little town of Vernou ("Cognac for Breakfast," January *Atlantic*) was not cognac, but what the French call *marc*, a distillation of stems and pulp remaining in the vats after pressing.

Touring the French provinces, one may sample many a fine *marc du pays*. And like Miss Masters's host, some of the farmers who produce them doubtless refer to them as their own private brand of "cognac." But these local products are no closer to cognac than "corn likker" to the finest bonded bourbon whiskey.

Cognac is a name reserved exclusively for brandy made from special grapes grown in the Charente district of southwestern France, about 100 miles north of Bordeaux. Only this brandy is given the government *aquit régional jaune d'or* permitting the producer to use the single word "Cognac" on his label. By international agreement, other countries now respect this nomenclature.

There are other good brandies made in France. There are even some *marcs*, like the *Marc des Hospices de Beaune*, which, when well aged, command respectful attention from connoisseurs. But such *vieux marcs* are few indeed.

Any member of the Bureau National de Cognac, which stands guard over quality, would wince at the prospect of making "cognac" in the manner described in Miss Masters's charmingly nostalgic piece.

Pure cognac is made, not from pulp, pits, and stems, but from carefully pressed wine, distilled twice,

then aged for years in specially seasoned Limousin oak. The different growths are blended by men whose families have been passing on *expertise* from father to son for generations.

The economical farmers of Cognac and other towns in the Charente do not let the pulp and other residue go to waste. They mix it with fertilizer and put it back into the soil.

NORMAN READER
French Government Tourist Office
New York City

India and Birth Control

SIR:

I was deeply interested in Dr. Carl E. Taylor's article entitled "Will India Accept Birth Control?" (September *Atlantic*) and I congratulate the *Atlantic* on publishing an article on so important a subject.

I do feel, however, that the article does not stress the positive side of the story. The socioeconomic factors have not been mentioned although they interact closely with the cultural pattern, partially traced by Dr. Taylor.

For the last century, whenever a new idea or major reform has been proposed, this cultural pattern has been cited as an almost insurmountable obstacle to progress. But whenever a determined effort has been made to establish new mores, it has succeeded to an extent unanticipated by administrators, missionaries, priests, and others of conservative mind.

May it be so with planned parenthood. India has moved far since 1947. As regards birth control, it has displayed a far more rational attitude than many a Western nation. The

subject is receiving serious, fair, reasoned, and well-informed attention in many quarters.

LADY RAMA RAU, *President*
Family Planning Association of India
Bombay, India

I Personally —

SIR:

In "The Making of *The Magic Mountain*" (January *Atlantic*) Thomas Mann repeats a couple of fallacies which should be corrected in the interest of humanity's fight against tuberculosis.

The first exception I take is to the statement that "tuberculosis is a disease of the young." This is utterly false. A check with any competent chest specialist will prove that today it is recognized that the unsuspected grandmother or grandfather is one of the greatest sources of infection.

Secondly, that anyone caught in the ravages of tuberculosis has forfeited the chance of living a normal life. In the author's words, "he will become completely incapable of life in the 'flatland.'" This is only true of the playboys with or without tuberculosis. I have observed life in several sanatoria and have noted the great effort which is made, along with the cure of the patient, to enable him to lead a nearly normal life after his release. A case study determines the need and capacity of the patient, who then is advised as to a course to be pursued that is in keeping with his condition. The follow-up of cases has proved the economic value of the rehabilitated ex-patient, who because of his former affliction leads a well-ordered existence, and thus becomes a highly dependable and efficient worker in whatever trade or profession he may be engaged.

I am making this request on behalf of the uninitiated who by ignorance may contract the disease, and for the afflicted, who by unnecessary worry and fear may retard their recovery.

O. W. SCHUTTE
Montreal, Canada

SIR:

As an American tourist who has visited Israel, I was interested in the

Report on Israel in your January issue, but must take exception to some of the conclusions regarding that country's attractiveness for tourists.

Although the food and accommodations were far below the George V or Ritz in Paris, the experiences encountered more than compensated for minor discomforts. We saw at least three luxurious hotels, one of which, the Sharon, situated on the Mediterranean, was absolutely beautiful. Incidentally, for night life, we found one of the finest dance bands we have ever heard.

We find ourselves impatient to return to Israel, to be surprised anew by the great changes which will undoubtedly have occurred in the interim.

MARTIN BEST
Poundridge, N.Y.

SIR:

One could hardly quarrel with Professor Toynbee's general thesis — world political unity or world destruction as present-day alternatives — set forth so ably in "Men Must Choose" (January *Atlantic*). Yet during the period of his *modus vivendi* preceding world organization, the great powers of the earth must inevitably take into account certain strategic facts, especially those relating to world geography.

The author says, "The former English Channel, which was still an effective strategic obstacle as recently as 1940, has now become almost invisible as the jet plane streaks across it" — with the implication that it is no longer a strategic obstacle because of the speed of jet planes.

Hitler's bombers and the pursuing British Spitfires, while not as fast as jet planes, crossed the Channel in a very few minutes — hundreds of times faster than the Dover packet in 1870 or a smuggler's sloop a century earlier. The real reason why such bodies of water constitute strategic obstacles now as well as in 1940 has nothing to do with the speed of aircraft, especially fighters. It is the impossibility of furnishing logistic support to an invading army, dropped by air or not.

PAUL L. PORTERFIELD
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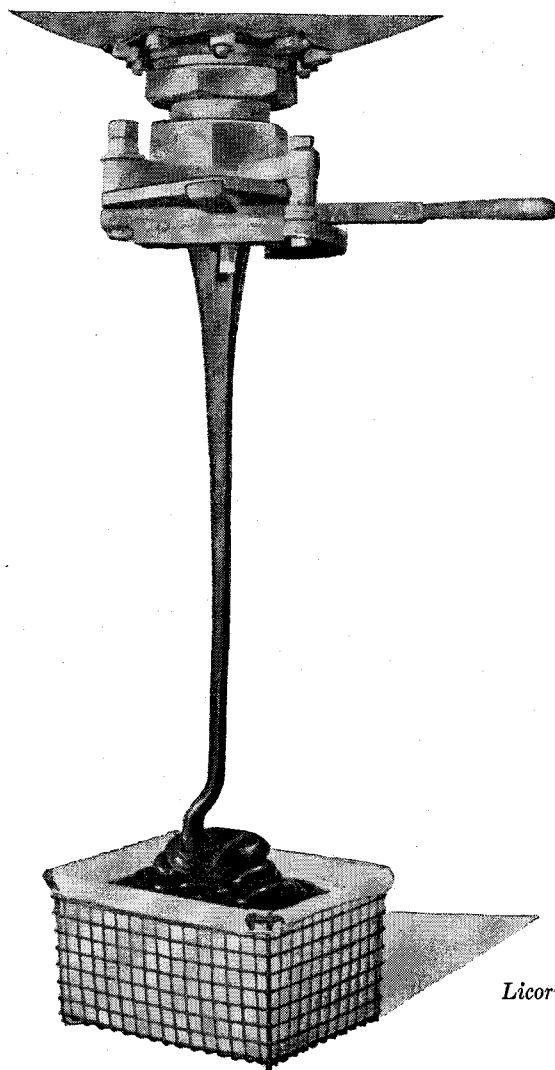
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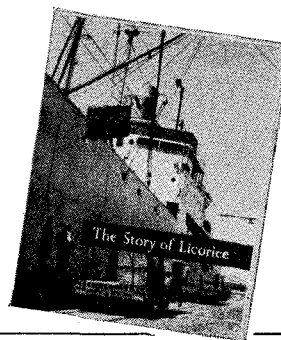
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HAROLD W. DODDS, who has been President of Princeton University since June, 1933, has closely observed the effect of the ROTC program upon undergraduates and the faculty. Now that military training can no longer be regarded as an emergency measure, but must be accepted as something to live with, he believes that it is imperative to make the ROTC instruction an integrated part of the college course. He believes it can take less time and be better taught, and here are his recommendations.

YOUR BOY AND THE ROTC

by HAROLD W. DODDS

TO SCHOOLBOYS who are now completing their plans to enter college next fall, the draft and military service loom up as more than a remote theoretical possibility. Should the prospective freshman contemplate ROTC or not? This question will be discussed in thousands of homes between now and next September. It is one that college presidents are asked repeatedly, and parents and students have a right to an answer.

More than 300,000 students, almost one fourth of our male college population, are now enrolled in Army, Navy, and Air Force programs of study. Soon some institutions may find that as many as three fourths of their undergraduates are studying military science. It is expected that approximately 30,000 alumni of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps will be commissioned this year as second lieutenants or ensigns; but the ultimate procurement objective is more than double this number annually.

The total number of training units for all Services is 780, distributed throughout 350 different colleges and universities. In about half of them, including those at all land-grant colleges except one, the two-year basic course is required for all freshmen and sophomores. In all cases the upper-class advanced course, which leads to a commission on graduation, is voluntary. A student enrolled in ROTC who signs an agreement to serve two years after graduation

as a reserve officer receives draft deferment for the period in which he remains in college; provided, however, that he keeps in good standing scholastically in all his subjects and survives successive "disenrollments" of those deemed not to be developing officer qualities. In a good many institutions the attrition rates are, for one reason or another, quite high.

The attitudes of students and faculties towards the necessity and wisdom of civilian-military training on such an unprecedented scale are divided. By some, ROTC is considered to be an opportunity for national service which justifies fully the inroads it makes on normal educational activities. Of all social institutions, it is said, organized higher education should be the quickest to recognize its obligation and the most eager to fulfill it. But others take the opposite view. To them, ROTC is an alien importation, so foreign to the proper atmosphere of a college and so subversive to its timeless purpose as to deserve no place or part in the curriculum. However, on one point the opinions of educators agree. They may differ about ROTC as an element in the education of a civilian or its expediency as an officer training device; but the overwhelming consensus is that the quality of the academic programs is substandard and unbecoming to both the Services and the colleges.

I believe that ROTC is an opportunity which higher education should welcome in this dangerous

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hour; but equally clear is the need for some prompt reforms in the interest of all parties. Basic to any serious improvement is better understanding on the part of both the military and the professors of each other's requirements and methods.

The function of the ROTC is to provide the large number of active short-term junior officers and a proportion of the longer-term regulars which an active military establishment of 3,700,000 men requires. The Armed Forces contend, and I believe correctly, that ROTC offers the most efficient method for finding and training this host of officers.

The contribution of ROTC graduates in time of need was forcefully demonstrated by the part they played in World War II. Without them mobilization would have been delayed by many months. As the war continued and our armies expanded, the reserves supplied the backbone of the officer combat personnel. In action they acquitted themselves with honor and distinction. At the end of hostilities the majority of the Army officers at battalion and company levels were former ROTC students. No exhaustive figures are available, but a tabulation of the officers of five veteran combat divisions on June 30, 1944, "showed that 52 per cent of the lieutenant-colonels; 82.5 per cent of the majors; 70 per cent of the captains; 26.8 per cent of the first lieutenants, and 9.3 per cent of the second lieutenants were reserve officers"; and of these "90 per cent were ROTC graduates."

In the light of such a record, is it strange that the government should look to the colleges as the best source of supply of the host of junior officers required to man our cold-war defense program? Experience with the alternative device of Officers' Candidate Schools has proved much less satisfactory. OCS is the method by which a soldier who has volunteered or been inducted as a private may become an officer. It involves an extra year of service beyond the two years the ROTC graduate must give, for obviously it is not practicable to spend a year in training a man to be an officer if he is to serve but one brief year at commissioned rank. Young Americans are unwilling to volunteer for this extra year merely to share in the kudos and responsibilities of officer rank; and the Armed Forces do not want to draft men to be officers.

When one weighs the alternatives, he has fewer misgivings regarding the ROTC idea in general, although as an educator he may still be unhappy over its operation.

2

THE weaknesses in the military program are particularly acute in institutions of the highest scholastic standards and strongest fidelity to the liberal arts ideal, the very colleges which supply a substantial proportion of the most effective officers and in which the attrition rate between basic

and advanced courses is lowest. Unless these weaknesses are remedied to the mutual satisfaction of the Services and the colleges, ROTC will continue to be viewed by the faculties, and by many parents and students, as unworthy of our campuses.

It is true, as the Department of Defense asserts, that no college has been forced to accept ROTC against its will. Yet colleges as well as people have a lively instinct for self-preservation. When Selective Service threatened to decimate their enrollments, following the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, many actively shopped for ROTC units for the deferment they offered the students; and the demand still exceeds the supply.

Now that we can no longer consider military training as a passing phase fashioned for a temporary emergency, the problem becomes one of how to make room for it in a way that will do justice to the essential requirements of the Armed Forces, with the least possible dilution of normal educational processes.

In justice to the Armed Services it must be said that they appreciate fully that military science is only something added (although an indispensable something) to the general equipment of an officer which the college experience supplies. To be a second lieutenant calls for native intelligence, a trained mind, and a personal capacity for leadership which his men will recognize and respect. American colleges exist for the purpose of cultivating these very qualities. If they are successful, their graduates have the talent, education, and personal equipment for command. In setting up the ROTC system, the Department of Defense has confronted higher education with a challenge it cannot shrug off.

Now let us consider first what the students think and then what the faculties think. Do the students understand why ROTC is necessary?

No dean will argue that the draft is popular with either students or parents; both desire that military service be postponed as long as possible. But on the whole, the undergraduates view their military possibilities calmly, if with some natural concern about an uncertain future; and they can be depended on to adjust realistically to what the country demands of them, with no more grumbling than is good for a soldier in any case. Certainly the charge of some ill-advised oldsters that modern youth lack the courage and the spirit of sacrifice of their fathers is as slanderous as many other gloomy observations of age about youth, which appear to have been common to all generations throughout recorded history.

When we turn to student attitudes towards ROTC in particular, it is clear that the great majority would not be in it except for its draft deferment privilege. As is true of many of their teachers, they are not convinced of its significance and its claims on them as patriots. A potent attraction in colleges and universities which boast units of more than one Service is the chance to choose the

arm of the military to which one prefers to belong. Where there is such a choice, the Navy and the Air Force are selected in preference to the Army. The news from Korea, where the Army is bearing the brunt of the hardships and casualties, has not stimulated much ambition to be a foot soldier. The drawing power of the Army has always been weaker than that of the two other branches.

The values of an unbroken four years in college are obvious. There is nothing unwholesome about deferment when the individual knows that in exchange he must serve later as an officer for two years, as his contemporaries do. Yet it would be unjust to American youth to fail to point out that a substantial, if unostentatious, urge towards ROTC lies in a sincere conviction that one can contribute more if he can complete his college education before he is needed. After all, this is only what parents and educators have been telling them all along.

The well-advised young man, weighing the pros and cons of officer training as against serving in the ranks, will not consider two years as an officer to be all loss with no retrievable gains for himself. True, the work of a second lieutenant on active duty will not add to his specialized knowledge of a particular civilian vocation. But if he keeps his eyes open and determines to profit from his chances to mix and work with all sorts of people such as he never met in college, he will learn much that will make him a more successful lawyer, a more knowing banker, a more efficient businessman afterwards; a better teacher if this is the profession he intends to follow, or even a better clergyman.

Students who entered ROTC when the signs in Washington pointed to early general calls for their age group, and who thereby committed themselves to two years of service after graduation, may be forgiven if they ask themselves sometimes whether they didn't back the wrong horse. They have seen their civilian classmates continuing their normal careers, even moving on into postgraduate and professional schools under the liberal policy of student deferments. It would be only natural if some feel that they were lured into military training by false advertising. Sales campaigns for ROTC recruits have relied too heavily on the deferment privilege; the major appeal has been pitched to private interest. The moving challenge of an exceptional opportunity to be a good citizen has been ignored by the Services, parents, and faculties alike. However, as student draft calls rise next year and increase progressively during the two years thereafter, ROTC will be restored to a more balanced position in the pattern of national military manpower; and this will be good for it.

3

WHEN we come to consider the faculties, we find that they are more unhappy over ROTC than the

students. Civilian discipline and military discipline do not mix, it is said; the latter should be postponed until one enters the service, where it rightfully belongs.

This criticism I deem to be without foundation in fact. In part it springs from a conflict in temperament, but in part it is a sort of reflex of professional dissatisfaction with the slight scholastic quality of much of the course material. ROTC students do not live under military discipline; their whole manner of living is civilian. The campus remains distinctly civilian in spirit and the same is true for the officer candidates. Military law is studied but not applied. Military courtesy, smartness at drill, and *esprit de corps* are taught but they do not set up psychic conflicts in the minds of the student participants. ROTC students are accountable to the faculty and administration of the college, not to their military commandant, who has authority to flunk a boy in a course. But any other faculty member has the same authority in respect to his courses.

The more serious causes of faculty dissatisfaction parallel the criticism of the students to which I referred earlier. They concern the inroads which military science makes on the student's program of studies and the consequent diversion of time and energy from subjects of greater intellectual stimulus and broader educational range; the substandard quality and slight substance of the courses for which college credit is asked and usually given; and the methods of instruction which are followed.

The encroachment of ROTC upon the civilian curriculum is most acute in those colleges which have departed from the traditional system of the numerical accounting of separate course credits in favor of considered four-year patterns of study. At such places the ROTC student finds that the "free elections" available to him outside his central program are reduced by the hours in his schedule reserved for military courses. This is particularly true when he enters a field of concentration in his upper-class years. It represents an educational sacrifice for many a student who is deprived of interesting opportunities for expanding his intellectual outlook. Naturally the faculty share a corresponding sense of sacrifice in respect to their courses which the students must forgo in favor of military training.

Scholastic credit for military studies is another bone of contention. The Services press naturally for standard credit for their hours of work. It is allowed in the majority of places, usually in the proportion of 15 to 20 per cent of the total academic requirements.

Hours spent on military science represent a subtraction from the time which a student would otherwise devote to normal activities, including his studies. When place is made for it on his class schedule he has fewer hours to give to the remaining corpus of his studies; when it is not he has less time for his over-all program than his civilian class-

mates enjoy. Either his classes or his extracurricular activities are bound to suffer. We cannot ignore a place for extracurricular enterprise; it is a characteristic and valuable element in the cultivation of the personality for which the American college system strives. Credit or no credit, ROTC cuts into the day's educational work of a student.

But the basic faculty unrest springs from the knowledge that ROTC subjects are intellectually thin, and that the student's time is consumed in the dull memorizing of detailed facts. The techniques are of a trade school sort, in contrast to the courses designed to strengthen the muscles of the mind by challenging its interest and stimulating its exercise. The movements of history and their causes and consequences, the evolution of civilizations, the problems of a dynamic social order, the curiosity which science arouses, are more effective to this end than memorizing bare facts. Of course facts are indispensable; they are the stuff with which we think. But memorizing them in a mechanical manner is dull work. At most they remain inert knowledge until one is able to utilize them in associative thinking. The general objection of educators is that the emphasis of ROTC is so exclusively on practical details of the "know how" to the neglect of the complementary "know why." Moreover, they are convinced by their own professional experience that if properly condensed and presented the subject matter could be conveyed in less time than the Services now demand.

Examples from the ROTC curricula will illustrate the sort of subject matter to which both students and faculties take exception. They are not selected as criticism of specific courses, but as indicative of the atmosphere which pervades ROTC training.

There is one course in which equal allotments of time — six hours — are assigned to first aid and hygiene and to teaching the geographical foundations of national power. The first half covers material usually found in Red Cross courses, oriented to military conditions. Among the "graphical training aids" are the following: "When a fly wipes his foot on your food, he's spreading disease"; "Don't be your own doctor"; "Beware, drink only approved water." The other six-hour segment considers geographical factors, their influence in the division of people into nations, and their effect upon governmental policies, economic development, and war potential. It concludes with the relationships between rivers, harbors, natural resources, water barriers, climate, communications and trade routes, and a nation's peacetime economy and war potential. It studies the world's uranium deposits in relation to the atomic bomb, and the effect of the possible discovery of new uranium deposits and other metals. It includes specific analyses of the United States and two other great nations as to their economic power, their war potential, and their inclination and aptitude for

war as influenced by geographical factors. A list of source materials, all of adult nature, is given the instructor, but it affords that inexperienced and unhappy man no explicit guide to the selection of text material to aid the students in their formidable six-hour jaunt through these vast geopolitical regions. Surely there are incongruities here.

Courses in administration are designed to introduce the student to those paper procedures by which so much of the business of the Services is transacted. One of them, after an hour devoted to the particular forms of military correspondence, consumes thirteen more of its allotted fifteen hours in the study of the thirty-three forms, reports, and records listed in the syllabus. The course terminates with an examination to determine how much of this the student's memory has retained.

4

IN REBUTTAL the Department of Defense properly points out that the function of ROTC is to implant in a prospective officer the knowledge of his craft which he must have if he is to function as an officer when he goes on active duty. It reminds us that any specialized profession calls for memorizing a body of exact facts — medical students, for example, have to learn anatomy, and they are apt not to like it in contrast to the more speculative subjects they studied in college. How well a young officer has mastered the details of his training may spell the difference between survival and death for himself and the men under his command. An infantry officer must be able to work a gun; whether he understands the chemistry of explosives is purely incidental to his responsibilities as a platoon leader or company commander. To know what buttons to push on an automatic calculator is more important to a young antiaircraft officer than to comprehend the mathematical theories that made it possible. Admittedly this sort of knowledge or skill is not a normal element of a college education; but this is not to say that as a field of study military science must live in narrow isolation from the academic curriculum. Total war is more than a strictly military problem. The "know why" is an essential element of the "know how," and should be part of the equipment of an ROTC graduate.

The teachers rightfully argue that modern defense has raised a new set of problems in which civilian and military considerations are intertwined. No longer can the military depend on imported lay personnel to provide ready-made solutions for them. The wise policy is to see that the officers who enter via ROTC bring with them an educational base on which to build an appreciation and grasp of the new socioeconomic military issues which a democratic country confronts when it prepares to defend itself by arms.

The Pentagon is well aware that its military sci-

ence courses will not enjoy the support of either students or faculty if they are not respectable, on a par with the quality of other work on the campus.

As a step to curing the present deficiencies, the Army and the Air Force are introducing new curricula devised to be more general in nature. Each will allow more room in its schedule for studies of civilian as well as military value. For the present, the Navy is making no sweeping change in its requirement of eight full semesters of Naval Science, which it holds to be the minimum possible for the training of competent ensigns. In support of its position, the Navy points out that as a rule students come to college having no familiarity with the sea; the knowledge which a future ensign must acquire has little counterpart in civilian life; whereas the other Services can build on familiar experience which most young Americans share in common. Nevertheless the Navy is observing the new programs in the Army and Air Force with interest and states a willingness later to consider adjustments towards the faculty viewpoint.

Various colleges and universities are considering plans for better integration of the military subjects with the academic curriculum; and the Army and Air Force authorities have indicated that they welcome pilot experiments. Yale, for example, is exploring the possibilities of a common freshman year for the three ROTCs on its campus, to be taught largely by the civilian faculty and to be concerned with elements of history, geography, and political science. Colgate is considering the wisdom of combining elements of its required area studies program with similar subjects in the Armed Forces program. Other institutions are discussing similar changes.

Princeton, with the full coöperation of the Army and the Air Force, is trying out a limited solution of the problem of integration. Aided by a grant made two years ago by the Rockefeller Foundation, our History Department has constructed from the ground up a new course in military history to occupy one semester of the eight assigned to military subjects. The course is open to civilian students as an elective. The History faculty is pleased with the results of the first trial run. It is not the usual technical history of campaigns and their strategy and tactics. It is rather general history applied to the specific topic of armaments and war. It covers the main developments in the art of war since the cabinet wars of the eighteenth century, and analyzes the broad reciprocal relations between the Armed Forces and the social, political, and economic life of the society of which they are a part. A book of readings has been assembled and a syllabus is in preparation which will be made available to other colleges that may wish to conduct a similar experiment.

I suggest that academic scholarship applied to certain other areas of college may well return some gratifying and perhaps surprising results. Geopolitics is a subject which should repay some inven-

tive effort. The new Air Force curriculum assigns 30 per cent of the contact hours in senior year to Military Aspects of World Political Geography. Experience indicates that the participation of qualified civilian teachers would be helpful. A new course on the Economics of Military Affairs would strengthen an understanding of the strategy of modern war. Economic logistics are as important as military logistics. Officers and civilians alike need fuller knowledge of the economic as well as political uses of manpower and natural resources, and of the impact of military policies upon our economy.

Since the quantity of specialized military knowledge now offered appears adequate to equip young men for commissions, the cure for the scholastic thinness of the curricula is not to load on more of the same stuff. Those colleges which can demonstrate that their students are able to master the requirements of military science in shorter time than is now devoted to it should be permitted to compress it into fewer classroom hours and exercises, and to utilize the hours thus recaptured to deepen the meaning of the program and achieve a more satisfactory integration with the academic program.

One final matter of importance remains to be considered. It is naturally a rare officer who has had previous experience in a college in which the methods of instruction are so dissimilar to those of the Service Academies. Professional life has not equipped him to deal with deans and professors; moreover, the latter are under reciprocal handicaps towards him.

The military faculty desire to teach their subjects well. When it is generously offered, a new military science instructor is quick to welcome aid on teaching methods at the hand of an experienced professor who will spare the time to help. The practice of a two- or three-day pre-season conference between the officer-teachers and representatives of the administration and faculty would work to harmonize the views of both sides.

Apart from certain special professional preparation such as science engineering and medicine, I believe that the highest service a qualified college student can render is to prepare to be an officer. An Army or Navy or Air Force is no better than its officers, and our country needs the best. In so doing he will have to give some of his time to military subjects removed from his major intellectual interests. But, as I have said, the Department of Defense counts heavily on a college education for the basic preparation of junior officers. Accordingly academic deferments are granted to those who enroll in ROTC courses and who continue to demonstrate officer ability as they move through their college years. Anyone to whom such deferment has been granted can be assured that he has placed himself where the country can use him best.

When the pros and cons are balanced the answer comes out in favor of ROTC.



An Atlantic Story



An American novelist who is now living and writing in Rome, MARTHA GELLHORN wrote her first novel in Paris at the age of twenty-three. As a correspondent she covered the Civil War in Spain; Munich; Czechoslovakia; Finland; and the war in China before Pearl Harbor. During World War II, she reported from England, Italy, France, Holland, and Germany. The story which follows will form part of a new book to be published this year.

A PSYCHIATRIST OF ONE'S OWN

by MARTHA GELLHORN

EVERY day now, when Matthew Hendricks woke, he heard the voice (whose voice?) asking: what are you doing here? How do you mean "here," he would answer irritably in silence. Here happened to be Paris. Before that, for two years, it had been Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands; before that, New York; before that, Majorca; before that, Rome; before that, Three Star Ranch, Kneehole, Montana; before that, London. What difference did here make; here was more places than he could easily remember; he had to match years and addresses before he knew where he had lived. Why don't you just say, "What are you doing?" and have done, Hendricks demanded of this unknown inquisitive voice. There was no answer, of course. All the voice did was ask once, ruin the beginning of the day, and shut up. It is not, Hendricks thought, as if I were a cheerful waker. Some people feel low at sunset, l'heure bleue given over to assignations, brooding cocktails, a wistful spell with the gramophone, doubt. For me l'heure bleue is dandy. By then I have got past the day, I can rest on my oars, more time is finished. It is waking that I hate. I do not need any foreign voice asking me questions I cannot answer.

There were other irritations, besides the voice. His workroom changed; papers, pencils, the typewriter, books were minutely disarranged. Each morning he lost his temper and his time, putting back exactly where it belonged what he used for his work. He made tremendous scenes to Rose, his wife, shouting that he asked very little and expected at least that she could control her maids. In an equal rage, Rose said the room would not be

cleaned, then he would be at peace in the untroubled dirt, and she in peace without his ridiculous carrying on. He locked the room and kept the key; even so, in the mornings, some subtle disorder had occurred. He could not explain it, he did not dare speak of it; gradually, without mentioning the subject, the maid Ermilla resumed her daily dusting and sweeping.

He had also begun to suffer from an intermittent trick of vision. He would be talking to one of the many friends who appeared for drinks, for dinner, and speaking to Johnny Fitch he would see Tom Boyd's face or vice versa. Rose observed a new habit of blinking, she thought Matthew had some deplorable growing nervous tic; he was trying to blink the right face on to the right person. It was all maddening, harassing; he wished he had never agreed to come to Paris. He had been content in the Caribbean, half asleep, floating in the warm air and the warm sea, not sure what month it was or what year, letting time flow over him.

Rose, who never thought about her husband but only drew conclusions, decided Paris was doing Matthew a great deal of good. He had been increasingly lazy in St. Thomas, he was behind schedule on his book, but now in Paris he was again working as he should. She did see that Matthew, always a detached undemanding man, had become fussier; she put it down to age and admitted she probably had little manias herself which she did not notice. If she ignored Matthew's nonsenses, he would get over them. She believed in not taking things seriously.

Awake, Matthew Hendricks lay still, getting used to it. He studied the weather. There had

been an immense amount of weather to study, in all the places he lived; he preferred weather which did not change. Today, the first autumn rain fell with unlikely gray persistence. He had forgotten this rain, during two years in the tropics, and regarded it with distaste. It did not matter to him, he simply did not like it. Get up, Matthew Hendricks told himself, go on get up. Let it rain.

While shaving he studied his face because it was there before him, as the weather was. He did not like or dislike this collection of features. Except for his eyes, his appearance had nothing to do with him, he wore the face and the tall elegant body of a stranger, a well-mannered healthy tamed prosperous fellow who woke and lived and slept without any doubts except those that can be handled. His eyes, Hendricks thought, more or less suited him; he saw them as unpleasantly sharp, bright without warmth, greenish, snooping, remembering. But they sat so nicely in his head, wide apart beneath arched brows, that no one was apt to notice their real quality. His hair, his skin, his jawline, his neck were all younger than they should be; youth came naturally to him and stayed and stayed. He had a fine nose, he knew he was handsome, and took no interest in it because this handsomeness belonged to someone else. He went on shaving and felt as ugly as rotten fruit.

The maid knocked at the door, bringing breakfast. Hendricks was ready with his attractive smile and cordial voice. "Bon jour, Ermilla."

"Bon jour, Monsieur."

Rose found these treasures wherever they went; the treasures worked like slaves, they were grateful, they never went out, being too hideous to have any other interests, loyalties, loves. Ermilla made a pale green blur in the room, setting his breakfast tray on the table by the window. Rose always put her maids into green uniforms for the morning. Long ago, Hendricks had explained to his wife that he could speak to no one until lunch time; his mind would be shredded; his day's work destroyed. Mrs. Hendricks obeyed this rule of absence and silence not from love nor in consideration of her husband's talent. She respected her husband's writing because it was far more interesting to be rich from books than from the manufacture of radiators or shower caps. She enjoyed being known as the wife of a famous novelist; Hendricks was convinced that the sort of people who read his books were the sort of people Rose had for friends. Fame meant nothing except money. He could not imagine what else he would do if he did not sit down every day at nine and write until one; he might as well make all this money which he and Rose seemed to need.

The work went badly; the rain was like a fool whispering in the room, not talking to him but snuffling on and on. He was upset, then angry, then frantic. He did not care about what he was writing,

a love story set in a Caribbean island; but it gave him an athlete's pride to be able to do this, day after day. He was proud of his discipline and his skill. Why should today's rain matter? If he started breaking up for rain, the next thing would be that he couldn't work if there were sun, or wind, or snow.

He went to lunch, bothered by a small sickish headache. Seven hundred words, he told himself; the daily quota was twelve hundred. Seven hundred to throw away; and he never threw away his work, he could rely on its quality, it was always up to the standard he set for it.

Rose said, "Hello, Matty, how was the morning?" "I couldn't work. It's the rain."

"Not really?" She took it for granted that Matthew worked well unless he had the flu or a hangover; Matthew was never difficult about his books.

"We may have to leave," he said, "I don't want any soup."

"But darling, we've only been here six weeks."

"I'm not going to have my work interfered with."

"Of course not. Probably the rain will stop later on. It's a fall shower. Lucy Harrison telephoned. She's here for the dressmakers. I asked her to dinner. And the Boyds. And Johnny Fitch. Shall we have a party next week?"

"Why?"

"Your birthday."

So soon, he thought, has it come so soon again? And then it seemed years since the last one, several years lived between forty-six and forty-seven, several years hurried together. He was bewildered.

"I don't want a party." Nor do I want to see Lucy Harrison, he thought; did Rose know about Lucy Harrison? Clothes and men, but mainly clothes; Lucy's interest in men wore out, eventually the man was just someone to admire her clothes. He was ashamed of Lucy Harrison, and ashamed that for months in some other year, some other place, he had obediently thought about her infuriating dresses.

He found himself waiting for the rain to stop, which it didn't, and waiting to see Lucy Harrison. The afternoon was as treacherous and unsettled as the morning. He had forgotten Lucy's golden handsomeness and the false way she had of looking interesting. Still, as before, those mindless eyes held promise; her body too could confuse a man into thinking it was meant for use. She used it long enough to get what she wanted: an attached admirer who would tell her how beautiful she was. He saw that Johnny Fitch was responding nicely; Johnny Fitch wanted to bed that lightly-bronzed clothes horse. Hendricks was saddened and alarmed because he felt nothing except boredom.

"Telephone me. The Crillon," Lucy said softly as he helped her into her sable tippet. "Darling," she said in a warm voice. He nodded. He would

not telephone. Johnny could attend to her. Johnny did no work of any kind. It was still raining.

2

THE voice woke him as usual, asking, "What are you doing here?" He turned to the window and saw the permanent rain. He had to force himself to sit at his long oak table, so neatly arranged with the tools of his trade; and the story stuck dead after two paragraphs. He looked at the paper as if he had found something alive and hideous on it, a spotted spider, an oozing worm. It was only ten o'clock; what became of a day that would be so long? Three hours until lunch time with nothing to do, no one to be, no place to go. What did a man do with the morning, if he couldn't work; and how could he face the afternoon when he had already used up his energy living through the morning.

"I won't be able to stand this, you know," he said at lunch. "I couldn't work again."

"Matty! How too terrible. Perhaps you're not feeling well?"

"I feel awful."

"But then let's telephone Dr. Dupré. The Boyds say he's wonderful."

"It's the rain."

"We can't do much about the rain," Rose said.

"We'll have to leave."

"Now Matty, really, it's *too* silly. Where would you want to go?"

Where? Yes, where? Suddenly he knew that there was nowhere on earth he wanted to go; no new name pleased him; it would be raining, one way or another, everywhere. And another house, another Ermilla, another cook? What for? Change, he thought, does one good. It does not. It is only change. It is only wearing shorts instead of flannel trousers, only smelling sea instead of gasoline, only mountains instead of house fronts, sun instead of rain. "Do you like Paris?" he asked Rose.

"I adore it."

He thought that, at forty-three, she still looked like one of the dowdier, smaller, neutral types of flower: marguerite, bachelor's-button, pansy. Paris, also, shrank to her size and became a pretty place for her to be pretty in.

"All right. But I don't want anyone here for a week or two and I don't want to go out. Make your plans on your own."

"Whatever you say, darling." I'll get Johnny Fitch to squire me round, Rose thought, unless Lucy has him already. If not Johnny, there's Alain Varennes, probably better for my French anyhow; he dances well. Matthew was easy and reliable, but not exciting; how could he be, after eighteen years. It was all right to be unexciting, but all wrong to be troublesome; one could not tolerate a man who made scenes because the weather affected him.

I'll go out and walk, Hendricks thought, or sit in

a bar; but there was the rain and having done nothing all morning he had no strength to do nothing all afternoon. It was odd how writers never seemed to have anything to do except write or live; you never found writers (or did you?) deep in remarkable disinterested pursuits like stamps or Etruscan pots or astronomy or the respiratory system of frogs. What do I usually do in the afternoons, he wondered, having this unmovable afternoon on his hands. I mooch around, he answered himself, I suspend judgment, I wait for night. And at night? At night I do what Rose has arranged. But I have friends; I might go and see a friend now, taking a taxi through this god-damned rain. Who were his friends? They were a lot of people he knew. Women were more diverting than friends; at present there were no women. He had not recovered from the fatigue and disappointment of the last affair, at Charlotte Amalie. Besides, now that he thought of it, it was appalling to use women only as a means to get through the afternoon. This is terrible, he told himself, just because I haven't worked for two days.

Rose telephoned Dr. Dupré and made charm over the wire and got a prescription for seconal and sent Ermilla to collect it. She was displeased with her husband. Matthew could keep himself in seconal and not ask these absurd little services like a helpless baby; besides why should he need drugs to sleep? "You ought to get more exercise. Have a nice evening. I'm going to the theatre with Alain Varennes."

The seconal produced a thick bloated kind of sleep until three in the morning when Hendricks woke, thinking: I can't work because I don't know what that story is about. The story was planned as if it were a conducted tour with all points of historical interest, museums, hotels, hours of arrival and departure listed in advance. He went to his workroom and studied, for a cold hour, the folder where he kept the main outline, the biographies of the characters, and the chapter outlines. There was nothing lacking and nothing different; this was as well packaged as the fourteen novels which had preceded it. I'm drugged, he thought, I don't know what I'm thinking; tomorrow morning I will get up and work, that's all there is to it.

At seven, the voice woke him with its guttural question. "You bastard," Hendricks said aloud, "I wouldn't tell you if I knew." It was still raining.

"Ermilla," he said, when the maid brought his tray, "il pleut toujours comme ça, en octobre, à Paris?"

"Mais je ne sais pas, Monsieur. Vous savez, moi, je suis de Rouen."

"Et à Rouen, il pleut comme ça?"

"Je ne sais pas, Monsieur."

Why not, Hendricks thought, she can bloody well know if it rains at Rouen since she lives there, for God's sake; she doesn't have to be a complete imbecile. "Rose," he said, stamping into his wife's

room, "get another maid, get someone pretty, put her in a blue uniform for a change."

"Matthew, what is the matter with you?" Puffy-eyed, Rose frowned at him over her breakfast tray, her letters, the Paris *Herald Tribune*. She had been out late, dancing; she felt slightly hung over; she could not remember when she had seen Matthew in the morning; the maids were none of his business; this was going too far.

"I think I'll go to a hotel for a few days. The house is getting on my nerves."

"Honestly Matthew. Pull yourself together. See a doctor. Play golf. Do something sensible. What will everyone think if you move to a hotel?"

"Whatever they like. Whatever you tell them."

"What hotel?"

"I'll let you know."

For a day, the suite at the Georges V with its colorless modern furniture, its woven curtains patterned in a tasteful design of knotted intestines, seemed a useful change; it amused him; he ordered drinks in his room, delighted to see no green uniforms, delighted not to feel Rose anywhere around. The view was different too, but on second thoughts not different enough. He had never liked the right bank; it was Rose who considered it bohemian if not common to live on the left bank unless you had a huge old inherited house. He moved the next day to the Lutetia, and the golden oak furniture and the orange and blue flowers of the wallpaper brightened him; he felt that he was back in a remembered world that had been free and fun some time ago. If he changed hotels every two days that would keep him so busy he would not need to work. If he took seconal at night, say twice in the night, he would not have a very long day. Then he could walk around and buy books along the quais. He did not want any of the books one bought along the quais; he would, instead, just walk; as soon as the rain stopped.

He moved to the Hotel Jacob, where the walls were the color of old dried blood, a knob was missing from the brass bed, and the mirror in the wardrobe rippled like water. He tried the Hotel Littré and did not find it funny, just sad, worn to colorlessness, smelling of a thousand passing strangers who did not have enough money. He was sick of moving and hotels. He sat at the small wobbly writing table, provided by the Hotel Littré, with the weak lamp bulb burning against the gray morning light, and thought: I cannot write anywhere or ever. I don't know how I ever started to write and I don't know how I managed to write so much, and nothing I write makes sense and who are those people anyhow and where is that island and what do they think they are doing there and why.

He had been awake for four hours, he needed a bath and a shave, he could smell himself, gray and dank like the towels, the room was cold. Clearly,

in front of him, he heard the known voice asking, "What are you doing here?"

He raised his eyes and saw, without surprise, a man; head and shoulders and fat, square, white hands.

"Pleased to meet you, at last," Hendricks said. "You look just like your voice."

The man said nothing; apparently he had finished talking. He studied Matthew Hendricks through clean gold-rimmed glasses. He saw Matthew Hendricks entirely and had no opinion.

"What's your name?" Hendricks asked and said, into the silence, "Don't bother, I know it anyhow. Well, doctor, what can I do for you?"

He knew it was the other way around but he did not intend to be an affable or easy patient. He would haggle about the price and he would lie as much as he felt like. He would lead Dr. Wolfgang Raumwitz a pretty chase.

"I did not ask you to come," Hendricks said. "And I do not specially want or need your services. First of all, I am going to pack and go home. You may think me a person suffering from some neurosis with a fancy name, who has to flit from hotel to hotel. You are mistaken. I am upset by an inability to work and I am accustomed to work."

Dr. Raumwitz said nothing, stared without blinking and with impersonal contempt, and when Hendricks had lifted his suitcase from the top of the wardrobe, Dr. Raumwitz was gone.

Quite right, Hendricks thought with satisfaction, he could be reported to the medical profession, very unethical to break in on people and solicit trade. Then Hendricks had one of those terrifying suspended moments, knowing this had all happened before, but where, to whom, in what life, and he thought: there was no one here, I've started talking to myself, this is very bad, I better get on home and cut this out, I'll begin to think I really did see that fellow if I'm not careful.

Rose Hendricks was relieved to find her husband home at lunch time. For six days she had been telling her friends that Matthew had at last turned into a writer, he found hotels were more inspirational, too comic of Matthew, such an affectation, it must be something you caught from Paris. She had done this cheerfully and well and her friends believed Matthew had gone off on a toot with a lady which was nobody's business. The Hendricks were married for keeps, that was clear; they both had their flirts from time to time; self-interest, habit, laziness, and a practical if dreary wisdom held them together. Their marriage was considered very good; Rose's manners, in this instance, were faultless. Rose would have accepted a short trip with a woman but was annoyed by a break in custom. She wished always to know where she stood, a need of hotel rooms for working was new and disagreeable.

"I hope you worked well," she said.

"I didn't work at all."

She refused to discuss it; she would not indulge Matthew in this folly. She told him her news: the theatre, Balenciaga's collection, the Boyds were going to Tangier since a fortune teller had predicted a wet winter in Paris, Lucy Harrison and Johnny Fitch were a thing, they spend their evenings at Monseigneur's which was so childish you could only do it if beginning a romance, Ermilla had a boil poor creature, she thought they might join the Boyds for Christmas or go to Tunis on their own. He did not listen; he was wondering if he changed his schedule and worked in the afternoons, it would go better.

His workroom looked abandoned and strange, he seemed to have been away from it for months. The last chapter had been written by someone else; he went back and read through the whole book, it was more than half finished. He could not imagine who had dreamed it up, nothing was familiar. It was a bore, which did not surprise him; the books were not written to please him, they were for other people whose tastes he had always understood. Suddenly he felt he had come to the wrong house, this was not his address; the room seemed queer because he did not belong in it. He went into the bathroom and studied his face, to reassure himself. More than ever it appeared to be someone else's, and to have no connection with him. I'll read, he decided, and made himself comfortable on the couch in his workroom. He tried a detective story and *Madame Bovary* and *Paradise Lost* and then started reading the Encyclopædia, volume Maryb to Mushe, very slowly, saying the words in his mind. He got up, put on his raincoat and hat, and left the house.

3

HE WAS sitting on a bench in the sodden Tuileries gardens when Dr. Raumwitz returned. Dr. Raumwitz, oddly, looked just the same outdoors as indoors; he had on a starched white medical gown with a collar like a Russian blouse, he was inordinately clean. His skin was colorless but not sick, he had thin brownish hair combed over a large bald spot, his eyes were fish round and pale blue. Dr. Raumwitz appeared to be waiting, but not for anyone or anything.

"All right," Hendricks said, "I'll talk."

This did not seem to interest the doctor; whether Hendricks talked or not was his own affair. He might not have heard. He went on observing Hendricks and the empty unnatural city garden, because they were there to be looked at. That's a really mean character, Hendricks thought, he despises without caring. If you despise, you've got to know what you think is respectable; you can't despise and let it lie and not demand or hope for something better.

"Do you just want to share this bench or do you want to talk?" Hendricks asked.

It seemed to him that the doctor shrugged, slightly; he took this as a sign that the doctor would accept talk. I'll make him answer me, Hendricks thought, I'll force him to commit himself one way or another. He can't get away with following me around and sneering and not explaining.

"I am afraid of time," Hendricks announced. "You're pleased, aren't you? You knew I was afraid of something. You wouldn't be in business unless people were scared silly and wanted to talk about it. Okay, put that in your goddamned notebook; I'm scared of time."

The doctor did not move, wrote down nothing; it was necessary for Hendricks to turn so he could see the doctor's face.

"If you are not amused," Hendricks said, "just get up and go. I'm not trying to hold your attention, doc old boy, I was sitting here first. I can talk to any number of people without paying them, you know. Besides, I'm busy."

At this, the quickest faintest smile passed over the doctor's eyes.

"I have managed my life very well," said Hendricks, with dignity, ignoring the doctor's mirth, "and I am almost forty-seven which is a lot of time to have gone through, believe me. Now, for no reason that I can see, it's out of my hands. If I knew why, I'd be perfectly all right. Don't think I'm worried about money. If I never write another line there'll be enough money. I've made plenty, it's been put away, invested, there'd be a decent income from now on. Rose might leave me; she likes having a lot of money and a lot of people and she likes to think I'm important so she can think she's important. I don't care a damn if Rose leaves; I'm used to her but I can live easily without her. Also don't go off on that routine stuff about sex, my sex is fine. I've been a writer a long time and it's the only work I know how to do, but it's just work. I haven't got any mission to express myself or tell people something they ought to know or make beautiful sentences. I'm a professional; I write because I know how to and that's the way I make money. It's only time, time is the thing."

Time, he thought, the years of it behind, day after day, and the years ahead; time is anguish.

Dr. Raumwitz was not concerned, sat still, comfortable in his starch, with his bright frozen eyes. Hendricks felt he had been tricked into talking, so he could be insulted by this indifference.

"Stuff you," Hendricks said furiously, "get the hell off this bench. You smug bastard, you think time is easy, don't you? You think I don't want to admit I was in love with my mother or my father or whoever the hell you're supposed to be in love with, or I was happy in the womb or I've got a yen for little boys with curly eyelashes. You ignorant condescending son of a bitch. I deserve it for talking to you in the first place."

Without haste, as if he were alone on the bench,

Dr. Raumwitz rose and vanished. Matthew Hendricks rubbed his rain-damp hand over his eyes; he had the hollow breathless feeling of having fallen miles, in an elevator, in an airplane, he was afraid he would be sick. He sat very still and breathed slowly until the emptiness and the cold and the nausea were under control. I've got to do something about this, he told himself, now, quick; find people, talk, drink; I'll tell Rose to invite friends, to get theatre tickets, I'll fill up the time. What difference does it make if I don't work for a month, probably I've worked too long. I could get a thorough check-up from Dr. Dupré, see an oculist, if there's sun in Tangier we might go there with the Boyds.

The afternoon dark had rolled in, smoke soft and close; he walked along the Rue de Rivoli making plans, listing all the things there were to do: tailors, art galleries, squash, movies, bars, gambling, learn a new language maybe Russian or Arabic, something long and difficult, dinner parties, concerts.

"Chéri," said a scratching voice and a hand touched his arm.

He looked down into a face all run into a point, a damp little rat's face. Light came from a cheap jewelry store under the arcades; her high-heeled slippers were soaked; her hair had never been set or the rain had returned it to its primitive frizz.

"Non merci, je regrette," Hendricks said with absent-minded politeness, but she had given him an idea. He walked faster in the protection of the arcades to the Crillon.

4

MADAME HARRISON was in, would Monsieur go up to number 307; in the elevator, Hendricks hoped that she would be alone, not surrounded by her usual languid gang all drawling from the front of their mouths. Lucy had been resting, with astringent pads on her eyes. This year, for some reason, the fitters seemed incredibly clumsy, she was killing herself to get the few little things she needed, if it kept up like this one would have to shop in New York and the weather was disgusting beyond words and she could not make up her mind about Johnny Fitch. It seemed a vast amount of trouble to start something new for such a short time, she would be going back to New York in less than three weeks; it did mean you could not look after your skin properly at night, was it worth it? She was delighted that Matthew had dropped in, Matthew was less effort than a new beau and remarkably good-looking still. "My dear, you're soaked," Lucy said. "Come and dry out by the fire."

Even given over to eye-pads, she was dressed in black velvet slacks and embroidered velvet slippers and a high-necked black sweater which was becoming to her spectacular breasts.

"You are a treat, Lucy, you're exactly what I need."

"Darling, I was thinking of you, I know I made you happen in, by thinking. You know what depresses me?" Lucy asked, ringing for the floor waiter. "It's the way men don't last. I cannot think what has happened to men. There used to be so many of them, anywhere one went, and suddenly there are absolutely none, or they sag and bulge and look too ghastly. Like that awful Toulouse-Lautrec, you know the one with the fat bald man at a restaurant table, sticking out his lips at the tart. I cannot understand it. You're the only man I know who doesn't make me feel 'we're all falling apart and getting old and nasty.'"

"You," Hendricks said, "have no trouble with time. You look the same as you ever did."

"But of course. That's what makes me so angry with men."

The waiter brought four champagne cocktails at once, with an order to repeat; mild drunkenness, Hendricks thought, was excellent for making time pass.

"Time," he said after the second cocktail, "what do you think about time, Lucy?"

"Oh my dear, always late, that's what I think; or else . . . what do you mean, time?"

"Maybe that's it. Always too late, whatever year it is, it's too late. Still there's so much of it ahead, more than one can stand to think about, too late to use it, you only have to wait through it. I can't bear this idea," Hendricks said in desperation, "of life being nothing except using up time."

"Oh Matthew, *darling*, have another cocktail for God's sake. Since when does one talk about what life is? Heavens. I'm always so busy I can't find enough time in the day . . ."

"Lucy."

"Yes."

"We're wasting time."

"Darling. Idiot."

"There's been no one else like you. I've missed you." These were the most banal of lies but served their purpose. Lucy, anyhow, was glad to settle the question of Johnny Fitch.

Comfortable on the wide sofa before the fire, Hendricks thought only of the feel of the silken glossily-filled sweater, of the slender not hard not soft velvet-covered thigh. Lucy enjoyed, as remembered, the authority of his hands. Her breath came a little faster, she felt cat-sleepy, ready to purr. They were in no hurry. She moved, in delicious ease, and happened to see the clock on the mantel. Not really so late, oh damn, she thought, there's hardly enough time; it meant rushing to dress for dinner, afterwards, when one wanted to rest. Not today, she thought, better another day, earlier. Hendricks, bemused in this perfect and satisfying use of present time, had just told himself: I'll be fine here until at least seven-thirty, and thus returned, shocked, to his oppressive calculations. What shall I do afterwards, tonight, and tomorrow?

He had to remind himself of what his hands knew. The perishable game was spoiled; tactfully, slowly, by mutual consent, they gave it up. He praised her beauty; she kissed him cozily; they felt amiable together and rather bored. He suggested lunch tomorrow.

Walking home along the Champs Élysées he looked at the shining black road and the passing cars, heard the trees drip, and thought it might be a street anywhere. He was so little surprised by places that he had stopped seeing them; he felt nothing but the hour, he was pushing against walls of time. Past time was tragically light and empty behind him, not used up in any way but forever gone. The reason people can manage, Hendricks decided, is they have no time to notice; perhaps I could find a job with office hours. But he knew he could not, who would hire him and to do what? He went home because it was less trouble than to go anywhere else.

5

ROSE had planned to dine quietly and play canasta with Matthew and then gently lead him into talk. It was her duty to keep Matthew to his productive routine. Instead Matthew read now with offensive concentration; during dinner he had been listless.

"Dr. Raumwitz," Hendricks suddenly observed, "thinks it's something to do with you and me, or my writing. A frustrated writer, a frustrated husband, a conventional explanation like that. He's a stupid German who only knows what he's read."

"You've been seeing a doctor, Matty? Is anything the matter with you?"

"Obviously."

"Who is Dr. Raumwitz?"

"A man," Hendricks said slyly, and returned to his book.

He took his book to bed but could not read; he had little passing shaking giggles, as he saw what fools he had made of both Raumwitz and Rose, by bringing the doctor into the conversation. Raumwitz now became a useful private joke, to tease Rose with. He was no longer frightened but instead quite proud; it was not everybody who had hallucinations. He imagined the wide possibilities of an hallucination and waited hopefully for Dr. Raumwitz to appear, so he could brag to him and also include the doctor in the merriment. The doctor did not appear; the harder Hendricks waited the emptier the room became. Perhaps, Hendricks decided, while his pleasure and confidence wilted, he had made a mistake; perhaps you exorcised yourself by talking and above all by being pleased. He felt lonely, to his surprise, and went to sleep; and woke in the night thinking very clearly, the man has no professional morals, he cannot abandon me this way. Then his mind teetered in a racing cloudy void; no no, he told himself, urgently anchoring to

fact, an hallucination can do whatever it likes. He determined not to talk to Rose any more, and took to play with this mysterious business, and took secondal out of anxiety. Just before the sudden sleep, he wished he could remember the dreams he was sure to have, so as to discuss them with Dr. Raumwitz.

In the morning, Hendricks did not hear Dr. Raumwitz's voice; the lack of that insufferable daily question upset him. What had happened now; where was Raumwitz gone; what would come next? He locked his workroom door and hid the key under a pile of socks, he was done with that novel and that room, he was not going to torment himself. He began then a long walk through Paris which lasted for almost three weeks. He walked all day slowly and without effort; when he was tired he stopped for coffee or a drink, he ate his meals at whatever restaurant appeared in the moment of feeling hunger. Time was measured in giant periods, each day endured like a month, but he was not unhappy.

A fog seemed to shroud Paris so that he saw it in outline, never noticing exactly the streets or the buildings. Occasionally a face would drift towards him and catch his attention and remind Hendricks how little he liked the French. They were an inadmissibly ugly race; they all looked as if they had some peculiar individual repellent smell. Why did they always talk as if they were in a rage or coming out of or going into a rage; it was a tedious anti-human pose. Late at night, when most of the French had gone to bed, he observed their city and sometimes found it good; not much, he thought, this is an overadvertised town. He liked the Lion de Belfort, it was a self-respecting beast; he liked the Parc Monceau because it was so hopelessly dreary and surrounded by unromantic ugly streets; he liked the perfect closed rectangle of the Palais Royal, inside there it was calm and apart as if one were in a ship; he grew fond of the Eiffel Tower, treating it as a monstrous architectural joke the French had played on Paris; he would clamber up the stairs until he was breathless and then look without wonder at this city which meant nothing to him, for which he felt neither love nor curiosity.

He thought all day long in sleepy comfortable sequence, sliding from a vision of a pin-striped suit into memories of women he had slept with, focusing briefly on an idea, the beginning or the middle of a story, two men talking beside a taxi with the meter clicking, what were they talking of, something special, something final; where had they come from, where were they going; no, it was too much trouble, he wanted to follow no one through the planned deviousness of a story. He would look in a shop window and wonder who could ever buy that gilded bronze standing lamp encrusted with metal flowers and ivy leaves, who would eat from that garish china; he recalled sensations of pure physical pleasure, swimming naked in the jade green Carib-

bean, riding in Montana; sometimes he hummed tunes he could not finish.

He looked for Dr. Raumwitz, expecting that any minute the doctor would appear and stare at him in mute disdain. For a time Hendricks searched carefully, by newspaper kiosks, at the tables of cafés, waiting now and again beside the iron-girdled trees of the city. He would find himself in unlikely parts of Paris, at the rubbishy Porte de St. Cloud, among the soiled white tiles of the Poissonière metro, and think: Raumwitz will be here or why did I come? Raumwitz, he concluded, has left town or is haunting someone else. He laughed out loud and people turned in the street to see him and hurried on.

At night, in his room, feeling his legs heavy and his body pleasantly worn out from the day's travels, he tried talking to Raumwitz: there was a great deal to talk about until he put it into words, whereupon it sounded poor and ill considered. He had always thought he had a good brain, but talking to the absent Raumwitz in the empty room, he saw that his mind was a filing case for babble.

"Are you interested in history, doctor?" he had inquired, with some idea of beguiling the doctor back. "I'm not. You know why? Because people make the history they like and want and need. I used to think the human race was a large victim, fooled and terrorized by leaders; but I don't any more. I've met a lot of the leaders; they are nothing but the human race too, masquerading. Perhaps leaders lie to themselves even more than we do, about motives and their own virtue. But you know, they are something we invent so we deserve them. No one leads us out of the desert for the simple reason that we are crazy about the desert, that's where we want to stay. I beg your pardon?" For by then Hendricks felt he saw Raumwitz although the room was totally occupied by furniture and rugs and curtains. Raumwitz, Hendricks was certain, had snorted in mockery. "All right," he said, "you say something; put me straight if you're so sure I don't know what I'm talking about." He was confused in his feelings about the doctor, outraged by this betrayal but also anxious to please. Why had Raumwitz appeared if only to make himself at once necessary and unavailable?

He tried many subjects, as if he were putting crumbs on the window sill to lure a bird. He explained to the doctor that love had obviously been invented by writers, it was far too unnatural not to be a work of art; conceivably women might love their children, when the children were small and helpless, beyond that the emotion was fake, it came from reading books. The doctor could not have been concerned with love, for he stayed resolutely away. Nor was he attracted by literature although Hendricks pleadingly assured the room that he knew a lot about writing and had valuable ideas.

Hendricks's dreams, remembered with effort and recounted with clarity, did not appeal to the doctor; he was gone; his voice asked no morning question, his fish eyes behind the polished eyeglasses were observing elsewhere. Bored with me, Hendricks thought, and found this rejection unbearable; Dr. Raumwitz had proved to him that he was a man of no interest whatever. He came home later and waked earlier; he was eager for morning when he could again enter his slow walking dream.

6

ROSE was so worried that she talked to her friends; this was against her code. Without ever having thought of it, she knew she had no friends but only accomplices.

She talked to Angela Boyd, who was perhaps the kindest of the many people she knew. "Matthew is seeing a doctor; I gather a psychiatrist. He won't tell me anything about him. I never heard the man's name before; you know, Angela, a person like Matthew could fall into the hands of some crook and be simply ruined. You know the hold psychiatrists get over people. This man of Matthew's is a German; I never trust Germans. Matthew is getting stranger every day; he only comes home to sleep; I have no idea where he spends his time or whom he sees."

Angela Boyd, studying her Martini and frowning reliably, because she enjoyed other people's problems, said, "The thing to do, darling, is try to get him to see someone reputable. I've heard of a wonderful man, Renée de Bouviers was telling me about him. It seems that Jean Louis Gratz, you remember him, had a complete nervous breakdown and this man got him out of it. He has a sort of clinic; I'll get all the gen about it for you. I've always thought Matty was almost too calm, it's people like that who keep everything inside who break up. It's certainly nothing serious but you're right, he oughtn't to be consulting some quack."

Johnny Fitch thought Matthew needed a change of scene; they could all trundle off somewhere, be gay, the only catch was weather, unless they turned right round and went to Mexico, they would find every place chilly or windy or damp.

Alain Varenges thought Matthew was engaged in an enviable sinister love affair; had involved himself with a whore, preferably Chinese or Russian, and was having an orgy. Alain Varenges inquired, with tact, whether Matthew was spending a great deal of money and was amused that Rose had thought of this before. They had a common checking account; Matthew used almost no money at all.

It was a relief to Rose when Matthew finally came home with a teeth-chattering, trembling chill; he looked sunken in, white-faced with a reddish tip to his nose and reddish eyes; he had been walking in the rain for several days, he had not eaten enough

for weeks. She telephoned Dr. Dupré, delighted to have a verifiable sickness on her hands, a known doctor and Matthew safely stuck in bed. The cold got worse rapidly; Dr. Dupré said Matthew's general condition was poor. Upon questioning Rose, he made disapproving sounds about excessive use of sedatives. Matthew was very thin, had no appetite now of course with fever, did not respond to the modern cure-all drugs. He seemed well on the way to pneumonia; Dr. Dupré sent a nurse.

It was the nurse who reported delirium. "Mr. Hendricks talks to a man, a doctor called Raumwitz," she said. "He jokes with him; then he tries to shock him." She smiled at Dr. Dupré with the tolerance born of her business and his: the sick, one way or another, were lamentable children. "Women," she said. "And then Mr. Hendricks becomes very excited and angry and shouts at this Dr. Raumwitz and asks him why he hasn't been to see him." Rose, hearing this from Dr. Dupré, said, "I knew it. It's all the fault of that ghastly German, I think Matthew has been going to see him every day. A psychiatrist." Dr. Dupré looked up Dr. Raumwitz in the medical directory and could find no such name; Rose was enraged. "A cheat, a fraud, not even a doctor. What *can* have gotten into Matthew?"

"We must presume your husband is in a temporarily unstable nervous condition, Mrs. Hendricks. The first thing is to cure this respiratory infection; after that, he should have competent psychiatric advice."

Rose telephoned Angela Boyd and asked her please, at once, to get all the information about the doctor who had helped Jean Louis Gratz. Dr. Dupré vouched for this man, yes indeed, he knew his work, excellent man, a modified, adaptable, elastic Freudian; Mrs. Hendricks could feel confidence in Dr. Mersling. His clinic, in Neuilly, was charming, modern and comfortable; a rest cure there would be highly desirable, as soon as Mr. Hendricks threw off his present infection.

Hendricks woke one morning feeling cool and weak; he knew he had been ill, but did not know for how long nor care, since time no longer mattered, it was at once limitless, stationary and insignificant. He was surprised to see the nurse and disliked her hygienic face and the sprouting mole on her chin. He would stay in bed, he assured Rose, as long as necessary but not if that homely woman was rustling around. The nurse was changed. Hendricks seemed passive and good-natured; when Rose suggested that he go to a nursing home for his convalescence since the period after pneumonia, or whatever he'd had, was known to be tricky, he said "Fine" as if she had suggested going to the theatre. She arranged to take him, in four days, to Dr. Mersling's clinic. In advance, she called on Dr. Mersling, whom she found so attractive that she wished she needed a little mental care herself.

Dr. Mersling was tall, dark, always bending slightly to hear or perhaps to comfort, immensely quiet, with a gentle smile and caressing brown eyes. Rose explained about the unknown dishonorable Dr. Raumwitz, who had caught her husband in a weak moment and done him serious harm, he wasn't himself at all any more. "But I do feel that he trusts this man," Rose said. "It will be difficult for you, doctor; my husband seems to depend on this horrible Dr. Raumwitz. I haven't told him you are a psychiatrist."

Dr. Mersling understood, Dr. Mersling was much more helpful than one's father had ever been. Wildly good-looking, Rose thought in the cab going home, an absolute charmer, I wonder if one can invite him to dinner when this mess is over.

Hendricks, well bundled up in a polo coat and muffler, with a rug around his knees, stared without interest through the taxi window, seeing this city he had so blindly and carefully walked over. The clinic was a large cream-colored square stucco house in a garden. Once inside, it became immediately a clinic by virtue of its imposing cleanliness; it did not smell but looked disinfected. Dr. Mersling, in a white medical blouse with a stand-up collar, came to the door to greet them. Hendricks eyed him with understanding and amusement. He realized at once that this handsome sympathetic fellow was a psychiatrist; he wanted to laugh. If they imagined he would talk to the chap, they couldn't be more wrong. He had had the only psychiatrist he was ever going to consult. Hendricks listened with patient boredom while Rose and Dr. Mersling made stage conversation about his health. Dr. Mersling was full of feather-soft assurance; Mr. Hendricks would be on his feet, good as new, in no time at all; ready to work again on those books they all admired; Mr. Hendricks had nothing to worry about. They had reserved a corner room, Dr. Mersling hoped the Hendricks would think it as pleasant as he did, perhaps they would like to come up now, it might be best for Mr. Hendricks to get settled in bed. Hendricks was too tired to laugh alone; he would have liked someone to share this joke. He thought with longing and affection of Dr. Raumwitz who had the grace to say nothing, being such a smart operator that he knew all talk was useless, people did not reach each other through words; maybe Dr. Raumwitz was sure they did not reach each other in any way.

Hendricks shifted his feet, glanced idly around the restful entrance hall and saw, on a chintz easy chair in a nest of rubber plants, Dr. Raumwitz, comfortable, motionless and silent as usual. Hendricks was careful to make no sign of recognition nor show his delight. Dr. Raumwitz was not looking at Hendricks but at Dr. Mersling. His eyes were glaucous and despising as always, but there was more in them; Dr. Raumwitz was entranced, Dr. Raumwitz was laughing at his colleague too.



SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE has been pre-eminent in Britain as a teacher, as a classicist, and as an Oxford don who has emphasized the necessity of adult education for the well-being of a democracy. President of Corpus Christi College from 1933 to 1950 and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University from 1944 to 1947, Sir Richard has also found appreciative listeners on many an American campus. The essay which follows was delivered last autumn when he was Visiting Professor in the Department of English and History at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

THE MEANING OF CIVILIZATION

by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

I

THE title of this article is "The Meaning of Civilization," but other questions have been in my mind as I wrote it — such questions as: What will the future say of our civilization? How does it compare with other civilizations? What are its weaknesses, and what are its virtues? To answer these questions, we must know what we mean by the word, and *civilization* is not easy to define. It is used apparently in different senses and applied to very different things. We speak for instance of the civilization of the Mayas, of ancient Greece, of modern America. But what have these three very different phenomena in common?

If we wish to find out the meaning of an idea, it is not a bad thing to study the history of the word that describes it. Words are like coins. After years of use they get worn and defaced, and the inscription on them becomes illegible. But when they are first minted, it is clean and clear. *Civilization* for instance. It is a comparatively modern word. Dr. Johnson in 1776 declined to admit it in his Dictionary, preferring the old word *civility*. The word *civility* is Latin; so is the idea which it expresses; it is a metaphor; *civilitas*, the character of people who are citizens, who live in cities, in organized states and societies, as opposed to primitive, barbarous peoples who do not. The civilized man is the man who lives in a society with its richer, fuller life and who has the gifts that enable him to live in this life, which demands certain qualities of mind and character, and gives opportunities for development that the isolated life of the savage, living in a family or in a wandering tribe, cannot give. We, by the way, should not use this metaphor to describe civilization. Or, at any rate, should not make so emphatic a contrast between town and country, for in the last 150 years communications, radio, printing, have bridged the

gulf which once separated them. In Britain and in the United States and in most parts of Europe there is today as much *civilitas* in the country as in the city.

Still, that definition throws some light on what civilization is, but we get further light if we observe the words used to describe it earlier still. For civilization existed long before the Romans coined the word *civilitas*. The Greeks, who did more to make modern civilization possible than any people before or since, and who themselves had one of the greatest civilizations in history, had the thing, though they had not the name. They described it by the word *tame*. In their eyes a civilized man was tame, a tame creature as opposed to a wild or savage one. The Romans used a rather different term with the same idea behind it. When they wanted to express that idea, they used the word *cultivation*; the metaphor is from soil which is not left wild or barren.

There we have three metaphors, which are a guide to the nature of civilization. We are civilized in so far as we are tame rather than savage, cultivated soil rather than wild nature, the sort of people who can live in societies rather than the sort that do not and cannot. (Note, by the way, that all these metaphors apply rather to the human being than to the circumstances in which he lives; to the quality of his life, not to its comfort. This is an important point to which I shall return later.)

Perhaps the most suggestive of these metaphors is that from cultivation — the idea of civilization as a garden contrasted with wild woodland or barren heath — because it allows for the various meanings in which the word *civilization* is used. For civilization has many aspects, and in judging a civilization one takes into account a variety of phenomena, such as intellectual and scientific

achievement, artistic quality, material well-being, and social organization. Civilizations are like gardens; some have few flowers, some many; here there is a magnificent show of roses or of orchids but little else, and here is a brilliant blaze of varied blossoms.

We talk of the civilization of the Mayas in Central America, though we know little of them beyond the fact that they had remarkable architecture and art; we do not know what was their intellectual level or their moral standards or their social organization. Yet we call them civilized. So again we should call the world revealed in the Norse and Icelandic sagas civilized, though it had neither art nor architecture nor science. It had, however, a remarkable literature and it had an organized social system. Civilization is always cultivation, the creation of a garden, but people put very different things in their gardens. Ancient Egypt had its garden, the Mayas had theirs; fifth century Athens had one idea, the Chinese a rather different one. All civilizations are gardens, but the flowers they contain differ, according to the natural powers and tastes of their creators.

What is the perfect civilization? What does the ideal garden grow? What tests should we apply if we wish to judge a civilization? I suggest that we should observe what it makes of the savage animal, the wild nature, which it tries to tame and cultivate — Man. It is concerned especially with three sides of him: first with man as a being with an intellect, capable of knowing and understanding, able to create philosophy and science and all that we compendiously call thought; and civilization takes the savage in hand and produces Plato and Aristotle, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Whitehead, Archimedes, Newton, Faraday, Darwin, Pasteur, Einstein. Secondly it is concerned with man as a being possessing imagination and the gift of creating art; again it takes the savage and in due time produces Raphael and Michelangelo and Leonardo, Homer and Dante and Shakespeare: this being, who once was a half-naked wanderer in the forest or by the lakeside, builds the Parthenon or St. Paul's, paints the Sistine Chapel, writes the *Iliad* or *King Lear*. Third, it is interested in man as a being with the gift of creating states and communities — hence the metaphor which appears in the word *civilization* — and civilization finds man living a savage life and teaches him how to make city-states, nations, empires, to knit continents together with organized transport and trade, to create these vast organizations, political, social, commercial, financial, which we take as matter of course, but whose intricate complexity the savage could neither conceive nor achieve.

That is the work of civilization — this taming and cultivation of raw human nature: it comes slowly, each generation making its contribution, drawn onward partly by selfish interests, the pur-

suit of wealth, comfort, power, but much more by a perception and pursuit of the first-rate in all those three fields — the field of the intellect, of creative art, of social organization. The highest civilization is the one which reaches the highest point in each of them — a perfect civilization of the human garden. Where none of them are present, there is no civilization.

It is no substitute for certain qualities of the human spirit — above all for vital energy, life. No doubt mere vitality, mere energy, is an animal thing, often destructive. But civilize it and you have something really great. It is the material from which great civilizations are made. It is not enough merely to cultivate; the soil must have a natural richness and vigor. If it gets exhausted, the yield is disappointing, however much it is dug and planted. We talk sometimes of people becoming overcivilized: the garden is cultivated but it produces sickly flowers, poor in quality. That apparently is what happened to the Roman Empire — a failure of the vital power in the soil. One of the encouraging things about the modern world is that it is full of vitality.

2

LET me now glance at an important question: Does civilization cover the whole of life? What is its relation to religion and to morals? I do not have space to deal adequately with these big problems and I will only say that history shows no instance of any civilization surviving long without a religion, or unless its existence is directed by something higher than the desire to satisfy material needs and to enjoy material comfort. As to morality, obviously men cannot live at all in societies without some virtues; and those who cannot live in a society are not civilized. But it is possible to have civilization with a quite modest supply of some important virtues. The Renaissance in Italy was one of the great ages of civilization, but it was not a notably religious age, nor was it remarkable for morals. There are some things, and very important ones, with which civilization has little or nothing to do. Were the disciples of Christ civilized — Peter, the sons of Zebedee, the fishermen of Galilee? *Civilization* is not the word which the thought of them brings to the mind.

St. Paul no doubt was a highly educated man, but many people in the audience to which he spoke at Athens would be regarded as more highly civilized than he was. And what of the majority of those congregations in Ephesus, Philippi, and Corinth to whom his letters were written? He himself says of them: "You see your calling, brethren, how not many wise men after the flesh . . . are called . . . but God chose the foolish things of the world that He might put to shame them that are wise." And all of us have known poor, uneducated

people who have qualities by the side of which civilization with all its artistic, scientific, and intellectual interests seems a lesser thing.

My own view is that civilization is the development of the purely human capacities in man — great capacities, but less great than the religious experience which opens to him an even ampler world, even greater issues. Tolstoy defined religion as “a relation accordant with reason and knowledge which man establishes with the infinite life about him and is such as binds his life to that infinity and guides his conduct.” Religion in this sense, though it is entirely consistent with civilization, seems to be different from it; and it can be and has been found apart from civilization.

Yet in all civilizations, except purely material ones, there is an element which is allied to religion — the element of disinterestedness. By disinterestedness I mean the frame of mind in which a person subordinates his personal interests and himself to something outside him whose superior claim he recognizes. Religion is the supreme example of it, but it appears in all the higher forms of civilization. The thinker, the scientist, does his work not for the sake of money or fame — if he thinks of them at all, they are not the force which drives his energies and which he might find it difficult to define. The same is often true in business. Certainly it is true of all art, music, and literature. They may bring their creators money; often they do not. Milton received 10 pounds for *Paradise Lost*, Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave, Cervantes died in great poverty. But all artists (using that word in a wide sense) are moved by an ideal, an inner vision, which has nothing material about it, which is disinterested. For, like religion, it comes from some force of the spirit outside man but working through him. Take the following lines, which at first reading one might suppose to be a religious poem, but which actually describe the emotions of Kipling reflecting on his work: —

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare
By my own work before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine —
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought
I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence.
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray —
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings into place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
I saw nought common on Thy Earth.¹

These lines illustrate how narrow can be the boundary between religion and art — if indeed it exists at all.

3

AND now we come to our own civilization. In order to judge it, consider it under the various aspects which I mentioned earlier: intellectual and artistic achievement, *civilitas* or the quality of its social life, material well-being; and first take the last of these, material well-being, in which we far surpass all earlier ages. If this made civilization, we would be the most civilized people who have existed on the earth. But whatever its value in other respects, its importance to civilization can be exaggerated. Athens, the Roman Empire, the city-states of medieval Italy, ancient China, had never heard of steam or electricity and were without conveniences which today any workingman can command; yet these peoples are justly regarded as high points of civilization.

I am not arguing against the value of material progress, but it has two faces. Think of an air raid. Could anything be more completely a product of modern civilization? In the air those wonderful birds of metal flying at hundreds of miles an hour under human control, carrying small iron containers which can set a city on fire and kill thousands of its inhabitants, while on the ground other men, sweeping the night and the wide spaces of the sky with searchlight and gun, detect and destroy their enemy. What miracles of human intellect made both the attack and the defense possible? It is eminently part of that material civilization which we justly admire. But it is clear that material civilization can be a danger as well as a benefit to its possessors.

Nor is it merely that airplanes and explosives and atomic energy may destroy us; a less spectacular but more imminent risk is that they may bewilder, distract, and barbarize us. I have mentioned one unfortunate use of the internal-combustion engine; let me call attention to another, lesser, and less obvious evil for which it is responsible and which can be seen on any highway in Europe or America when a car or motor coach passes with tourists. They are bent on seeing the scenery. But you can no more see scenery at 20 or 30 or 40 miles an hour than you could see a picture gallery by running through it. Beauty cannot be seen in bulk; to run one's eye over it is not to

¹“My New-cut Ashlar” is from *Life's Handicaps*, copyright 1890 by Rudyard Kipling, and is reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc., and Mrs. George Bainbridge.

see it; it needs time and leisure to absorb and be absorbed by it. Wordsworth, wandering "lonely as a cloud," saw more in an afternoon walk than we see in a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In so far, we have actually lost by the opportunities for locomotion which progress has given us, and Horace's sarcastic comment on his age, written 1900 years ago, applies to us with infinitely more force: *Navibus atque quadrigis petimus bene vivere* — "We look to cars and yachts for the good life."

What is the relation of material progress to civilization? Is it a friend or an enemy? I should reply that it is a friend which, if we are not careful, may become an enemy. Clearly it is a good thing to have material conveniences — quick communications, cheap production, printing, plumbing, and the rest. That point is too obvious to require stressing.

And apart from the uses of material inventions to ourselves, they bring civilization within the reach of those who, without them, would be excluded from it. Printing has brought knowledge and wisdom (and some less desirable gifts) to millions who, before its discovery, were without access to it. Compare the life of the masses before and after machinery came. Contrast the coolie drawing a rickshaw for sixteen hours a day with a taxi driver. In the age before the machine the life of the poor was a drudgery which left little time or energy for anything beyond; then civilization was the perquisite of a small class; today it is a possibility within the reach of all.

And there is a further point about these material instruments and equipment of our life. They help to make our civilization, but at the same time the making of them is part of the making of the human garden. It is an advantage to have radio and refrigeration and bathrooms and telephones and the rest, and we are sometimes proud of them as if they were fine flowers of our life. That of course is not so. The possession of them is no credit to us; it shows no more than that we have enough money to buy them. But they *are* a credit to those whose intelligence and skill created them; they are an inanimate witness to the powers of man.

Who could go into a big factory without reflecting how much human intelligence is embodied both in its machines and its organization? Who can go down to a shipyard when a liner is ready for launching and see the men in the yard busy with the final preparations, looking like ants beside this vast creation towering above on its slips, without admiration for the pigmy humans that yet are able to build and control something so enormous and complicated? This is the miraculous achievement of beings who five thousand years ago were the savage inhabitants of caves and woods. The greatness of a ship is not merely that she will carry us safely and quickly across the oceans, but that she is human intelligence embodied. Her existence is

more remarkable than her uses. She is a fine flower which the human garden has grown.

I have dwelt so long on the material aspect of our civilization because it is responsible for our greatest problems and because we are liable to hold one of two mistaken views about it. There is the view of those who are so dazzled by its achievements that they identify it with civilization and suppose that we are civilized because of our material progress and advantages. Then there is the opposite view of those who, noticing some of its results and some of the uses to which it is put, go, like Ruskin or William Morris or Edward Carpenter, to the opposite extreme and wish they could be rid of the whole thing. I do not know which of these views is more mistaken. Probably the first — the confusing of civilization with material progress. The right view is that material civilization is of value both in itself and because it represents a great human achievement — a part of the cultivation of the human garden. But it has its dangers and we have not always avoided them.

4

IF mastery of the material world were civilization, ours would be the most civilized age in history. How will it rank if, passing from its material aspects, we consider the other elements which constitute a civilization: imaginative quality revealed in literature and art, intellectual activities, *civilitas* or social and political life? There is today a greater quantity of competent writing at a good level than in any preceding age — an extensive tableland without any great peaks breaking the skyline; but our literature, if we judge it by universal standards, does not rise into the first class: we have nothing comparable to the drama of fifth century Athens or of sixteenth century England or seventeenth century France; we have no novelists who can rank with Tolstoy or Dostoevsky or with Scott or Dickens; we have no great historians; and a hundred years hence will any of our poetry be read except in anthologies? Possibly our best imaginative work is in art, but even there we have no Phidias or Raphael or Michelangelo or Leonardo; nor have we anything to challenge the Parthenon or Santa Sophia or the medieval cathedral, unless it is those buildings on the western approaches to New York and on the lake front of Chicago which embody the spirit of the age in forms of majestic and austere beauty.

Turning to the purely intellectual aspect of our civilization, we have at the moment a philosophy of little importance even for its own time, and in pure science, as in literature, we have a remarkable diffusion of good work. But we also have and have had some creative minds of the highest quality, such as Max Planck, Rutherford, and Einstein. In applied science no age can compare with us, and

in general one might say that the characteristic achievement of the modern world is the effective mobilization and organization of intellectual effort in every field. But in artistic and literary quality our civilization will, I believe, certainly rank below that of fifth and fourth century Athens, and of fourteenth and fifteenth century Italy.

That brings me to an important practical question. Can a democracy be civilized? I have deliberately put the question provocatively, but it is a real one; and all democracies need to consider it. Of course very few people can be creators in the field of art or of the intellect: our task, the task of the intelligent public, is to honor and appreciate what the few create; to know, or at least wish to know, what is really first-rate in literature, art, architecture, music, in science and the world of thought, in all the activities that make civilization. But are the masses capable of such discrimination? And if not, shall we not have a nation where an elite is civilized but the rest of the people is not? Have we not something of the sort today? Look at some of our popular newspapers. Or ask yourselves what idea an archaeologist would form of us if, a thousand years hence, he dug up our advertisements, which presumably give a fair idea of the tastes and interests of the ordinary man, and tried to form an idea of this age from them. Would it be a favorable idea?

Democracy is the highest form of political government, but on the cultural side it is exposed to grave weaknesses. Call the masses into power, and automatically you will find the national culture molded by their interests and tastes. They will expect, and plenty of people will be ready to supply, the kind of music and art and radio and films and reading which is to their taste, and there is at least a risk that standards will quickly decline to the second- and third-rate. I can mention one field in which this has happened in my own country in my lifetime. When I was a boy no daily paper was published in London of the level of those that are read by the great mass of the population today. In many points the modern cheap English papers are not so bad (I have seen worse in America), but I cannot think that they are papers which really civilized people would habitually read.

5

How can we avoid this danger — that a democracy will find itself divided on the one hand into an elite, who know what is good literature, good music, good journalism, and so on — who appreciate excellence in the world of the intellect — and on the other hand a mass who do not, who in these fields have no judgment or discrimination and who see no difference between the first-rate and the third-rate? Must we accept it as inevitable and resign ourselves to the majority being in these

respects uncivilized or half-civilized? That is substantially the position today. Plato thought it inevitable and divided his citizens into three classes — a small class, creative minds who know the meaning of excellence in all the forms and activities of life; a larger class, who follow their guidance and in so far share their knowledge; and a majority who have their function in the state as producers but who have no real idea what civilization in its full sense means.

I am sure that one should not resign oneself to so defeatist a view. Mere political equality is essential but it is not enough. Burke had the right conception of the state, when he said that it should be a partnership in all science, in all art, in every virtue and in every perfection.

But how are we to secure this? We have not secured it yet. Education should give the answer. But we have universal education and so far the answer has been dusty. That suggests that there is something wrong with our education — that it has not addressed itself to this side of its task; and this I believe to be so. I cannot discuss in detail what we might do about it. But I will suggest one thing. A fundamental principle of education should be to make the pupil realize the meaning of excellence, of the first-rate, and to send him out of school and college persuaded that it is his business to learn what is first-rate and to pursue it — not only in the job by which he earns his living but in all the great fields of life and above all in living itself. I would also try to give the pupil at school a better idea than he sometimes gets of what is first-rate in literature, architecture, music, art — and, above all, of what is first-rate in conduct and life. Then we might get nearer to creating a democracy which believes in, desires, and recognizes, where it cannot achieve, excellence in all the noblest activities.

I think this would do something. But I would go further. In many ways I mistrust the state and I should scrutinize carefully any extension of its powers. But I should like to put under its supervision, or rather under the supervision of independent public corporations, those cultural activities which have great educational importance. I would not leave them to chance or to exploitation for private profit.

To come to a practical point, I should like to see radio, TV, and the films controlled, not by the state directly, but by some public body. These three are today probably the most influential instruments of public education, for they are at work on most of us throughout our lives; the artists and technicians who produce them are gifted people who know their job thoroughly; they move us, as unfortunately education in school and college often does not; and their influence is the greater because for the most part we do not realize it. I do not think that forces of this kind should be directed in the last resort by motives of private gain.

I have suggested that in art and in literature other ages have reached higher levels than we. But there is one province of civilization in which we may be found, when our history is written, to have achieved more than any other epoch, the province of *civilitas* in the narrow sense of the word — in our social and political ideals. I am not thinking of political democracy, which is as old as Athens, where the poorest and most humbly born citizen had political equality with the richest and most aristocratic, and where the Assembly in which all issues of peace and war were decided, and any member of the citizen body could hear the debate, take part in it, and give his vote, afforded a better political education than any since devised, though it did not lead to efficient government. But I believe that at no age of the world has the social conscience been so awake as now. That is not to say that it might not be more awake still. But we have got rid of the institution of slavery which defaced Greek civilization. This improvement was made possible by the machine, which has replaced the slave, but in part it is due to the growth of a social conscience. We have recognized the duty of giving equal opportunity to all — a notable instance is our nation-wide education — and we have attempted to maintain a minimum standard of living by the social services. In these points we have achieved far more than the Greeks or any other people of the past. We have a richer idea of *civilitas*, and in that province we have a higher civilization.

But an even greater advance is an extension of that idea. Today we see the dawn, the very faint dawn, of a new political conception, partly anticipated in the idea of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and developed since the war on different lines by the United States, which has adopted it as a policy, and has in the Marshall Plan and in other ways made practical sacrifices for it. It is the conception of a world whose peoples, varying in language, traditions, culture, and political institutions, yet feel themselves fundamentally one, united, beneath all their differences, by a common humanity and coöperating in the pursuit of a common goal. That is something new.

Unmistakably, the next great advance for humanity is international coöperation; not the casual flirtations or transient liaisons between states which have hitherto been our nearest approach to it, but something corresponding to that power of living together, that fundamental harmony, which holds England or America or any healthy nation together in spite of internal tensions and of differences of interest and opinion. Mankind has never under-

taken a more formidable task. It will not be accomplished by setting up international machinery, though this is indispensable; still less by pious aspirations, pessimistic complaints, or edifying speeches. It is a preparation of the spirit, a remolding of the inner man, that is required — not only in one or two nations, but in all.

The best preparation is to take seriously the second of Christ's great commandments, to love our neighbors as ourselves and to define our neighbor as He defined him; or, as William Temple more explicitly put it, "My neighbour is anyone with whom I have anything to do, even by accident and even though he is the kind of person that I naturally hate and despise." The vision of a new political order is fundamentally Christian. It is of course possible to base the ideal of a world society — which is something different from a world state — on utilitarian grounds; because without it civilization will be torn, and possibly destroyed, by war, or because it is the nearest road to the prosperity and peace of mankind. But utility is a plausible rather than a powerful motive, for the interests of the individual often diverge, or seem to diverge, from the interests of the whole. A surer basis, a more dynamic motive force, for its realization can be found in Christianity, of which it is the logical conclusion.

It is foreshadowed in the words of Christ: "You have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I tell you, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, pray for those who persecute and insult you, that so you may be true sons of your Father in heaven, whose sun rises on the evil and equally on the good, whose rain falls on the just and equally on the unjust." How easy to quote those words! How difficult even to approach practicing them!

We have far to go: the ideal has to be translated into practice. Nationalism, in its many forms, will oppose and retard progress, and many will still reiterate the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The new conception of international relations has not penetrated into our normal way of thinking or become an automatic reaction to political problems. It involves a transformation of our natural outlook. But this is the way in which the world is destined to move; and the outlook of man has undergone more astonishing transformations since he first appeared on the earth. Anyhow the first shoots of a new plant in the human garden are visible above the soil. The age which brings it to flower will have done for civilization at least as much as any of its predecessors.



A TALE OF LOVE AND SORROW

by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

In June, on Sturges Highway
(Seven miles north of Westport),
From a worn, familiar meadow,
 Five prosperous cows will stare.
There will be stylish lilies,
Haughty, along the fences,
And butterflies, white and yellow,
 Embracing in upper air.
But what's Connecticut June to me?
I'll feast no more on the strawberry
That grew in the garden of my friend, D—.

D—, a gentleman-farmer,
In his spare time wrote novels.
But novels are getting written
 By thousands, every day.
It was a purer harvest
Than literature or letters
That beckoned me in the summer
 To the house on Sturges Way.
Ah, it was heaven itself to be
Given permission to wander free
In the strawberry beds of my friend, D—!

Maybe on other acres
(Though I cannot quite believe it)
Has a fruit as aromatic,
 As fiercely crimson, hung.
But never, I think, did berry,
From curling leaves uncovered,
Fall with such mortal sweetness
 So ravishing on the tongue,
As the plump, the succulent strawberry
That (stained with juices, on hand and knee)
I plucked in the garden of my friend, D—.

Drunker with sweets and sunlight
Than the butterflies above me,
Raiding ambrosial borders,
 I would go up and down;
Until at the turn of evening,
Lugging my brimming baskets,
I would return, reluctant,
 To the Birdseye-haunted town.
But weep for glory that used to be!
Gone are the berries that pleased me,
And even gone is my friend, D—.

For love comes even to Westport.
A small and fair-haired lady
Looked on the gentleman-farmer,
 Melting his heart like snow.
And now from Sturges Highway
Are berry and man uprooted.
Now lonely along the fences,
 Only the lilies grow.
Yes, now a farmer no more is he —
Merely a novelist furiously
Finishing Chapter 23.

And never, never, on land or sea,
For breakfast, dinner, luncheon, tea,
I'll taste of the vanished strawberry
That starred the gardens of my friend, D—.

How Much?

Government in the United States, DR. JAMES HOWARD MEANS points out, is today paying twice as much of the nation's total health bill as it did in 1929. This is partly the result of the development of our program for Public Health but chiefly the result of the ever increasing expense of caring for the wounded and the sick of the two World Wars. With medical aid being proffered on three different levels — Federal, state, and local — is it not time for us to follow an integrated program rather than one of expensive duplication?

GOVERNMENT IN MEDICINE

by JAMES HOWARD MEANS, M.D.

1

THE Federal government of the United States in the year 1952 offered varying degrees of medical care to some 25 million people, about one sixth of the nation. It spent for all its medical and health activities close to a billion dollars. Included in this huge sum are charges for research, educational, and public health activities as well as for the medical care of patients.

I lately derived an interesting figure from data contained in a report of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare of the U.S. Senate, entitled "Health Insurance Plans in the United States," dated May 17, 1951. This report estimates that the total expenditure for medical care of every sort in the whole United States was about 10 billion dollars for the year 1949. If we divide this figure by 150 millions, the population of the United States in 1950, we get \$66 per person per year expended for medical care. About 20 per cent of this was spent by government — Federal, state, and local. In 1929 this figure was only 10 per cent. The role of government in medicine thus appears decidedly on the increase.

Government in the United States has assumed medical responsibilities of one sort or another at all three of its levels — Federal, state, and local. On Federal medicine there is a wealth of source material from which we may obtain impressions. Probably the most comprehensive analysis of the situation is that of the "Task Force on Federal Medical Services" of the Hoover Commission which was published in November, 1948. This report stressed first the magnitude of Federal medicine and its lack of an over-all or central plan. An enormous commitment has been entered into, and is being conducted "without even any clear decision as to certain of the large classes of the beneficiaries to be covered, with no estimate of the ultimate cost or of the effect upon other health measures of the nation."

According to the Hoover Commission study, there are three large and more than thirty smaller Federal

medical systems which are operated independently of one another, going their own ways, making their own plans, building, staffing, and running hospitals and clinics with "little knowledge of and no regard for the operation of the others."

The three large systems are, of course, those of the Department of Defense, of the Public Health Service, and of the Veterans' Administration. We may confine our attention to the group of large Federal medical systems, which on the basis of either total number of patients served or cost amount to 90 per cent or more of the total. In the order of magnitude of the systems, the Veterans' Administration tops the list, then the armed forces, and finally the Public Health Service. But the Public Health Service stands first of all Federal agencies in the field of medical research and education.

The Hoover Commission's chief criticism of the medical services provided by the Federal government was not so much that the individual systems are poorly operated, as that they operate without regard to one another, really in competition with one another. Each seeks to build its own empire regardless of the others. The Veterans' Administration, for example, unquestionably offers well-integrated and high-quality medical care to veterans, but as the Task Force pointed out, the Veterans' Administration's hospital construction program conflicts directly "with the government's policy under the Hill-Burton Act of aiding non-federal hospitals for the purpose of establishing a sound hospital system for the country as a whole."

The Veterans' Administration's medical establishment is by far the most important of the medical care activities of the Federal government. A report to the Senate by the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare dated August 2, 1951, called the medical care program of the Veterans' Administration "one of the largest in the world. Potentially affecting some 21 million veterans, it operates on a budget calling for an expenditure of over 650 million dollars

a year." Significantly larger figures for this have been given subsequently.

The Veterans' Administration hospitals and outpatient departments admit free all veterans for service-connected illness; and when beds are available, they will admit veterans to hospitals for non-service-connected illness provided they state they cannot pay for the service. The growth potential of the Veterans' Administration's hospital system is thus unlimited. If the hospitals are not filled with service-connected cases, they fill up with non-service-connected cases. Then, since the available beds are full, more beds are needed, and therefore more hospitals are constructed; and so on.

The professional service given has been of good quality, because under the policy inaugurated by General Bradley, selection of staff for the Veterans' Administration's hospitals has been through committees of medical deans. The inclusion of non-service-connected cases, which goes back to 1924, has increased the professional interest of the service because of the more general nature of such cases. More able doctors are thus attracted, and the quality of medical care is improved for all.

As veterans become ever more numerous, however, there is the danger that the private and voluntary system of medicine, as we have known it in this country, may become completely encircled by the free (tax-supported) medicine of the Veterans' Administration. This is a far greater threat to the medical status quo and its voluntary institutions than is compulsory health insurance; but so obsessed is the American Medical Association leadership with the desire to kill the latter, that it has largely ignored the former. Indeed some of the doctors who are fighting what they call "socialized medicine" are serving in the Veterans' hospitals with the greatest equanimity. Yet if we have anything that approaches socialized medicine in the United States, the medical empire of the Veterans' Administration is it.

Government medicine in the United States, other than Federal, is to a greater degree public health work, medical education, and hospital service than it is medical care, that is to say, the services of physicians. Dr. R. C. Page, Chairman of the National Doctors' Committee for Improved Federal Medical Services, gives the following figures for the distribution of all hospital beds in the country: Federal hospitals, 194,000; state, county, and municipal hospitals, 843,000; nongovernmental hospitals, 414,000. Thus it appears that 71 per cent of the nation's hospitalization function is borne by one of the three levels of government — 13 per cent Federal and 58 per cent state and local. Except in the case of psychiatric, tuberculosis, or other hospitals for chronic disease, however, state and local hospitals are staffed primarily by physicians and surgeons in private practice who give their services or who serve for rather nominal fees.

The state governments are also making a great contribution to medical education in that they own and operate 31 of the total of 72 four-year medical schools of the country.

In the field of directly providing medical care, the state governments are steadily getting in deeper and deeper. They are entering new fields such as cancer, arthritis, and heart disease in ever expanding programs. As more and more doctors work for the Federal government, so too will more and more work for the state and local governments.

2

THE major recommendation of the Hoover Task Force was that all medical activities of the Federal government, except the military, should be unified under a single national health agency headed by a career director-general and including three main divisions — namely, medical care, public health, and research and training. Furthermore, the Hoover Report recommended that in the continental United States there should also be transferred to this national health agency all general and most station hospitals of the armed forces. For military reasons only it was recommended to leave within the Department of Defense those medical establishments directly serving the armed forces. "The medical service of an armed force," it was said, "is a necessary and an integral part of that force. To separate it from the force is wholly or largely to destroy its usefulness." This also seems good sense.

How the integration of Federal medicine should fit in with the executive branch of the government in its entirety is a controversial issue. One school of thought is that it should all be organized in a department of the government — a department of health headed by a minister of health of full cabinet rank. Another is that a new department of the government should embrace not only health but education and public welfare also. Which of these two solutions has the more merit, I will not presume to say. Either would provide for planning and integration, now quite lacking, and would constitute, therefore, an advance over what we have at the present time.

Such a unification also would make possible effective coöperation between governmental medicine and private medicine. If we need some sort of national health program, a necessary step in achieving it is to put the house of Federal medicine thoroughly in order. It doesn't, as it now stands, offer anything from which a national health program can be constructed. Only in the event that the continuous, unchecked growth of the Veterans' Administration's medical establishment engulfed all else could the emergence of a national health program from present-day Federal medicine be envisaged. Should that state of affairs ever eventuate, then we should be in much the same situation as Britain is today, only

we should have got there by default instead of purposefully, as has Britain.

The most promising effort on the part of the Federal government to coöperate with private and local medicine to obtain better medical care for the people on a nation-wide basis is the hospital construction program being carried out under the Hill-Burton Act. In a country of increasing and gradually aging population, continuous construction of new hospital and public health facilities is imperative. Interruption in civilian hospital construction during the last war left the country with an estimated 900,000 shortage in total hospital beds. It was in an effort to correct this situation that the Hill-Burton bill was enacted. Under its provisions the Federal government can give in aid from a minimum of one third of the cost to a maximum of two thirds of the cost for the construction of hospital or health facilities by state, local, or private agencies. Federal funds are allocated to the states in accordance with population, need, and the relative per capita income of the states.

The states are required to assess their own needs in order to obtain Federal aid. Special emphasis is placed on promoting adequate hospitalization in areas of greatest need, originally in rural sections. Thus far 91,000 beds have been provided under the Hill-Burton program, and 1900 projects are being aided. Because well-trained young doctors dislike working without proper facilities, rural hospital construction under the Hill-Burton Act has helped induce them to settle in rural areas. A military objective is also being met, because the locations of hospital construction follow the evacuation channels from the large target cities out into the safer rural districts.

The hospital construction program of the Hill-Burton Act gives an excellent demonstration of how government can coöperate with voluntary effort to achieve a nation-wide program within the field of health. But since it has nothing directly to do with the distribution of doctors, it is incomplete, and it is for this very reason that it has not been opposed by organized medicine. It is very good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Better distribution of medical personnel, for one thing, and co-ordination with the hospital building program of the Veterans' Administration are also needed.

I saw an editorial not long ago in a county medical journal in which the Hoover Report's account of the irresponsible building of hospitals by competing Federal agencies was cited. The point was made, however, that voluntary hospitals at times are guilty of this sin also. They too compete with one another. An example was given in which one voluntary hospital put up a new and large obstetric wing coincidentally with the closing of such service for lack of patients in several other hospitals in the same community. There should be planning, so this editorial writer claimed, in order that the total hos-

pital beds in an area should efficiently meet community needs. Some community agency such as Red Feather or Hospital Council should exercise control of the distribution of hospital facilities in its area.

I entirely agree, in principle, with this sentiment, but I would say to this editor, let's go a little farther and do some planning for the distribution of doctors as well and organize them for the purpose of best meeting the people's needs. There I am sure he would part company with me, for when it comes to the affairs of doctors, his journal has always been very conservative. Let Uncle Sam plan his hospital building efficiently; let voluntary hospitals so plan theirs; but when it comes to doctors, economic freedom of the professional individual must be preserved. Only the law of supply and demand may be allowed to operate upon the doctors. Let it determine their distribution. When it comes to medical care, however, the law of supply and demand does not meet human needs. This was one of the reasons why Britain adopted its National Health Service.

3

ANOTHER area in which government has coöperated successfully with voluntary effort is research. This is a field which affects medical practice only to the extent of giving it new knowledge, better methods of diagnosis and treatment, better professional armamentaria. The politicians, who in response to popular demand like to do something toward meeting the health needs of the people, are disposed to make liberal appropriations to further the investigation of the nature and causes of disease, because in this area there is no likelihood of stirring up political hornets' nests.

Various agencies of the government have medical research establishments of their own — the armed forces, for example, and the U.S. Public Health Service. At Bethesda, Maryland, an array of imposing buildings suggesting a large university on a beautiful campus is in fact the National Institutes of Health of the U.S. Public Health Service, a group of research institutes for the study of great problems such as cancer, heart disease, arthritis, and other enemies of man. Arising in the midst of the Institutes is a huge new edifice, the Clinical Center, actually a hospital of 500 beds where patients with diseases which it is desired to investigate can be cared for while their cases are under scientific study. This unit is to be opened for use early this spring. The Clinical Center is analogous to the well-known hospital of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, but on a very much larger scale.

In addition to operating their own research establishments, the armed forces and the Public Health Service also expend large appropriations in support of medical research by making grants-in-aid to uni-

versity and other research institutions throughout the country. These have been of great importance in accelerating the tempo and, we hope, improving the quality of medical investigation. Not only are going projects reinforced, but new research foci are discovered and nurtured. I know of no finer contribution of the Federal government to medical progress than the research grants program of the Public Health Service. There is no coercion or regimentation of investigators, and no political influence whatever enters into the distribution of the aid. Applications for aid originate with the investigators, who are free agents, and aid is granted entirely on the basis of the scientific merit of the projects submitted as judged by groups of neutral experts. It is a fine example of coöperation between government and independent agencies to improve the health of the people.

The practice of medicine is in the nature of a public utility, such as transportation or communication, served largely in our country by private enterprise. Because such private enterprises tend to be monopolistic, while at the same time their services are needed by everybody, some governmental control of them is necessary.

The type of medical establishment in any country — how much of it governmental, how much private or voluntary — will depend upon the political philosophy of the country which it serves. In totalitarian Russia there is totalitarian medicine; in socialized Britain socialized medicine; and in the United States, which still believes in private enterprise, one finds a large private enterprise component in medical practice and in medical education and research. At the present time, however, our government and private medicine combined are not giving all our people the best medicine in the world, which they might have if our total medical effort were better planned and integrated.

The G.O.P. is on record as being opposed to Federal compulsory health insurance. It also insists that the health of the people as well as their proper medical care cannot be maintained if subject to Federal bureaucratic dictation. In the second of his ten pledges published on November 2, General Eisenhower, however, pledged that the "social gains achieved by the people, whether enacted by a Republican or Democratic administration, are not only here to stay, but are to be improved and extended." Inasmuch as Eisenhower had previously said that he is against socialized medicine, and even that he regards Federal aid to medical education as the first step toward the socialization of medicine, it is heartening to find him later pledging that social gains are to be extended. In the field of health legislation it will be interesting to see what form this extension will take.

In planning its constructive action the new regime will have the advantage of the excellent report made in December, 1952, by the President's Commission

on the Health Needs of the Nation, a body appointed a year ago by Mr. Truman, Dr. Paul B. Magnuson chairman. It is greatly to be hoped that both Congress and the new administration will give the Commission's report very earnest consideration. Its recommendations cannot be regarded by any fair-minded person as in any sense radical. It does not recommend national compulsory health insurance, but instead suggests supplementing private prepayment plans by government in areas where the former prove inadequate. To me it looks like a good middle road program.

4

ONE of the very pressing matters emphasized in this report is the support of medical education. Federal aid to medical education to overcome the growing shortages of doctors, nurses, and other trained health personnel has repeatedly been advocated. No informed person can dispute the necessity for a sufficient supply of such personnel. Of those who have been opposing Federal aid, it should be asked, where do they expect to get the necessary support? At present no adequate source other than government has been discovered.

In my opinion the most needed items for extension of health legislation are Federal aid to medical education, integration of the Federal medical services, and a program for coöperation between the Federal medical establishment and local or regional health plans, whether voluntary or governmental. Two of the major recommendations of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation were: first, the strengthening of centers of public health activities; and second, the offering of Federal aid to the medical care of patients through grants-in-aid to the states, in a manner analogous to Hill-Burton aid to hospital care.

It is very significant that Eisenhower in his speech on October 9 at New Orleans admitted the inadequacy of private health insurance and said that the usefulness of Federal loans or other aid to local health plans should be explored.

One great advantage which we in the United States have over Britain, which has gone the whole way in the nationalization of its medical establishment, is that, being still largely a free enterprise country, we have freedom to try experiments in the provision of medical care and in the coöperation between government and voluntary effort.

The Canadians, who have in the main a medical situation that more closely resembles ours than Britain's, have shown more willingness than we to try experiments. A poll by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion in 1949 showed 80 per cent of the people in favor of a national health insurance plan under the auspices of the Federal government, which would include both hospital and medical care. All three political parties have endorsed such a

scheme in principle, and the Canadian Medical Association favors national health insurance of some sort, but preferably not administered by a government agency. Two Canadian provinces, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, have set up complete compulsory hospital plans, and Alberta and Newfoundland have partial health insurance services. In other parts of Canada a variety of health plans are in operation — some entirely doctor-run, some consumers' coöperatives, some sponsored by private insurance companies.

In 1948 the Dominion government inaugurated a five-year national health grants program to strengthen and improve, in coöperation with the provincial governments, the health and hospital facilities available to the people of Canada. In a

speech made before both houses of Parliament on November 20, 1952, the Governor General said that his government proposes to ask that Parliament give consideration to the extension of this program of coöperation between Dominion and provincial governments. Thus it appears that nation-wide searching for better ways to bring health to all the people, particularly with reference to the role of government therein, is far more in evidence in Canada than it is in our own country. Planning at all levels — national, state, and local — is absolutely necessary, and it is to be hoped that the medical profession in the United States will see fit to coöperate with government along some such line as that which the Canadians are following at the present time.



EVENING JOURNEY

by MAY SARTON

FRANCE like the map of tenderness fell open
And green, green were the spreading arteries
Where every road was a leafy procession,
As poplar, maple, beech in lovely series
Opened the way to secret villages.
We were the wind, but even wind was slowed
As shadows made a river of the road.

We welcomed with a deep renewed devotion
Those gifts of evening wrapped in return:
The absent-minded cows moved in slow-motion,
The sleeping dog did not stir at our horn,
The haycart stopped us, bulging to the barn,
And red geraniums on each window sill
Warm like a handclasp, and as casual —

The immemorial boy fished in a stream
While the earth spun its way toward sleep;
Old women in the doorways sat to dream,
And at the fountain the old horse drank deep;
All animals and men were coming home.
We drove so fast it might have seemed like fleeing
Yet all we knew was peace and its sweet flowing.

And as the moon rose and the mists rose too,
Still all we saw was radiance distilled
As we rushed down the tree-roads into blue.
We were the new world nourished by the old,
The wild natural heart gravely fulfilled
By France at its most pure that all men bless,
O human world, O map of tenderness!



What does the artist expect from the critic and when does he feel that criticism goes too far? This is the temperamental problem discussed in the papers which follow by ALEC GUINNESS, the actor, and Christopher Fry, the playwright. Their essays, as published in England, were followed by the riposte of eight of the leading dramatic critics of London. The Atlantic is delighted to present the first part of this verbal tournament, the whole of which will be published in book form this month by the Oxford University Press under the title An Experience of Critics. Alec Guinness, whom many regard as the most versatile of English actors, opens the debate.

THE ARTIST VIEWS THE CRITIC

For the Actor

by ALEC GUINNESS

THERE are three ways, I suggest, for a determined actor to deal with critics. The first, most sensational, slightly dangerous but highly successful if carried out with sincerity, is to hit them. This has been proved in our time by a fine actor pushing very hard with his fist at a critic's shoulder. It wasn't exactly a punch — just a not too friendly gesture — but it resulted in a series of lovely notices which enabled the actor to advance to acknowledged greatness. The second method is for the actor to pretend he doesn't read what the critics write. I don't recommend this, as I fear it no longer carries conviction. The third way, and far the most fatiguing, is for the actor to arm himself with scissors and paste, carefully cut out the relevant critical columns, and preserve them in a huge commonplace book. These can always be read in jaded moments (for it is rare for an actor to cling to adverse criticisms) and quite soon they acquire a yellowish-gray faded color which puts the whole thing in perspective. If the actor is of a philosophical turn, he will argue that the critics' statements cancel each other out and consequently don't exist. Critics are seldom unanimous, which is one of the most endearing things about them.

My favorite canceling out occurred when I was playing Richard II for the Old Vic. One reputable critic said I had no music in my verse-speaking, while another said it was like listening to Bach. Not everyone has a taste for Bach, of course.

Does an actor change a performance after reading criticism? Probably more often than critics, who usually only see one performance, realize, though it is a difficult thing to do. I have modified consciously two performances, realizing that what a critic had written was just, imaginative, and help-

ful and that alteration wouldn't interfere greatly with my fellow players. I would never think of tackling a classical role without at some time browsing through Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Montague, Lewes, and Shaw in the hope, if not of inspiration, then at least of stimulation. Actors read too much, which is our compliment to the critics.

Dramatic criticism, it seems to me, requires two things of paramount importance: (a) readability — which rules out French, Latin, German, tiresome quotations, puns, and so forth; and (b) the gift of conjuring up for the reader a visual picture of a performance. The late James Agate was a great critic because, although there were sometimes lumps of Racine in his column, he managed in a neat, clean phrase to show you the essential characteristic of an actor's work and often its profundity. He always re-created for the reader the vitality he had found in the theatre, and if the performance or play was dull, his journalism remained superb and his love of the theatre constant. I don't think anyone who also loves the theatre can ask for more than that; it is worth all the championing of the unities, and infinitely more than the indulgent patronage to which playwrights and actors are sometimes subjected. Hard criticism never hurts. What hurts is viciousness, mercifully rare in our press, and what wounds, making the actor feel a shabby charlatan, is glowing praise for what he knows is indifferent work. (This includes, of course, praise for other actors' worthless performances as well as his own!) When all is said and done, actors feel they know as much about acting — if not more — as anyone else; which does not mean that they wish to deny the professional connoisseur his place in the theatre.



Although he was unable to write a line from the age of eighteen to twenty-eight, CHRISTOPHER FRY long nurtured the belief that he would one day write plays in verse. And when his creative spark finally flared, it led to a series of immediate successes. With the London production of *The Lady's Not for Burning* in 1949, Fry's genius as a poet-playwright was unanimously acclaimed. His fanciful wit and sharp sense of repartee are vividly at play in this essay, drawn from *An Experience of Critics*, soon to be published by the Oxford University Press.

THE ARTIST VIEWS THE CRITIC

For the Playwright

by CHRISTOPHER FRY

I

I FEEL like a fourth-form boy who has been invited up to the masters' common room to comment on the year's teaching: somewhat overwhelmed by the privilege, somewhat emboldened by the nudgings of my schoolmates and their last urgent whispers of "Go on; you tell them, Fry," and, as a precautionary measure, copies of all the newspapers folded into the seat of my trousers, the dramatic criticism outwards.

I don't know how I can help feeling like this, for to some extent this is what the relationship has become between critic and artist or whatever word will serve to cover actor, playwright, producer, and designer. The masters write their reports: "Could do better if he tried," or "Seems to make no effort to be intelligible," or "Has ability, but should try to concentrate on the matter in hand"; and the boys draw irreverent caricatures in the margins of their manuscripts. It isn't a very rewarding relationship; neither is it one which is unavoidable, but it has come about, and it would be good if we could discover why.

The simplest explanation is that, on the one hand, no man's judgment is infallible; and, on the other, that an artist thinks well only of a critic who thinks well of *him*; and, I admit, it is interesting to hear the writer say to the painter, or the film director say to the theatre producer, "Of course, your critics aren't so bad, but *ours* are terrible," and the cry of anguished protest that comes in reply.

So simple an explanation, however, accounts for no more than the moments of disappointment or injured vanity. No man in his senses expects a critic always to be right — indeed, it would be very disconcerting if he were: we should have to believe him, and the knowledge of his fallibility is often a

great comfort. The simple explanation also falls short on another point: the artist, at some level of himself, will respect an adverse criticism if he can understand it; he has no wish to get away with anything, and he is so close to his work that he is, or should be, glad of a more distant eye.

But he must also be allowed a certain arrogance: a degree of carefree confidence, if his work is not to be in some way blunted. Whatever medium he works in, words, or paint, or notation, will see to it that he is never far from humility. He knows before he starts that he is attempting the impossible; he knows that existence cannot be demonstrated, or even adequately commented upon, except by existence; and he would sometimes prefer to be doing something comparatively easy, such as cleaning the Augean stables, or, as he may think in his less amiable moments, such as being a critic.

An artist's sensitiveness to criticism is, at least in part, an effort to keep unimpaired the zest, or confidence, or arrogance, which he needs to make creation possible; or an instinct to climb through his problems in his own way as he should, and must; and it isn't surprising to look back to Hardy putting down his novelist's pen after the reception of *Jude the Obscure*; or to Tennyson walking the Downs and saying over and over again, "He says I'm not a great poet; he says I'm not a great poet."

He may not have been a great poet, but he was a good one, and might, I think, have been even better if the critics had been as creative in their way as he was in his. But creative criticism — by which I mean criticism that takes as its starting place the individual talent it deals with, and not some ready rule of thumb or personal preference — creative criticism has always been rare, and continues so, and much of the rest, though plentiful, is as boring

as a small child who insists on being looked at. And everywhere today can be heard the patter of tiny criticism, the busy sound of men continually knowing what they like. How anything manages to create itself at all is a wonder. The newly sprouting acorn is dug up several times a week, and solemnly told that, whatever it may think to the contrary, it is not an oak tree. It must understand that it is nothing more nor less than an acorn being pretentious.

I am not, you will have noticed, yet talking particularly of dramatic criticism. That is a grave thought towards which I am feeling my way sentence by sentence; for if I think that dramatic criticism is not all that it should be, it is because I think that no criticism is all that it should be. And artists themselves are often the worst offenders. One might think that a man who knows, by his own experience, how difficult it is to convey anything to anybody, even to himself, would be patient and forgiving to his fellows, however clumsily they flounder forward; but the history of literary feuds is long; and it is no uncommon thing to find one writer attacking another, ignoring what strength, or promise of strength, there may be for the pleasure of declaring the weakness.

Whereas he should know to fall on his knees and cry, "This man has written a sentence: he has actually written a sentence!" — or, if that should be an overestimation, he might say: "Look, look; here are two words which have come together in God."

That is the only true method of criticism between artists. But critics may reasonably feel that something further is expected of them. Dramatic critics, for example, may hesitate to say, "No one who loves the theatre should fail to pay fifteen shillings for a stall at the Globe where, in the second act of Mr. Fry's new play, he may hear several minutes of dialogue which is not entirely inapt."

Something further is expected of them; and something so difficult that I wonder if there is a pin to choose between the ardors of creating and criticizing.

A fine dramatic critic of the future is already with us. He paid, not long ago, his first visit to the theatre. He sat in the front of a box, with five years' experience of the world behind him, and watched a pantomime. His eyes never left the stage; even through the intervals he refused to be distracted by ice cream or lemonade; he stared at the curtain, waiting for it to go up again. Neither the Dame, nor the comedy horse, nor the Broker's men, nor the Dagenham Girl Pipers could win a smile from him. He remained, expressionless and absorbed, the representation of the perfect critic. At the Transformation Scene he turned to his father and made his only comment. He said: "Well, we didn't expect that, did we?"

I take up your time with this story because it may

be that, on our first visit to the theatre, we are innocent of everything except sensibility; there is no confusion: we know when we are touched; and this is a good condition for criticism. I don't mean that a critic must abandon all thought of ice cream or lemonade in the interval, but ideally there should be nothing, no preconception of what a play is, no impatience, no demands, between him and the stage; only a readiness to receive.

I do not know how it is to be done, and of all places at a first night. A first-night audience is as though a very large family had suddenly been reunited in the bronchial ward of a hospital. And the critic must reach across this uneasy state of affairs, and be in perfect communion with the complexities of play, players, and production. Upon his judgment depend the livelihood and career of nerve-jangled men and women who have been working at high pressure for several weeks. He must have a subtle understanding of playwriting, acting, and production, so that a fault shall not be laid at the wrong door — a misjudgment which happens in criticism often enough to be a major problem. He must have the patience and concentration of a bird-watcher, the eye of a sleuth, the capacity for experience of an explorer. I wouldn't undertake a profession so full of complications and pitfalls if you paid me; and if, in this essay, I am only a fault-finder, it is not because I can see no good in critics, for I do; and I know how willing many of them are to turn and say, "Well, we didn't expect that, did we?"; it is because I should like to trace, if I can, those things which divide us in understanding.

I suggest that if it is possible for the artists to learn from the critics (and I think it is), then it shouldn't be altogether improbable that the critics could sometimes learn from the artists. The history of criticism through the centuries isn't one unbroken progress of accurate judgment; and I don't know why critics, like Victorian parents, should be disturbed by admitting to their children that they also make mistakes. There is no progress that way. It's a hardening of the arteries of understanding. A man's work is what his life is; and he can only grow where he seeks.

2

SOMETIMES when I am trying to work I think of the picture of myself which emerges from the press cuttings, and it seems, in a way, very splendid. I see a man reeling intoxicated with words; they flow in a golden — or perhaps pinchbeck — stream from his mouth; they start out at his ears; they burst like rockets and jumping crackers and Catherine wheels round his head; they spring in wanton sport at his feet and trip him; but trip him or not, he loves them: let them all come, go where they may; let them strangle sense, flood the stage, break the dams of form; facility shall have its day.

His typewriter continues to chatter long after it has been put back in its case. Words will grow out of him, like fingernails, for some time after his death.

Then, having looked at this picture and marveled, I turn back to my typewriter. Like an ancient Red Indian chief, I sit for some hours in silence. At last I am ready to speak, and say "How," or perhaps some slightly longer word. My two fingers withdraw from the typewriter and the night wears dumbly on towards dawn.

The Lady's Not for Burning, the play which first gave rise to the bacchic figure vomiting his careless words, was five or six months finding its shape before writing began, and eight months in writing. I don't mean that slowness in writing is a virtue: it is an incapacity; but it's hard to relate it to verbal intoxication; it feels more like a slow death by ground glass.

What do I think I'm doing, then, so painfully creating a false impression? Why so many words? Why so many apparent interruptions of the relevant action of the play? There is no doubt that, looked at from many points of view, these are most reasonable questions to ask; and I can only try to explain what was in my mind.

So many words, for instance. We know this criticism doesn't precisely mean what it says. There are the same number of words as in any other play; you have only to count them. It means, I think, that I don't use the same words often enough; or else, or as well, that the words are an ornament on the meaning and not the meaning itself. That is certainly sometimes — perhaps often — true in the comedies, though almost as often I have meant the ornament to be, dramatically or comedically, an essential part of the meaning; and in my more sanguine moments I think the words are as exact to my purpose as I could make them at the time of writing.

And then the question of relevance. The question is, relevance to what? The relevance of one kind of play is not necessarily the relevance of another; I tried to say so in *The Lady* in the line: "That same laughter, madam, is an irrelevance that almost amounts to revelation," and I think what I am most anxious to do here is to ask that criticism should look more deeply into the nature of a play, and to pursue the reason for its nature, rather than to try to force it into a category to which it doesn't belong. If a criticism is to be understood and profited by, writer and critic must start with the same premise.

Comedy is not a drama with the addition of laughs. It is a world of its own, and when we leave it again, it can have given to the world of action we rejoin something of a new cast. It is a world of its own, but not a world all of one kind — it may be of situation; or the sunny, tensionless world of *As You Like It* where, for all Jacques' talk of

time, there is all the time in the world; or a world of wit, such as *The Way of the World*, where plot is an infernal nuisance, so huddled together to be out of the way of the true comedy that it took me hours to work it out before I produced it at Oxford; and after a few days of rehearsal I could no longer explain it to any member of the cast who thought perhaps he should know what the story was about.

As comedy is not a drama with laughs, so a verse play is not a prose play which happens to be written in verse. It has its own nature. In a talk on *Poetry and the Theatre* I tried saying something more about this, in these words: "The dramatist must view the world of his play, and the people of that world, with great precision: the poet-dramatist with the greatest poetic precision. The whole structure depends upon it, what scene follows another, what character goes and what character enters, where description or landscape becomes part of the action, or where it needs a bare exchange. The poetry and the construction are inseparable. Who understands the poetry understands the construction, who understands the construction understands the poetry, for the poetry is the action, and the action — even apart from the words — is the figure of the poetry. . . ." I do not mean that my own plays live up to this definition; but this is the ground upon which, now and in the future, I must meet the critics.

3

IF THIS all seems to be turning into a defense of Fry, it is not at all what I mean by it. For every point I raise there are half a dozen more which, in the circumstances, I don't intend to refer to, preferring to withhold, as far as possible, the stick which the critics could beat me with. But it is a fairly general experience of writers, producers, actors, to find themselves being judged from some altogether other part of the forest, where the critic has dug himself in as though for a siege; and I can best show the kind of misunderstanding I mean by instances from my own experience.

There are many orders of such misunderstanding. There is the criticism which seems wantonly to misrepresent, so that it can make a point; as when, for instance, a well-known critic, to prove that I sometimes wrote pretentious nonsense, quoted a line which was not in the play at all!

Or there is the kind of criticism which seems anxious to pick a hole at all cost: such as that which soundly berated an artificial comedy for having no lines in it as simple and highly charged as those in *King Lear*. Or this: in *Venus Observed* the Duke ends a speech with "And I, as unlaborious as a laburnum tree, hang in caresses of gold," and the critic then comments, "An inaccurate observation, since a laburnum is only apparently 'unlaborious.'" I see what he means: like the only

apparently untying and unspinning lilies of the field. These are small matters, but they show the larger fault: that sometimes a critic will rather cavil at the surface than give judgment in depth.

A few paragraphs ago I mentioned the word "pretentious." I will state my belief that it is not a critical word. It usually means that, in the critic's opinion, a man's reach has exceeded his grasp, and what hope is there for the theatre without such temeritous reaching? There may be times when we lay ourselves open to it by an insincerity, but even so, it is a dangerously facile word, and too easily covers up a critic's impatience.

A critic rightly expects that those he criticizes should go as far as their powers will take them in whatever art they practice: they should be honest, devoted, sensitive, laborious to perfect what they do, never content to rest on what they have done, but ever restless to increase the scope of what is still to follow. Are they not to expect as much from their critics? But round and about those who know the gravity of their work are others whose ability is to make rapid decisions about everything and everybody; and the less they are inclined to consider, the greater is their air of omniscience.

They do not belong, evidently, to a recent race of beings. John Gay, in *The Rehearsal at Goatham*, says, "They can scarce be called critics who must hear and read a thing before they will venture to declare their opinion. Anybody can do that." And, though I have no doubt that they now in fact attend what they criticize, it is equally sure that they do not take in what they criticize or would even know how to set about it; and, to make up for this apparently unimportant deficiency, their power of scorn is tremendous.

I could give you examples of the games they play, but it is better to move on to something of a more interesting sort; and I must ask your forbearance while once more, and for the last time, I bring my own work in as an example. In this instance it concerns critic and playwright, but, in its kind, it might equally be true of critic and actor, or critic and producer — an example of their not being in accord, and yet the critic serving as that outward eye which can be of such value. Sometimes when

we say the critic is wrong, we might do well to ask what, in ourselves, led him to be wrong.

There is a climax in my play *The Firstborn* which several critics whose opinion I respect found to be insufficiently prepared. It was the moment when Moses suddenly understands that the last plague of Egypt, the Death of the Firstborn, means the death of his nephew-by-adoption, Rameses. The critics felt, very reasonably, that the affection between Moses and Rameses had been so barely touched on that three quarters of the impact of Moses' realization was lost.

Now I had not imagined any such personal affection on the part of Moses. In the play he meets Rameses for a bare five minutes, is touched by his hero-worship, recognizes the boy's sincerity and humanity, and that is all. What I hoped I had shown, and hadn't, was that to Moses the boy represented Moses' own boyhood when he was Prince of Egypt, represented also that love for Egypt which Moses couldn't shake off even while he was fighting her. There are certainly speeches to that effect, and Moses, in the moment of realization, cries, "Egypt, Egypt! He was meant for Egypt!"; but the speeches were not enough: I had, in this instance, led the critic to be wrong; and since the writing of *The Firstborn* I have been learning too reluctantly that neither audiences nor critics are clairvoyant.

I hope to mend my ways. We are all, I think, anxious to mend our ways, once we can see clearly where and how they should be mended. But we cannot trust the critic to tell us unless he *also* knows moments of prayer and fasting and self-distrust; unless he judges, not by a jaunty reflex action, but by drawing into himself what he judges before giving judgment; unless we can be sure that he gets no pleasure from wounding, or belittling others to give himself the appearance of size; and that he has always before him, like a fearful warning, those evasions, dishonesties, and tricks protective of self-esteem which are the badges of the little critic who knows what he likes but will never know anything more. I made a character in a play describe justice as the crossing of mind with mind; and I believe this to be true of just and creative criticism.





A graduate in science of the University of Rome who was born in Italy and who became a naturalized American in 1945, GIORGIO DE SANTILLANA is now Associate Professor of the History of Philosophy and Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was the Atlantic correspondent in Italy in the years immediately following its liberation, and on his annual visit abroad last summer spent a considerable time in West Germany gathering these impressions of the German people.

STRAWS IN THE GERMAN WIND

by GIORGIO DE SANTILLANA

1

SOMBER convoys of the U.S. Army on all highways, with headlights blazing in full day, bring into the soft and toneless German landscape a note of darkness at noon. Frowzy and unsmiling GI's, in full campaign accoutrement, ride along without looking, like men going to battle. Bulldozers tearing up the earth for new flying fields and cantonments; high wire fences; *verboden* signs, military road signs; "No Germans Allowed" signs in the best hotels, snack bars, rest camps; reserved areas — all these remind the German (at least in our zone) that his country is the advanced deployment ground of alien forces under the shadow of war. Thousands of mulatto babies are now coming of school age, a startling addition to the vast assortment of conquerors' children that Germany has to bring up. The German either has no comment or he will say wryly: "We are the only country that will not let go of its invaders."

When it comes to their own fate, their thoughts still center in the West of which they want to become a part. Europe and European affairs are their watchword. Reminded of the other 20 million Germans beyond the Iron Curtain, they will say as if speaking of a relation that has settled in a distant continent: "Sometime, let us hope, we'll be able to take up again with them." The gap has grown undeniably.

On our side, there is the euphoria of the business boom, cars, vacation spots, fast spending, night life. Production has risen to index 158, taking that of 1936 as 100. German exports increased about seven times in the last four years. Instead of a debt with the European Payment Union, West Germany now has a credit which has risen to \$450 million and is still rising. The Ruhr is already overtaking Britain in steel production. The moment our offshore orders for armament are placed

in Germany (this is expected to happen with fiscal 1953) it can turn out ordnance, steel castings, precision instruments, and jet engines of a quality to challenge ours or anyone's.

After laboring for five years to draw the teeth of the Ruhr complex, the Allied authorities are realizing with mixed feelings that the Ruhr has enough teeth left to chew up its competitors. Partly this is due to our own help (\$3.4 billion) which allowed Germany to build modern machinery from scratch while other countries are burdened with obsolescent plants; partly to the cheap and willing labor market (there are 10 million refugees to provide a labor pool, and 1.5 million are still without jobs). This recovery is fired by the collective fury with which the Germans have plunged again into work, as if to forget. They are going, they say, to build up the new Europe.

For many thoughtful ones among them, this is an act of true acceptance. As an atonement for the dreadful past, and because they need a saner atmosphere, they welcome a merging of Western Germany into the new federation now being born. They want to be at peace with their neighbors, intent on larger constructive tasks. Such is, in fact, the Bonn government's avowed policy. In 1946, it had almost unanimous backing. Western Germany was then plastic, it was awaiting a shape from the outside. There is still some of that feeling around. But today there is also something else. The unprecedented economic boom has given back to the Germans some of their self-confidence, and the pressure of our solicitation has done the rest. They are in a condition to ask themselves: "What was so wrong with us, anyway, except that we didn't succeed in the end?"

Who is haunted by such thoughts? I would guess, at least one German out of two. Those

who are exempt are in the main certain strong-knit confessional groups (mainly the Catholics) and the Social Democrats. Together, they make up one-half of the electorate. The Social Democrats alone have a steady 40 per cent of the votes. The trouble is that the two horses don't pull the same way. The Catholics are the government party, and collaborate with the Americans to the limit of their diminishing powers. The Social Democrats have gradually hardened into opposition, and sometimes into bitter feuding. The aggressive implacable campaigning of Schumacher may have made it look like one man's obsession; yet now that he is dead, the resistance of his party to our influence continues unabated.

The reasons are not far to seek. Labor is surely benefiting from fuller employment, and has won its successes in the democratic fight, notably the *Mitbestimmung* (participation in management), but at the same time it is aware that American policy is building up, even if not intentionally, a Rightist coalition in the world which offers no chance for the rise of a socialist Germany. Organized labor has made itself thus — mainly out of desperation — a champion of "national independence." It can meet strong popular feeling on that level. It keeps alive the question of Eastern Germany, where its greatest strength would be if there were any chance of free voting; it is opposed to rearmament and the Atlantic alliance under the present terms.

This in itself is a sad state of affairs, for in our irritation we should not allow ourselves to forget that the Social Democrats, with all their faults, were the last to withstand Hitler uncompromisingly, and they are the only ones who keep a serious watch against the resurgence of old tendencies. Notwithstanding their nagging, they are our natural allies, and showed themselves such in the hour of peril. We can hardly remember it now, it seems so far off, but there was a time during the Berlin airlift when even the Bevan group in England were on our side, and the German Social Democrats were standing powerfully and unshakably by us in the face of what appeared an imminent Russian invasion.

The Korean War has changed all that; or rather the hectic military, economic, and social reactions to Korea that it called forth in the U.S. There is no doubt that we have lost the sympathy of the European labor blocs and of a good part of independent or intermediate opinion including most of the young age groups. With the awful uniformity imposed by mass communication media, all of our commentators at once are discussing what is wrong with European morale. It would be more to the point to try to see what happened to us and to our statecraft in the confused period since 1950.

The recent cloak-and-dagger scandal of the BDJ ("League of German Youth") is a case in

point. In 1950, as a countermeasure to the expected Russian invasion, our Central Intelligence Agency hastily organized a corps of German guerrillas. A camp was set up in the Odenwald under the screen of a commercial enterprise; weapons and training were provided for several hundred "youth" who turned out to be battle-seasoned veterans of the SS. The whole operation cost us only \$10,000 a month, and so far it might be said to make some sense, even if unpleasant. The trouble is that the CIA went on supporting and covering the organization, quite unbeknownst to our top authorities, until September of this year, when a raid of the German police, and subsequent disclosures of the alarmed Minister President of Hesse, revealed in their files (so it was claimed) a list of people to be "suppressed" in case of emergency. Communists were on that list, but far more conspicuous were the names of Social Democrats, including Schumacher himself. This story goes on doing us no end of harm.

It is probable that the American officers in charge were unaware of those lists, but no European will believe it for a minute. Since it is well known that our political majority will oppose any form of "socialism," this particular indiscretion was taken to reveal the type of briefing now being given in the new political warfare of which the Americans talk so loudly. It is unfortunately too true that the ill-concealed aversion of our authorities towards the Social Democrats created the climate in which this silly thing was allowed to grow up and explode.

2

TODAY, in any case, we have to play with the team that has been selected for us by circumstances and there is a realistic common sense in making us work with the Right, for it is fast growing in numbers and power. The ingrained need of the Germans for authority leads them back to their old masters, and they, in their turn, are not choosy as to who comes under their banner, even if they are not always pleased at having their ranks swollen by embittered refugees from the East and from Sudetenland (17 per cent of the vote) who hate everybody all around and raucously voice impossible claims, or Nazi faithfuls (largely farmers) who have at last found a haven and a protective coloring, after being disbanded again and again in their attempts to reorganize. Those splinter groups are a serious problem for tomorrow; as of today, and so long as prosperity lasts, control of the Right is in the hands of the business class, who are coöperative with our policy and strongly "European" in their point of view.

Their concern for Europe can indeed be at times disconcerting. Hitler himself, they will tell you, had captured their confidence by promising that

he would integrate Europe without a war. He cheated them; he went to war. Now they still hope that it can be done without a war, and under our leadership.

Beneath the disarming surface, however, these people are thinking their own thoughts. At a large and fairly international dinner party, the host was asked how it happened that there were no Americans present. "We don't ask them to our houses," he said coldly. "They had a ban on fraternizing, didn't they? Now they can wait."

This seems to be a general attitude. It is only too understandable, for these men felt the lash in the Year Zero, as the Social Democrats never did; and it is easier for us than for them to forget it. They were thrown out of their houses with a few hours' warning to make room for Allied personnel. Their valuables and watches were "liberated." Administrators and business leaders went into "automatic arrest," as did all officers from the rank of major up. There were misery, humiliation, nervous breakdowns, and broken homes all around. Meanwhile, the business concerns were run by substitutes who played up to the occupation authorities mainly in the hope of replacing their former superiors. The patents were confiscated, a loss which is growing in the public imagination into an astronomical figure.

Allied policy in the first phase was aimed in fact at the elimination of a whole class, which was rightly considered an accomplice of Hitler in his adventures, even though with that class went most of the experience and business capacity. Then suddenly the policy was reversed: plants were restored to their former owners; the breaking-up of industrial concentrations ceased; the labor organizations which had previously enjoyed Allied protection were unceremoniously pushed into the background.

Thus, through our very considerateness, we are saddled with at least one problem that the Russians do not have, however many they have on their own; for they swept the East German members of the business-owner class before them in panic flight, and now they are sitting in our lap. One thing must be said for them: many have proved willing to start again from the bottom, and have added to the outburst of "free enterprise."

The Rhine-Westphalia industrialists to whom such favors are shown are no doubt polite to us. But their attitude can be rendered as follows: "The Allies first tried to break us and found it did not pay. Now they come to us hat in hand. Whatever mistakes we made have been more than paid for. Now the slate is clean. Henceforth, we shall talk business on our own terms." These things, of course, they say among themselves and not to us. But the tinge of contempt for a conqueror who proved vacillating is unmistakable.

It must be added that the present world picture

is not likely to contribute to the Germans' education. Here they are, the indispensable center piece of any world settlement, courted on both sides for reasons too obvious to induce respect. There was a deep and disregarded psychological truth in the weary *ohne mich* ("count me out"), the German's answer to our pep talks about saving civilization. It implied a recognition that he was disqualified for the time being, and also that it would be better for him to stop playing soldier and concentrate on the healing process of his country. It was, in a way, a positive attitude, and the germ of needed change.

Had it been at all possible to carry out the Potsdam agreements, Germany, disarmed and quiescent, might have grown into the factor of equilibrium that is needed at the heart of Europe. This did not come to pass, mainly because Russia really did not want such a Germany to arise. Today, in the face of the Russian danger, the German will conclude that the Americans, despite their moralizing, are quite willing to take him as he is, provided he can be useful to them, and that they care more for his war potential than about the alarm and hostility that a rearmament of Germany is bound to arouse among European nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

3

ONE of the most obstinate dodges of the German is to refuse responsibility for what he is and unload it on history. Europe, he will repeat and repeat, found its settlement with the Treaty of Westphalia three centuries ago, but it was at the price of handing over the German people to be dismembered between rival states and rival religions, and telling them to make the best of it. This is certainly what Germany got as a background, at a time when America was getting the Puritan heritage instead: such a difference is bound to lead to cross-purposes. The consequences of that ancient split have no doubt also been gruesome for Germany. Today the same country finds itself split again, this time lengthwise instead of crosswise, and told again to serve faiths fanatically opposed to each other. This is not a good position for a nation to be in: least of all for the German, who has a memory like the elephant's for any wrong, real or imaginary, that he has suffered in the course of time, and an incapacity for self-examination unparalleled in history.

Such considerations may appear remote in the making of our present policy, practical and one-step-at-a-time as it has to be in this welter of world problems. They are nonetheless important if we do not want to be outwitted and outmaneuvered as we have frequently been in the first phase of the cold war.

They help to explain, for instance, the private outburst of a statesman very close to the Bonn government: "We were led by expediency to put on the table the card of German rearmament, for

we knew we could get anything out of the Americans with it, but believe me, it is a shameful job, for only we can know how little the offer means. No nation placed as we are should even play with this idea, and we Germans least of all. An army is meant for the defense of the nation; today, we must start from the fact that if ever war broke out, there would be no nation left to defend. So we'll have an army looking for its *raison d'être*, and that will be more headaches. Yes, I know, that army is supposed to be scattered eventually among other European units, but that is something for the future, if and when. The first thing that we are supposed to do now is to build up a twelve-division force by itself, with its own new officer corps, oh my God. Meanwhile, the Russians will start an East German army to counter ours, and that's all we shall have gained."

If a West German army there has to be, we can at least chalk up a definite asset. The Prussian officer class is gone, root and branch. The new army will be predominantly officered by South Germans, and that ought to make a difference. The new commanders are sober-minded men, who intend to make the best of a difficult job. Some of them are even close to the Socialist party, although they do not care to advertise it. They themselves were part of the army conspiracy against Hitler, and that qualifies them for respectability; but how many men will they find who really share their attitude and are not simply playing along with them? Automatic arrest, which was the common lot of officers, and months of punitive fare behind barbed wire do not induce an automatic conversion to Allied ideals.

What of the spirit these men will bring with them? And what of the new officer material which is going to be drawn from the narrowly and aggressively nationalistic middle class? We have been exposed to a number of Peróns and Naguibs in our time, but we forget that the original spirit in these coups of the officer class arose in Germany at the time of Napoleon. An army which adds to itself a nation, such is the Prussian formula through two centuries; and its most classic gambit was when the Prussian army under Yorck went out to fight the Russians and came back as their ally. The Germans are obstinately dwelling in imagination in those dark times which were the beginning of their greatness. This may explain why their present statesmen are apprehensive, and Theodor Blank, their Defense Minister, most of all.

Such are the problems that loom ahead. Meanwhile, everybody agrees that economic strategy has top precedence. And here come today's problems: West Germany has simply crashed through by shouldering her competitors aside, but foreign markets are limited and their saturation is in sight. Going over the world situation, they run up against the same problem which is worrying other European leaders: the incalculable expansion of American

industry in the last decade. If U.S. armament production levels off, the world is going to face a renewed drive for exports. There just are not enough markets to go around. The original distribution foreseen in the Marshall Plan was for a major part of West German trade to go towards the East. But the cold war has put an end to that, and hawk-eyed inspectors check items against a long list of *verboten*s. "Would you believe it," said an official in comic despair, "even plastic toilet seats are forbidden items. Why? Aid and comfort to the enemy, of course."

Every European nation suffers more or less from the economic barrier, and also from American export-import policies. This leads Europeans back to the necessity of a united economic front for survival. Thus, the European protestations of the West German business class are genuinely meant. The difficulties begin when one tries to find out what they mean by international coöperation.

"We were dead set against the Schuman Plan at the outset," a leader of the steel industry remarked to me, "for we wanted to go it alone. Then we realized that the European idea required our coöperation and we accepted. And now look at the way we are treated."

"Meaning exactly what?"

"Well, it was obvious that we were bound to gain control of the Authority in a couple of years' time. Anyone could have figured that out. Now the time has come, the facts are there, and the French are raising difficulties. Would you believe it?"

This ludicrous rage against the French seems to permeate German opinion from high to low. Even the Social Democrats, in their present nationalistic attitude, are fanning the fire. The French don't know enough to yield and retreat to a subordinate position, thinks the German, and that shows that they are an incurably decadent nation, unrealistic, pigheaded, and hostile-minded. The inevitable reaction of the French is a hardening nationalism, which accounts largely for their outbursts against NATO: much more, certainly, than the fear of a German armed contingent *per se*.

Several responsible French leaders will admit, privately, that the economic race is lost, and that it would be better to go with good grace into some realistic arrangement with the Germans. But the Germans, as usual, are only bent on imposing cartel restrictions to suit their convenience. "After all," they will say, "Europe means us, doesn't it?"

In the beginning, West Germany had cautiously probed the British and tried to drive a wedge into the Anglo-American partnership. The British were blandly unresponsive, and the Germans retreated, baffled as usual by what is to them the mystery of Anglo-Saxon solidarity. The weakest link in the Allied chain was obviously France, and their instinct more than their reason told them that it was that

link that must be battered down if Germany was to recapture her bargaining power. Their press started a campaign against France. The British in their zone slapped it down hard, the American authorities apparently did not take notice. For the Germans, that was an unmistakable opening, and they charged through the gap like a bull into the china shop beyond.

There is apt to be more of that in the future, since our announced new Republican policy is to increase German production without a ceiling, by means of private American capital. The profound resentment of the Germans against General Eisenhower is tempered by the thought that he is a temporary ally who has announced he will build up the German potential. On the wings of desire, their fancy turns again to the renewed chance for a deal with Russia, as reflected in the alarming rise of the ranting Refugee Party, backed under cover by the Communists in the recent municipal elections.

4

THERE is still, of course, good common sense in high places. "To be the single point of leverage of the U.S. in Europe would be *katastrophal*," a government authority admitted. "When the time comes for a deal, we must have a United Europe with us." This is reasonable enough. The train of thought behind those words, however, should be made clear.

It seems to be agreed in Germany that Europe has a secondary role in American policy, which is bound to aim at the control of Asia as its chief interest. This brings up the threatening shadow of a Russo-American deal in Asia at the last extremity. At that point, France and England might go along, as they still have a stake in that game, and Germany would be left out in the cold. This would indeed be a "catastrophe." That is why Europe must be united by then — behind the Germans. Otherwise, says the still small voice, would it not be the part of wisdom to beat the rap and try for a private deal with Russia now?

The more conservative German recoils from this idea as another kind of "catastrophe." No. There must be a united Europe. It would give a chance for a strong neutral bloc, a third force between the superpowers locked in contest. The other way appeals to the adventurous and reckless. They are falling again for the old geopolitical dream of Eurasia. The idea of joining Russia in order to dominate it eventually might seem a trifle unrealistic under present circumstances, but the

German of a certain stripe, convinced as he is of the absolute superiority of his country in all fields, does not have the shadow of a doubt. Germany is full of such political "weirdies."

There is not so much naïveté in all this as a predetermined frame of thought. The German cannot think of Europe without conjuring up in his mind the glamorous idea of a supranational Empire, Holy, Roman, or otherwise, and although he is willing to accept alien command if it is there, he expects in time that leadership will fall into his own hands because of the sheer importance of his contribution. Which other nation, he will ask, can match all the rest of the continent put together in production, in pig iron, in profundity of thought and feeling? Anyone who does not fall in with his conclusions must have ulterior motives — it shows again the Machiavellian disposition that is characteristic of foreigners.

Actually, the whole line of German thinking comes down to this: the Americans are not going to be the leaders of Europe, they are already retreating into their own problems, so it can only be Germany. Of course, with American delegation. Later, we shall see.

Everything in Germany lives under the sign of "we shall see." As events are shaping up, there is no fixed anchor to the people's thoughts at any point. If Europe develops into a going concern under the Atlantic alliance, well and good, they will come to terms and play their part. If there is an opening, they will try to drive the other nations into a neutral bloc. If things do not look hopeful in the West, they will revert to cynical and reckless nationalism. Meanwhile, they will gladly go in for any kind of economic association with us — so long as it amounts to our investing capital right there in Germany.

Germany Between East and West was the title of General von Seeckt's book thirty years ago. It still provides the theme. The Fatherland is still on the spot, but much more grievously now because of its own insensate actions in the recent past, and of our own unwise solicitations in the present. Unless we provide a solid frame from outside, defining both the possibilities and the limitations, Germany will go on being a sinister hazard to itself and to others. Impelled now to even worse duplicity than formerly by the partition of its own territory, tirelessly figuring out several ways at once, indignant at the alarm aroused among its neighbors by its behavior, unable to draw conclusions, waiting for it does not know what, Germany left to itself will be forever trying to square the circle.

Squeezed

A Harvard economist, EDWARD S. MASON has been Dean of the Graduate School of Public Administration since 1947. In addition to his teaching, he was on call as an economic consultant to the State Department in 1946 and 1947; and more recently has served as Chairman of the Research Advisory Board of the C.E.D. and as a member of the Materials Policy Commission, which made an exhaustive survey of raw materials the world over and of what nationalism is doing to the free flow of these raw materials in the free world.

NATIONALISM AND RAW MATERIALS

by EDWARD S. MASON

A FAIR appraisal of our raw materials prospect should occupy a middle ground between lamentations of the "plundered planet" variety and the Pollyanna optimism of "there's plenty more where this here came from" school. Our planet *has* too often been plundered, but a wise use of our remaining resources will still make it possible to meet our raw materials requirements for the indefinite future. There usually *is* more, but frequently not where "this" came from or without the difficulty of devising new methods of discovery and development.

The over-all resource problem confronting this and every other country is: How are requirements — that is, the benefits from raw materials consumption — to be satisfied at minimum cost? And this over-all problem in turn breaks down into two sub-problems: How are the raw materials requirements necessary for economic growth to be met? And how are the special raw materials requirements of wartime to be fulfilled if we are so unfortunate as to find ourselves again at war?

Economic growth

The report of the President's Materials Policy Commission presents some startling figures on the raw materials requirements of economic growth. The over-all consumption of materials in the United States in 1950 was approximately five times the consumption in 1900. If this rate of growth is projected forward, consumption in the year 2000 would be twenty-five times that of 1900; and consumption in 2050, a century hence, would be 125 times as much as we consumed a half century ago.

There are, fortunately, some reasons for believing that, even if economic growth continues at the 3 per cent per annum rate we have experienced for the last century, raw materials requirements will increase at a less rapid rate. Nevertheless, the future needs for raw materials will be stupendous. It is a sobering thought that the world's consumption of

minerals in the period between the wars probably exceeded the previous total consumption of mankind throughout recorded history.

Economic growth, which means simply an increase in output, is made up of two components: population increase and increase in per capita output. It has been calculated that if the population of the United States should continue to increase at the same rate as it did in the half century 1800–1850, there would be by the middle of the twenty-fourth century but four square yards per person for the unfortunate future American citizenry. Since population density in this country is relatively low, it is easy to see that, the world over, spatial considerations if nothing else must, at some not very distant date, set limits to population growth.

It is conceivable that, with the development of atomic and solar energy, the extraction of foodstuffs and minerals from sea water, and other Buck Rogers possibilities that are likely to become probabilities, the per capita growth requirements of a relatively stable population might be satisfied for a very long period of time. In any case, speculation on situations as remote in time as these have no relevance for what needs to be done here and now.

Our domestic resources base

In the here and now we face a situation in which continued economic growth means an over-all materials requirement for 1975 some 50 to 60 per cent larger than at present. Particular materials such as aluminum, titanium, and magnesium will, of course, show growth rates much larger than this. On the other hand, the consumption of tin may remain stable or actually decline.

To some people the fact that we have met our materials requirements at continually declining unit costs indicates that we will continue to meet these requirements indefinitely at declining unit costs. If the figures on economic growth mean anything, however, it is that the situation we

confront tomorrow will differ materially from the situation we confronted yesterday. There are, moreover, certain facts suggesting that our resources base — what we have in relation to what we need — has been subject, over the last two decades, to substantial erosion. One of these facts is that this country, which before World War II was a large net exporter of materials, has become a substantial net importer. A second factor is that for U.S. minerals production, including oil, the unit cost of discovery and development is increasing rather than decreasing. A third fact is that for a number of important domestically produced minerals no really large discovery of ore bodies has been reported for a long time.

The change in the U.S. position from net exporter to net importer, highlighted in the Materials Report, has received extensive comment from the press. And inevitably a lot of this comment has been highly exaggerated and misleading. The United States is pictured as a former “have” country now unfortunately become one of the “have nots.” In Britain, Aneurin Bevan, no friend of the United States, envisages us as having exhausted our own resources and reaching out to exhaust the resources of the rest of the world.

Nothing could be more misleading. We shall, it is true, if conditions are favorable, become a net importer of materials on an even larger scale than at present. By 1975, if the projections of the President’s Commission are at all realistic, we shall be importing some 20 per cent of our total raw materials. But this dependence on foreign sources of supply could be largely, if not entirely, eliminated if it seemed desirable to do so. It is not in the interest of the United States, however, or of countries which export raw materials, that this normal increase in imports be arrested.

In general there are two ways of meeting the increasing demands for the materials required by a fixed geographical base. The one involves a cultivation of sources of supply outside this area. The other involves the development of new and improved techniques of discovery, extraction, cultivation, and use of materials within the area. Foreign trade and technology are the keys that will fit this lock. The implications of both for the raw materials situation confronting the United States need examination.

Nationalism on the march

Taking the free world as a whole, continued growth in the incomes of constituent countries requires a balanced expansion of primary and secondary production; of raw materials and of manufactures. The kind of expansion achieved during the nineteenth and early part of the twentieth century involved a heavy geographical specialization. Certain countries became very large net exporters of manufactured products, others of

raw materials. Frequently the raw materials specialists concentrated heavily on one or a few materials subject to all the fluctuations that beset internationally traded commodities. Banana republics and tin dictatorships were likely, in consequence, to be as unstable as the prices of the commodities they exported.

Almost continuously, furthermore, from 1875 to 1940 the terms of international trade moved against raw materials exporting countries. It required an increasing volume of their exports to pay for a given volume of imports. The Western European colonial powers added the weight of governmental proscription and discouragement to the economic forces handicapping industrial expansion in raw materials producing areas. No wonder resource countries have revolted.

Those days, it need scarcely be said, are gone forever. Colonial Asia barely exists. The rule of colonialism in Africa has been heavily reoriented towards the interests of the governed. The so-called economic colonialism of Latin America is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Nationalism is on the march throughout the raw materials producing areas of the free world. The paramount economic slogan of these new nations (and most of the old ones) is “economic development,” and economic development is almost everywhere interpreted to mean industrialization.

What is all-out industrialization likely to do to the balance in the free world of primary and secondary production, and to the interests of those areas — notably Western Europe, the United States, and Japan — that are, or are rapidly becoming, heavy net importers of raw materials? The consequences — let us make no mistake about it — could be very serious. If the densely populated industrial countries heavily dependent on exports of manufactures to produce needed foodstuffs and raw materials are forced to depend much more extensively on the cultivation of their own limited natural resources, the result may be not only a decline in standards of living but fairly large-scale, and perhaps forced, migration.

Is industrialization the answer?

The industrial countries of the world are vulnerable to this threat in varying degree. The United States, for reasons suggested above, is *relatively* invulnerable. We are still net exporters of foodstuffs and could enlarge our food production greatly with little increase in the agricultural labor force. Although exclusive dependence on domestic minerals production would inevitably increase costs, this increase for our most important imported minerals would be relatively slight. Other industrial countries, however, are in a different position. Difficulties in obtaining foodstuffs and raw materials tend to make the resumption of so-called East-West trade with Russia and her

satellites even now extremely attractive to Western Europe and Japan. Further impediments to the expansion of output of raw materials in resource countries could present Western Europe and Japan with a nearly insoluble problem.

Although the industrialization of raw materials exporting countries could create a serious problem for manufacturing countries, it need not. And if the interests of resource countries are clearly perceived, it will not. The United States, up to the most recent decade of its history, stands as an example of a highly industrialized country that yet remained a net exporter of raw materials. For nearly half a century our country was simultaneously the world's largest producer of manufactured products *and* the largest net exporter of raw materials. Even now the United States is a net exporter of foodstuffs though less than 20 per cent of the labor force is employed in agriculture.

The way to a simultaneous industrialization and expansion of raw materials exports lies, of course, in improvements in technology. In many of the resource countries, close to 80 per cent of the labor force is engaged in a mere feeding of the population. Unless and until methods are found of raising per capita productivity in agriculture, manpower cannot be found for employment in industry no matter what industrialization policies are followed. Frequently the appeal of industrialization to underdeveloped areas lies in a comparison of industrial output per man using Western methods with agricultural output per man using local methods. A comparison, however, of local agricultural output per capita with Western agricultural output per capita yields the same discrepancy. It is not only industrial techniques that need to be introduced, but also agricultural techniques — both modified, of course, to suit local conditions. If both can be accomplished, it will be found that expansion of manufactured output is by no means necessarily incompatible with expansion of raw materials exports.

A balanced expansion

An expansion of minerals exports, in particular, is not only compatible with industrialization but frequently a necessary step prior to industrialization. Foreign capital is available for minerals expansion, which means that local capital can be reserved for other uses. Minerals development requires the construction of auxiliary facilities such as port installations, roads and railways, and power plants. These facilities can and usually do contribute to general development. Minerals production involves only a small diversion of labor away from other uses. The foreign exchange yielded by minerals exports can be utilized to purchase abroad equipment needed for industrialization. The prime illustration of this process is

Venezuela, whose minerals exports yield 97 per cent of her foreign exchange receipts, furnish 60 per cent of government revenues, provide important auxiliary facilities, and yet divert less than 5 per cent of the country's labor force away from other employment.

A proper balance between raw materials and industrial expansion is of vital importance to resource countries. It is also of paramount importance to economic growth in the whole of the free world. What is needed is an encouragement to foreign private capital to do what foreign capital and enterprise can do best; technical and capital assistance to both agriculture and industry in resource countries; a freeing of barriers to trade; a handling of the security problem that embraces opportunities rather than merely imposes restraints. A whole set of complex but not insoluble problems is necessarily involved in the achievement of a satisfactory balance.

The foreign raw materials policy of the United States thus embraces more than ways and means of satisfying our raw materials requirements at minimum cost. Success of our security policies, both in Western Europe and in Japan, is closely related to the way their raw materials problems are solved. The United States could certainly survive a loss of foreign sources of raw materials supply. Whether the system of relations among countries we regard as necessary to our security could survive is a different matter.

Technology and natural resources

One way, then, of meeting the problem of a dwindling resources base is to turn to outside sources of supply. The other possibility is to find new ways and means of using what we have. If low-grade ores hitherto unexploited can, through scientific and technological advance, become commercial; if uses can be found for minerals hitherto unused; if plentiful materials can be substituted for scarce; if scrap can be reclaimed; if land in inferior use can be transferred to superior use; if water resources hitherto unusable now become useful, we will have succeeded in expanding our resources base. This is largely a task for science and technology.

Scientific and technological advances in the discovery and use of natural resources have, of course, been operating in this direction for a long, long time. It is an interesting question, however, why one nation occupying an area with certain resource potentialities will effectively develop and enlarge the flow of resource services while another nation, occupying an area with similar potentialities, will not. It is not simply because one country has brains that the other lacks. The primary explanation has to do with differences in social structure, in political and economic institutions, in public policies and the relations of government to business

that succeed, or do not succeed, in channeling the talents of the population into a successful conquest of nature.

These differences can influence both the rate of scientific and technological innovation and the speed at which innovations are put to use. The expansion of yields on the corn lands of the United States was the product, not only of the development of hybrid strains, but of the rapidity with which these new developments were applied on millions of farms. Expansion of our domestic resources base through scientific and technological development involves both innovation and dissemination.

Our free enterprise system, with its millions of decision-making units motivated by desire for profit and fear of loss, is an admirable mechanism both for stimulating innovation and for adopting innovations once their utility has been demonstrated. This mechanism is dependent mainly on the schools and universities for a continuing flow of trained scientists and engineers. Scientific and technological discovery is the result not only of work in industrial laboratories, but of governmental and university research. The dissemination of new techniques can be, and is, assisted either by positive governmental programs such as the agricultural extension service or by the provision, through appropriate government action, of an environment favorable to the operation of private enterprise. Given sensible arrangements and policies, the native talents of our people and the drives provided by an enterprise system can be relied on to get the job done. Sensible arrangements and policies involve questions that primarily concern the relation of government and business. To a lesser extent they also concern the relations of both government and business to the nation's schools and universities.

Government vs. private enterprise

American scientific research is neglecting pure science in favor of its applications. The current flow of engineers from our universities is pitifully inadequate for the engineering tasks that lie ahead; and of this inadequate flow of scientists and engineers, a still more inadequate percentage is going into the earth sciences and the metallurgical pursuits on which the effective use of natural resources essentially depends. A reorientation of research and training programs is therefore badly needed. It is, moreover, a task that cannot be shouldered exclusively by the universities; it is mainly up to government and business to provide the financing of scholarships and research — above all, of pure research — without which the universities are powerless to perform their function.

When we turn from the training of manpower and the area of pure research, which basically belong to the universities, to technological applications,

the burden falls primarily, though not exclusively, on private enterprise. Not exclusively because in certain areas, such as agriculture, the size of the business unit is too small to permit effective research into new methods of land use, plant and animal breeding, and the like. Government research also has a role to play in areas in which the national interest requires search for new sources of materials supply long before commercial motivations begin to operate. Government experimentation in synthetic fuels, low-grade iron ores, the recovery of manganese from slag, may be cited as examples. Finally, the tremendous expansion of government buying, particularly for military needs, has opened up a fruitful field of government materials research. Very large opportunities for materials savings through the substitution of plentiful for scarce resources lie relatively unexplored. When all this is said, it still remains true that the principal responsibility for scientific and technical applications relative to the expansion of our resources base lies in private hands and should remain there if our enterprise system is to function effectively.

In spreading the use of scientific and technological innovations it is clear that government has a minor, though important, role to play, as exemplified by the agricultural extension service, and a major role to play in channeling effectively the drives and motivations of private enterprise. It is of little use to devise new methods of mineral exploration — the airborne magnetometer, for example — requiring exploration rights over large areas, if public lands are in fact only open to prospectors in plots whose size is adapted to pick-and-shovel operators. A change in public policy concerning mineral exploration on public lands is essential to the dissemination of technological improvements.

Improved forestry practice designed to provide a continuous cropping of forest lands has been widely disseminated in the United States on public holdings and on private holdings of a size sufficient to make these methods pay. Two thirds of the forest land of the United States, however, is in small wood lots where desirable practice is not easy to achieve. Public policies assisting the combinative or coöperative management of wood lots can make an important contribution to the spread of sound forestry methods.

The President's Commission reports the principal tasks of technology in the materials field to be: "to foster new techniques of discovery"; "to bring into the stream of use, materials which so far evade our efforts"; "to apply the principle of recycling (re-using) more and more broadly"; "to learn how to deal with low concentration of useful materials"; "to lessen or eliminate the need for a scarce material by substituting one that exists in greater abundance"; "to develop and

use more economically the resources that are renewable in nature." Some of these tasks require a devising of new techniques; others will be accomplished through the spread of known techniques to operations that are currently substandard.

National security

In the unhappy event of war, we are likely to be cut off from certain traditional sources of supply. It does not follow from these facts, as commonly supposed, either that, in handling the materials requirements of war, consideration of cost and economy are "out the window," or that, since foreign sources of supply may be vulnerable, we must rely so far as possible on domestic production.

Certain materials should be stockpiled in adequate quantities when opportunity permits. For other materials the best procedure may be to set aside domestic reserves to be exploited only in the event of war. In some cases it will be necessary to create stand-by facilities. The military requirements for other materials may best be handled by encouraging peacetime expansion of output in safe — but not necessarily domestic — areas. To a considerable extent these possible lines of action offer alternatives. The guiding principle of public policy must then be, as it is in the meeting of materials requirements for peacetime economic growth, to provide adequate availability at minimum cost. If materials preparations for the eventuality of war are properly handled, we shall not only have provided ourselves from lowest-cost sources but shall have eliminated the necessity of a large-scale diversion into raw materials production in wartime of resources better employed at or immediately behind the battle front.

The security argument is nevertheless frequently and heavily used to justify the protected expansion of domestic sources of materials supply. When expansion of domestic output is the cheapest way of assuring adequate supplies of materials in the event of war, the argument is a sound one. As we have seen above, however, there are many other ways of attaining this objective, and a sensible public policy will compare the costs and benefits of domestic expansion with the costs and benefits of other routes.

The security policy of the United States, moreover, raises important additional doubts concerning expansion of domestic output as the preferred route

to adequate materials supply in the event of war. The cornerstone of this policy is a system of alliances. If the requirements of our allies have to be taken into account — and this is elementary — shall we prepare for war contingencies by increasing the current drain on our already heavily exploited resources base, or is it better to attempt to meet Allied requirements by expansion elsewhere?

Furthermore, the peacetime economic relations that make coöperation in the event of war possible consist largely of relatively unimpeded access to markets and to sources of supply. Only if countries which export raw materials can count on a continuing import of their products by other countries, and a continuing access to sources of manufactured products, will the economic basis for a mutual security arrangement persist. An attempt by the United States to push materials security by expanding domestic output at the expense of foreign sources of supply might very well end by destroying the cornerstone on which our whole security policy rests.

It can be seen, then, that although security considerations create a new set of materials problems for which special action is required, these considerations neither involve a departure from the general principle of meeting our requirements, however defined, from lowest-cost sources, nor favor an all-out expansion of domestic production at the expense of foreign sources of supply.

The United States and the rest of the free world confront a materials problem, first, because of the very great increase in materials requirements associated with economic growth; and, second, because of the necessity of not only meeting these requirements but preparing at the same time for the eventuality of a hot war. The difficulty is not that we may run out of materials, but that a meeting of requirements may involve a continued increase in unit costs. Economic growth in the past has depended on a persistent downward trend in the costs of both material extraction and fabrication.

The difficulties can be successfully met if the United States and the rest of the free world can draw freely on lowest-cost sources of supply and if improved ways of using our physical environment continue to be discovered and disseminated. The former solution lies largely in the field of international economic relations, the second in the area of domestic institutions and of public and private management.



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THE BEHAVIOR OF MR. FRUMKIN

by HONOR TRACY

WE ARE an old-fashioned firm of London publishers. There is nothing flashy in our list of books. We have always preferred the enduring, no matter how solid, to the ephemeral, brilliant as this may be. Certain concessions to the age in which we live have naturally had to be made: our policy here has been to publish our books in yellow jackets and, by labeling "Thorold's Twentieth Century Library," to make our personal feelings clear.

The premises we occupy are dignified and spacious. From our upper windows we get a splendid view of St. Paul's Cathedral as well as a glimpse of the river. There is a spreading elm in our courtyard, under whose boughs in the summer our secretaries take their luncheon. It may be said that all these secretaries are ladies — one of them, indeed, a lady of title. Mr. Augustus Thorold, the chairman, of whose distinguished appearance the firm is proud, still wears a top hat when so inclined.

Such at least is the picture we offer to the outside world. Behind the scenes our life, like that of most publishers, moves in cycles of emergency. These emergencies are both great and small, constant and recurring, peculiar to our work and accidental on present conditions. On the one hand, that is, we have the lost manuscripts, missing blocks, aggrieved authors, and the threats of legal action by notorious rogues on flimsy pretexts: on the other, rising costs, dwindling supplies of paper, and the impertinences of trade unions.

Thus we had no place in our scheme, nor indeed any precedent in our experience, for Mr. Frumkin.

The first time he made an appearance we thought little of it. Publishers, like newspaper editors and

clergymen, are visited by a strange assortment of human beings. There was nothing about the man to mark him out from the hundred other lunatics that drifted harmlessly into our office and out again. He was short, very short, dressed in a seedy black overcoat with an astrakhan collar, and he had a pale moon face out of which two great black eyes looked mildly and sleepily. With him he had brought a bulky manuscript, written on thin paper in a flowing Continental hand and in purple ink. Towards the end of it he had evidently determined to economize with the paper, for on completing page 400 he had turned the manuscript sideways and worked back: thus page 400 right way up was also page 401 in the new position, page 399 was also page 402, and so on for seventy pages odd.

This feature of the work it was that suggested to the alert sense of Lady Violet that the whole affair might prove to be unsuitable. Lady Violet has been the personal secretary of Mr. MacGregor, our editorial manager, for a number of years and she is seldom mistaken. She told Mr. Frumkin at once how unlikely it was that any proposal would be made. Mr. Frumkin gently replied that the book was a masterpiece and would make all our fortunes. Lady Violet pointed out that political arrangements in England were such that the making of fortunes — or for that matter an honest living — was well-nigh impossible. She is a very outspoken lady. Mr. Frumkin countered this by saying that the publication of an outstanding title would greatly enhance our reputation. Lady Violet told him that it stood in no need of enhancing.

"And that is why I have come to you," Mr. Frumkin swiftly replied.

It was his sudden, deft changing of ground that turned, as it were, Lady Violet's flank. Among her many qualities a suppleness of mind was never remarkable. Later on she confessed to us all that she did not know what came over her. In the ordinary way she would have made short work of this man. Now for some reason she took the manuscript from him and promised it would be read. Mr. Frumkin declined the offer of a receipt.

"Because I know you are to be trusted," he said.

2

FROM the very beginning the book was a hideous nuisance. We have had so much trouble with unsolicited manuscripts that we are quite fanatical in respect of their care. As they come in, the details are entered on special cards: the author's name and address, date received, and whether by hand or by post. The obviously dreadful ones are then locked in an iron safe for an appropriate interval, after which they are taken out and returned with thanks to the owner. We do not have them read: it is a waste of money. Many authors appear to suspect this and lay little traps for us, such as gumming pages together and so on; and when the manuscript returns with these pages still stuck together they write triumphantly in to say their book has not been examined — a fact of which, of course, we are already cognizant.

We could not follow our usual procedure in the case of Mr. Frumkin because the title of the manuscript was unreadable. All we had to go on was his name, Samuel Frumkin, on a cheap visiting card clipped to page one. There was no address. We referred the matter to one of our apprentices, who has taken a degree in paleography, and also to Miss Barnicot, who specializes in author's handwriting. Neither was able to help us. This difficulty in reading the title prompted us to look more closely at the body of the manuscript. It was impossible to make out more than a word here and there.

Morton the office boy, a bright, mischievous lad of whom we are all very fond, puzzled over the thing for a while and said at last he believed it was a description of life in a Russian prison camp. Accordingly we gave it the title of "Life in Russia Today" and filled out a card. Morton then revealed he had made the conjecture only because most manuscripts nowadays seemed to be about Russian prison camps. This was so true that we couldn't help smiling, but we were no further forward.

Mysteriously the name of Frumkin by now had circulated throughout the building. Colleagues from Advertising, Production, and Sales came flocking to Editorial to have a look at the cryptic document. Bets were laid and work on our new Autumn List, already late, was entirely suspended. Even before we came to know him, Mr. Frumkin was a disruptive force in our lives.

He reappeared some ten days later, seedier than before and clutching an immensely old and shabby Gladstone bag. He sidled into the room in a manner shy and deprecatory and yet somehow confiding. It was this quality in him that defeated us all. He contrived in some remarkable way to make a claim, to lay a duty, upon us by virtue of the difference in his position and ours; that is the only way I can describe it. At the same time there was in him a humble mildness which seemed to promise that if we rejected this claim, refused this duty, if we chose instead to revile, injure, and insult him, he would perfectly understand. Lady Violet, who is bitterly ashamed of her heart of gold, believes to this day that he mesmerized her. Such things, she insists, have been heard of before.

A surprise awaited the poor lady now. She told him that we had not yet had an opportunity of considering his book and that if he would leave his address we would write to him. He waved this ancient gambit aside with a tiny gray paw.

"Of course you haven't digested my book already," he agreed. "It has taken me ten years to write it. Today I am showing you something nice."

With that he whipped open the Gladstone bag and took out pair after pair of nylon stockings which he arranged with neat dispatch on the backs of chairs, across the table, and over his arm. In a twinkling the place had the air of a haberdashery. Such a thing never happened in Thorold's before.

"Only nineteen and sixpence a pair," he whispered, his head cocked on one side.

Observe how the episode, trivial in itself, flowered in bewildering consequence. Mr. Augustus Thorold chose this moment to make one of his rare visits to Lady Violet. Needless to say, he retired at once; he is too much of the old school not to feel that anything peculiar is better ignored. But later in the afternoon he came back, now to find Lady Violet thoughtfully considering the several pairs of nylon stockings that she had bought from Mr. Frumkin. A glance at Lady Violet's serviceable stockings and shoes might have warned him that extraordinary things were afoot, but Mr. Thorold's glance is never directed below a lady's shoulder. He retired again, a suspicion of her utter frivolity sown in his mind.

The matter came up at a Board Meeting.

"How did that fellow get in? Hey?" Mr. Thorold inquired, out of the blue.

"Er . . . which fellow, sir?" was respectfully murmured.

"That tout, spiv, barrow boy, or what have you — Lady Violet's chum," Mr. Thorold proceeded.

It was a measure of the spell that Mr. Frumkin had cast over us that even after the affair of the stockings we had not seen him at all in this light. He was still in our minds respectably classified as Lunatic Author. Nor had we given a thought to the question so pertinently raised. Apart from the Directors' entrance and the fire escapes there is

only one way of entering and leaving the building. It is by a long, low flagged corridor, dimly lit except at one point where, in an alcove behind a desk, sits the commissionaire. His duty is to mark the staff in and out and to allow no stranger to pass without first learning his business and apprising the department concerned by telephone. He is a peppery old man who has played a useful part in all the British wars to occur in his lifetime, and little or nothing eludes his eye. Yet on two occasions Mr. Frumkin had flitted past him unchallenged.

Mr. Thorold instructed us to hold an inquiry. The commissionaire could throw no light on the matter but offered at once to resign if he were not giving satisfaction; therefore it had to be dropped.

3

FROM that day forth Mr. Frumkin came and went as he chose. He never referred to his manuscript but simply dropped in for a chat or to offer miscellaneous objects for sale. With him he seemed to bring something of the grace, the leisure, of an Oriental bazaar: at the approach of that tiny squat figure our activity faltered and died. Once for an hour he sang favorite tunes from the Italian operas. Once he telephoned Liverpool at our expense. No one objected, whatever he did. It was a triumph of personality: the helpless, pleading manner he had, together with his enormous cheek, had somehow disarmed us all.

Not for a moment did he take this toleration as his due: he was intensely, embarrassingly grateful for it. Each time he came he thanked us warmly again. Something about him spoke of bitter far-off memories, deep wounds in the past, that in some inexplicable fashion we were helping to heal. And all who came in touch with him sensed it.

Then suddenly one morning came the amazing thing. Mr. Frumkin showed an entirely new facet of his complex nature and also achieved his most brilliant success. He announced that he must really try to repay the kindness he had been shown: he would take our Mr. MacGregor out to luncheon.

Mr. MacGregor had not even met Mr. Frumkin. The whole affair had been most carefully kept from him; it was outside his range altogether. He is a dour Scottish gentleman, of few words and extreme professional competence but little imaginative power. Every day he lunches at the same table in the same Fleet Street tavern with the same two cronies. The idea of his varying this habit to go off lunching with an unknown foreigner was fantastic.

Yet . . . Mr. Frumkin skipped nimbly up the stairs and knocked boldly on Mr. MacGregor's door. The pair of them remained closeted for something like half an hour and, holding our breath, we heard their voices rise and fall. At a quarter to one the door was opened and to our stupefaction

they both came out and left the building together. Our first thought was that the end of the world was at hand. We touched ourselves to make sure that we were awake. Next we rushed to the safe and took out the manuscript. It was clear that by some occult means Mr. MacGregor had been favorably impressed, and we feared he would call for a report in the course of the afternoon. We pored over the flimsy pages with their purple hieroglyphs in something like despair.

Mr. MacGregor returned to the office an hour later than was his wont and in a taxi. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes glittered: he was speechless with rage. He went at once to his room and shut himself in. Lady Violet reported that he was hunched in his chair, whistling through his teeth — always a dangerous signal.

Half an hour later Mr. Derek Mill bounded lightly into the office.

"My dears!" he cried — Mr. Mill is writing a book on Interior Decoration for our "Twentieth Century Library." "My dears! What can it mean? Tell me *all*!"

But it was Mr. Mill who told us all, or as much as we were ever to know. It seems that he lunches almost daily at Claridge's: he believes it helpful to his career. There today with astonishment he had seen our formidable Mr. MacGregor confidently led to a table by what he described as a cheerful little gnome. To his disappointment — "anguish" was the word he used — this table was out of earshot and all that followed took place, as far as he was concerned, in a kind of dumb show. What he saw was staggering, unheard of, preposterous; and somehow, none of us was even surprised.

The gnome had ordered the meal with a flourish. Smoked salmon, roast duck, crepes Suzette, all were eagerly noted by Mr. Mill. White wine appeared on the table, followed by red. The gnome did most of the talking. He was gay and completely at ease and his voice fluted over the tinkle of knives and forks like the voice of a dove. But when at last the bill was laid before him, he had fallen abruptly silent. The look on his face, said Mr. Mill, was that of a man who receives a disquieting telegram. Suddenly he had clasped his little hands and leaning across the table — Mr. Mill described his expression then as one of divine candor — had murmured something in Mr. MacGregor's ear.

Mr. MacGregor was sitting so that Mr. Mill couldn't see his face — "too heartbreaking!" — but he had started as if he had been shot. There was a very long pause. Then, with the slow, heavy movements of a sleepwalker or a man under water, he had produced his wallet and counted out a surprising number of pound notes. He had risen and left the room without looking back. Behind him hopped the little man, fluttering his hands and pouring out a confused stream of what Mr. Mill took to be entreaties and endearments.

Mr. Mill had finished his own meal at high speed and had leaped into a taxi, hoping to inform himself of the circumstances.

The house telephone rang at this point and the commissionaire spoke.

"There's someone here by the name of Frumkin," he said. "What shall I do?"

From his tone we judged that here too something was amiss.

"Please send him away," we said; and we felt like the murderers of a baby.

Morton came upstairs chuckling. He had solved the mystery of Mr. Frumkin's comings and goings. Returning from one of his protracted errands he had spotted the tiny figure immediately in front of him. It had turned up the corridor leading past the commissionaire, had stolen along with noiseless tread and, on nearing the desk, had suddenly crouched and bent its knees like a man playing at children. Thus the crown of its hat had traveled

silently past the desk some three inches lower than the commissionaire's line of vision. Morton's hyenalike laugh had caused that excellent man to spring to his feet and all was discovered.

This simple and natural explanation had never entered our minds.

We have not seen our strange little friend again. His manuscript still reposes unread in our safe, for we have nowhere to send it. We have long since given up vain speculation as to what, in the first place, had led him to our door. And from the point of view of routine, his disappearance is welcome. Such colorful interventions have no place in business life. But the curious thing is that none of us — except Mr. MacGregor — can think of the matter without a vague regret, an unease amounting almost to a sense of failure. Mr. Frumkin had shown in us all a confidence, a trusting reliance on our patience and love, that a saint might have shown: we saw that we had never really deserved it.



BECAUSE YOU LIVE . . .

by GEORGE BLUESTONE

BECAUSE you live,
warm suns bend anointing you,
crushed flowers populate your mouth,
and winds sift your hair like thin sea combs.

Locus of intensities,
your neck leans back in girl's graceful arch
to the clear promise of an oriole sky,
and disparate laughter,
full-throated as blue bells,
purls the air, pinning small seashores
to the wall.
When you talk,
stars of twisted silver
fall clearly to the table.

Malleable,
you fill the green hearts of concave afternoons,
softly plug the interstice of foliage,
melt in the swish and mournfulness
of rain.

Because you live,
ribbons of maypole wing to your center,
converge in a caught root, trembling in closed hands,
speaking only to the darkness
and the room.



Music critic of the London Sunday Times and Britain's outstanding musicologist, ERNEST NEWMAN is well known for his studies of Beethoven, Richard Strauss, and Liszt and for his definitive life of Richard Wagner. This paper in which he describes the sublimation of Beethoven's technique in its final phase is the sixth in our series of biographical essays dealing with the turning points in the lives of famous men.

BEETHOVEN: THE LAST PHASE

by ERNEST NEWMAN

I

THE object of the series of which this article forms a part is the study of some great thinker or man of action in a period of crisis that made an obvious dividing line in his life. To achieve anything of this kind in the case of a composer, however, is peculiarly difficult, by reason, to put it paradoxically, of the immaterial nature of the material in which the musical creator works. Music is simply air in motion; and though the sound-symbols written down by the composer at a particular time may have taken the form and color they did because of some volcanic experience of his in the outer world, or of some psychological change within himself at that or some earlier time, it is always dangerous to try to read into the notes an expression of the experience. In the case of the poet or the prose writer there is as a rule no such difficulty; what we know him to have experienced is plainly visible in, or inferrible from, something he has said, even if it be only in his letters. But in the case of the composer we have to be very cautious in arguing from his life to his work, or vice versa: that way psychological dilettantism lies, the superficial blending of romantic biography with sentimental aesthetic of which musical criticism presents us with too many dubious examples.

We may have the best of reasons for believing that a certain experience of eye and ear on the road to Damascus led to a Saul being transmuted into a Paul; but only the sentimentalist ignorant of the profounder psychological processes of a composer can persuade himself that Mathilde Wesendonk "inspired" Wagner to write *Tristan and Isolde*. A view of the matter more consistent with modern psychics would be not that Wagner wrote *Tristan* because he was in love with the lady, but that he was in love with the lady simply and solely because he was afire just then with *Tristan*; something of the glory that transfigured the universe for him while he was under that influence happened to catch

the golden head of Frau Wesendonk and surround it with an aureole; but when the artistic fire within him had died down he soon saw that pretty head for the quite commonplace thing it really was, and the aureole faded in the light of common day.

In the same way, knowing as much as we now do about the subconscious functioning of the musical master minds, we must beware of attributing, as the romantic biographers have been prone to do, too direct an influence upon Beethoven's music of his deafness, his frustrations in love, the cares brought upon him by his nephew, and so on. Some impress upon him, of course, these things must have made; but may it not be arguable that the peculiar quality of the music of Beethoven's final phase — which is the special subject for inquiry in the present article — would have been very much the same had the circumstances of his worldly life been quite different? May not the change in him that finds such marvelous expression in the music of his last few years be traceable to something in his very being as an artist that had been silently developing in him according to its own laws for many years, independently of, even if to some extent parallel with, the circumstances of his outer life?

The reader will be familiar with the traditional division of Beethoven's lifework into three "styles." It would indeed be astonishing if some such division were not observable. The work of every artist of great brain power who has had a fairly long life shows as a matter of course a first period of struggle between his dawning individuality and a transmitted routine, a second period in which he achieves a happy compromise between the two, a complete solution of all his problems of expression and form, and a third period in which an expansion of his imagination and subtilization of his craftsmanship draw him on into regions hardly explored until then, in which new and more difficult problems call for new solutions.

A process of this sort is obvious in Beethoven's case. It is true that the works of his final period are still, to a large extent, an enigma that has baffled the most ardent of his students: true also that when the critics come down to actualities they differ from each other as to which works mark the passage from the first style to the second and which from the second to the third. On one point, however, everyone is agreed — that in the works unmistakably of his third period, of which the last two piano sonatas and the last five quartets (with the Great Fugue) constitute a definite unity, a territory with a spiritual climate and a flora and fauna entirely its own, we are confronted with what seems to be virtually a new Beethoven: such music had never been heard in the world before, and we may doubt whether its like will ever be heard again. All who have fallen under its spell agree that here music explores the profoundest depths of the spirit and soars to the loftiest mystical heights. But I would join issue with the doctrine that this "third" style can be marked off at all sharply, either in chronology or in substance, from the two that preceded it. On the contrary — and this is the thesis I shall try to establish — the third period seems to be merely the full realization of impulses and the sublimation of technical procedures that had been subconscious controlling forces in Beethoven's musical nature from the beginning. Undoubtedly the works of the last period point to a "crisis" in his mental life; but that crisis, I would urge, came about neither through any pressure on him from the outer world nor from a conscious quest on his part for new expressions and new forms.

2

FOR a thesis of this kind to have any real validity it must be demonstrated in terms of the man's music alone, without any resort for support to romantic biography — with its arbitrary tracing of musical effects to nonmusical causes — or to the equally arbitrary reading of poetic "programs" into purely instrumental works. It must be shown — or at all events some evidence must be tabled — that certain procedures of melody, of rhythm, of phrase structure, of form, and so on, which are regarded as peculiar to the works of Beethoven's last phase are to be found also in abundance in earlier works of his, thus suggesting the lifelong persistence in him of essentially the same moods, the same idioms, a partiality for the same psychological adventures.

This necessitates my saying a preparatory word or two on the subject of what I have elsewhere called a composer's fingerprints — basic formulae of expression, personal to him, that recur constantly in a man's music, though sometimes in shapes so subtilized by the circumstances of the moment that they may escape our detection for a long time. The

skepticism in some quarters as to the existence of these fingerprints in composition, or of their value to criticism, would be less confident if the skeptics were aware how searchingly, and with what illuminative results, the same phenomenon has been studied in poetry and prose for something like a century.

The dominant style-elements of many writers from Cicero onwards have been brought to light by style-analysis. Émile Hennequin demonstrated long ago Flaubert's unconscious tendency to follow a certain pattern of construction, from word to phrase, from phrase to sentence, from sentence to paragraph, from paragraph to chapter, from chapter to book; while in a brilliant essay he laid bare the verbal elements that constitute the style, and therefore give us clues to the thinking, of Victor Hugo. More recently Alphonse Le Dû has shown in minute detail Hugo's unconscious proneness to certain rhythmical patterns in both his poetry and his prose. W. F. Jackson Knight has subjected Virgil's accentual symmetries to a similar analysis; and more than one writer has demonstrated the curious ways in which a verbal image in Shakespeare will not only beget a cognate image but call up from the depths of his subconscious, by some strange unforeseen compulsion of its own, a side-line of thought which had certainly not been part of the poet's conscious purpose when he began.

Undoubtedly there exist in the composer also definite irresistible biases towards certain basic formulae personal to him. In some cases the fingerprint exists as a mere tic or mannerism of speech, occurring on every page he writes but not bound up in his subconscious with any particular psychological state. It is the easiest matter in the world to show the existence of a harmless tic of this sort in Puccini. Weber has a marked bias towards a certain formula of melodic structure, and in his case it often stands in the way of truth of dramatic expression, for the composer's unconscious use of it on all sorts of occasions is apt to give much the same musical physiognomy to dramatic characters differing very much from each other in themselves and in their milieu.

As a rule these basic individual formulae of speech persist throughout a composer's lifetime; but occasionally one makes a fleeting appearance fairly late in his career — that is to say, the time of its taking possession of him, and the duration of its spell over him, can be more or less definitely fixed. Frank Walker has recently drawn our attention to a case in point in connection with Hugo Wolf, a certain melodic-rhythmical formula being so specifically associated with his work during a particular brief period that, as Mr. Walker says, "if an unknown song of his were discovered in which this 'fingerprint' occurred, we should be able at once to surmise the year, and almost the month, of its composition." Our Greek scholars, we may remind

ourselves, long ago employed this method of "stylometry," as it has come to be called in literary circles — in which, as Professor Grube has put it, "special attention is paid to the frequency of certain expressions and particles which any writer uses all but unconsciously" — to determine the chronological order of the composition of Plato's Dialogues; for "some turns of phrase that occur in the early works gradually disappear, and *vice versa*."

3

OF ALL the composers whose work I have studied from the stylometric point of view, I have found Beethoven the easiest to systematize, the one in whom the unconscious inclination towards typical melodic-rhythmical formulae is most marked — a fact which of itself, considering the towering greatness of the man, should dispose of the innocent notion in some quarters that to demonstrate these biases in a composer is to lower him in some way in our estimation. There is probably some subtle organic reason for the formation and fixation of these unconscious biases in an artist; possibly they represent a subsurface effort at economy on the part of the artistic faculty, the establishment of broad, smooth, charted highways, as it were, in his thinking that enable him the better to concentrate on the intellectual adventures he will seek and find on the road.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that Beethoven shows an irresistible tendency to express essentially the same moods, and conflicts of moods, in much the same way from the beginning of his career to the end. This statement can be proved only by plentiful citations, which are impossible in the present article. I can only ask the reader to accept the statement provisionally as part of the working hypothesis upon which the present article proceeds. He will no doubt know that Pirro and Schweitzer have proved conclusively that Bach has a sort of musical "language" of his own, in virtue of which he more or less unconsciously employs, in one work after another, the same musical symbol to express the same mood or define the same external image.

To prove a similar psychical process in the case of the purely instrumental music of a composer is necessarily more difficult, but I believe it can be done in Beethoven's case. He has a certain rhythmic type-formula, for example, for impressive statements in four-four time, and another for similar statements in three-four time: the type is modified in this work or that, but basically the *ad hoc* formula remains the same. The critics have all seen in certain movements of the final quartets and piano sonatas an expression of something that we may call joy, or contentment, or ecstasy. But I think the essential point has remained unperceived — that in his musical "language" various *types* of joy or

happiness are inseparably associated by him with definite type-constructions of notes. His use of the trill for certain expressions of mystical ecstasy could alone be made the subject of a whole long essay.

The point towards which I am working — with some difficulty because of my inability to make use here of musical citations — is that there is fundamentally nothing new, for Beethoven, in the incomparable works of his last phase, which are only the *approfondissement* of psychological elements and the subtilization of technical procedures that had constituted the substance of his music from the beginning. These last great works of his are the product not of a crisis in his actual life but rather of his emergence from an *internal* crisis that had been piling up steadily within the artist in him for many years. What then was the nature of that crisis?

In his latter years, when he was completely deaf, friends used to write out what they had to say to him, while he, of course, replied *viva voce*. The "Conversation Books" that have survived therefore record only his interlocutors' remarks, leaving us to guess as best we can at Beethoven's. It is rather like overhearing only one side of a telephone conversation, and necessarily the full tenor of the talk often evades us. But there is a page in a Conversation Book of the winter of 1823 that seems to have a bearing on the subject that is now engaging us. Schindler has said to him, "Do you remember how I had to play you a few years ago the sonata Op. 14? Now it is all clear." His next remark, in answer to something Beethoven had said, is of no importance to our inquiry. But after that we find him writing, "Two principles also in the middle movement of the Pathétique"; and after having, one surmises, gained the composer's assent to this, Schindler continues, "Thousands don't grasp that."

Schindler seems to have been drawing the Master's attention to a recurrent feature that had struck him in his music — that of a system of thought and construction based primarily upon "two principles" posed in apposition; and Beethoven agreed with him, for Schindler tells us elsewhere, apropos of the piano sonata Op. 14, No. 2, that "in the second sonata this dialogue and its import are more pregnantly expressed, and the apposition of the two main voices [i.e., the two 'principles'] is more palpable than in the first. Beethoven called these two principles 'the pleading and the resisting. . . .'"

Though Schindler did not realize it, he was on the way towards a perception that is vital now for the full understanding of Beethoven's mind and work. A certain principle of polarity can be seen to underlie all his thinking, a tendency to conceive and manipulate things in antitheses. We can trace this tendency from its cell form to its full organic growth. It reveals itself first of all in a bias towards an antithesis within the narrow limits of a phrase,

then in an antithesis within the sentence, then in the dramatic antithesis of leading themes indicative of a conflict of psychological "principles" — and so on to the total work as a purposeful antithesis of movements.

And my thesis here is that in the wonderful music of his final phase he merely transplants to another psychical plane his lifelong impulse to achieve a balanced unity in terms of this polarity. And the crisis, the great dividing line, came not through the stresses of his outer life but from the natural evolution of his innermost being as an artist. The whole of his more significant work had been one attempt after another, in the most protean forms, to balance forces in the world of ideas and emotions which he felt to be locked in an inveterate struggle; and all he does now, in the last phase, is to transfer the polar conflict from the outer to the inner world; the drama is henceforth wholly internal.

4

AT THIS point it becomes necessary to say a word about Bettina von Arnim, the remarkable girl who made Beethoven's acquaintance in Vienna in 1810. For the authenticity of two of the composer's letters to her few would now go bail; but I see no reason to doubt the essential veracity of the account she gave Goethe of Beethoven's conversation with her. She makes him speak of his sense of loneliness in the world of men: "I have not a single friend; I must live alone in myself. But well I know that God is nearer to me than to the others of my craft; I consort with him without fear; I have always recognised and understood him, and I have no fear for my music — it can meet no evil fate. To grasp it is to be freed from all the misery that others drag about with them." (This, be it observed, in 1810, more than a decade before the composition of the great works to which this description by Beethoven himself of the inmost nature of his music is peculiarly applicable.) "When I open my eyes I must sigh," Bettina makes him say, ". . . for I must despise the world which has no inkling of the fact that music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy; it is the wine which inspires one to new engenderings, and I am the Bacchus who presses out this glorious wine for mankind and makes them spiritually drunken. When they have become sober again they have fished up all manner of things which they can bring with them to dry land."

To realize the full truth of this self-analysis we have to go to the works of his last phase, not to those he had produced by 1810, when he was only forty — for by that time he had got no further than the sixth symphony, the fifth piano concerto, the E flat major quartet, Op. 74, and the F minor quartet, Op. 95. Several of the mightiest works of all, among them the Ninth Symphony, the Missa Solemnis, the Hammerklavier sonata, Op. 106, the

last two piano sonatas, and the last five quartets, were still in the womb of time. As regards Bettina, then, we must decide either that Beethoven really did talk to her, half reminiscently, half prophetically, very much as she represents him as having done, or, if she were romancing, that this young woman of twenty-five had an insight into the essential but as yet imperfectly revealed Beethoven that placed her head and shoulders above not only all the critics of her day and his but most of those of the next half-century.

For it was undoubtedly as an outpouring of bacchic exultation that Beethoven regarded some of the music of his middle phase, with the more reflective moments of a work figuring as a reaction against this mood, an antithesis or counterpoise to it. In 1818, at the time when he was engaged on the mighty Hammerklavier sonata, we find him not only making sketches for the Ninth Symphony but laying out the ground plan for a tenth, the principle of which was to be the contrast of "a Bacchus festival (allegro)" and "a devout canticle (adagio) . . . the text to be a Greek mythos." The specifically dionysiac mood had found its most exuberant expression for the time being in the wild finale of the Seventh Symphony (1812), and was to work itself out later in the Hammerklavier sonata and the second and final movements of the Ninth Symphony. With the completion of this and of the Missa Solemnis, in 1823, Beethoven rang the curtain down on a struggle (between the two cardinal principles of his artistic being) to which there is no parallel in the life of any other composer: we have evidence in plenty of the titanic strain under which not only his imagination but his physical powers labored in the effort to say all that was within him.

But the Greeks knew not only the dionysiac frenzy but the no less valued aftermath of this — what they called the dionysiac silence, when the spirit of the worshiper, at once exhausted, purged, and refreshed, luxuriated in a new illumination, that of ecstatic quietude. It is in this inner field of the dionysiac silence that the works of Beethoven's latest phase live and move and have their being. The old polarity of "two principles" still survives in them as the basic pattern of his thinking.

How deeply rooted that pattern was in his artistic nature can be seen by a comparison of the piano sonata quasi una fantasia in E flat major, Op. 27, No. 1, which dates from 1801, and the sonata in A major, Op. 101, which belongs to 1816. Paul Bekker has pointed out that the principle of construction is the same in both works — because the imaginative principle underlying them is the same. As Bekker remarks, if Beethoven does not expressly characterize the later sonata, as he has done the earlier one, as "quasi una fantasia," that is only because for him this was too self-evident to call for mention. In their mood-sequences, their mood-antitheses, the polarity of the "two princi-

ples" that are played off against each other, the two sonatas are the same. The vital difference between them is in the greater depth, the greater inwardness of the feeling in the later work, which comes from a period in which Beethoven was well on his way towards the dionysiac silence that possessed him in his final phase.

The crisis was a purely internal one, arising from an organic change in the nature of the artist, not from anything in the outer life of the man; and, like all great natural changes, it proceeded slowly. It was a psychical metamorphosis in him which may be compared to a geological "shift," a slow subsidence which, while leaving the basic rock structure as it was, brings with it a new surface conformation, a new climate, a new flora and fauna. The climate of Beethoven's mind decidedly changed. The old extremes of temperature no longer exist — there is no such difference of that kind between the fast and the slow movements of the final quartets as there is between those of the great works of his middle period. The polarity is still operative, but the poles are not so far apart now as of old: the antitheses are now less violent, less obvious, rather in the nature of nuances of one pervading emotion. The interaction of the contending forces no longer takes place on the external but on an internal plane. He does not need now, for his pattern of opposition and reconciliation, of tension and release, the boldly defined, brightly lit, starkly opposed "subjects" of the older kind, still less the concretization of the spiritual struggle in human characters such as Egmont, Coriolanus, Leonora-Pizarro. The drama is now played out entirely in the composer's own rapt, self-absorbed soul.

The old academic attempts to "analyze" the final works in terms of "expanded" or "modified" "sonata form," "variation form," and all the other quaint old formulae of nineteenth century pedagogy will some day have to be abandoned. Beethoven no longer thinks in terms of these forms, superficially as his procedures may resemble them here and there. He now spins outward in all directions from the center of the insulating web he has woven round his spirit; it is this procedure, infinite in its possibilities, that accounts for the great lengths to which some of his latest movements run. Wagner, in a conversation with his intimates at Wahnfried, drew attention to this capacity for endless proliferation from the nuclear cell of a movement. "You see," he said, "Beethoven, if he had liked, could have stopped here, or here, or here." That is true; but Wagner might have gone further and pointed out that the composer could in many cases equally well have *begun* here, or here, or here. The "subjects" of the opening allegro movements of the E flat and A minor quartets, for instance, are not "subjects" in the old technical sense of that term,

begetters of the form and texture that follow; rather do they strike us, from their very beginning, as moments in a train of thought that had already been going on for some time in the subconscious of the composer before he decided to take up pen and paper: what is on the page may begin at this point, but what was in the mind of Beethoven had begun long before then; the "theme," at its first statement, is only a milestone on a road that stretches as far back as it does forward.

The incomparable slow movements, again, are not "variations on a theme" but long-drawn-out variations on a mood; Beethoven's texture and procedure are quite different here from what they are when he is writing variations for variation's sake. And by means of stylometric analysis we can trace the underlying currents of his thought throughout a whole work, and show the predominance now of this, now of that aspect of joy — the quiet joy that almost immobilizes motion, innocent joy that finds expression in one dance form or another, artless spontaneous joy that springs into physical being out of its own innermost nature, a profounder joy that needs for the uncoiling of its deep-lying spring a previous coiling of forces rooted in the profoundest tenebrae of the soul, and so on. And always there is the polarity that was the very basis of Beethoven's thinking, because it was the basis of his nature. He saw the world, without and within him, as a series of antinomies that had somehow to be resolved; but the great distinction between the earlier works and the latest resides in the fact that in the latter the contending forces now operate entirely in the innermost being of the man, requiring no reference to externalities.

Of all the mystics of art, the Beethoven of the last few years is the greatest: one has to go back to the thirteenth century Persian poet Rumi to find his parallel, and we can only be grateful for the tremendous inner change, whatever its hidden origins may have been, that took place in him in his final years. But he was hardly more than fifty-six when he died; and inevitably we ask ourselves what his next phase might have been. Is a "next phase" conceivable? He could hardly have traveled further along the mystical road than he had done already; and we may ask ourselves whether, on the other hand, it was within the bounds of human possibility for him to have gone back once more to the outer world. Has any born mystic ever made that backward journey after

. . . he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise?

Must we not be driven, after the contemplation of these most marvelous of musical works, to agree with Hugo Wolf's dark oracular saying that no man is taken away until he has done his work?

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THIRTY years ago this month I pushed off on the longest bicycle trip I shall ever make. My friend Morley Dobson and I had mapped it for the Spring Vacation. He was in his second year at Cambridge University, I in my first. His love of poetry was combined with a love of height; he was intent that we should have a week of climbing in the Lake Country, and the Lake poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge, went along in our knapsack. We planned to ride the Roman roads through East Anglia to York, then into the vales and dales, and across the West Riding to our headquarters at Keswick.

The Roman roads were a joy; like a smooth straight dike pointing north, they were graded for the swinging cadence of the legions, and we too limbered our leg muscles as we rode from Cambridge to Ely, and from Ely to Lincoln. At York we spent the night the better to see the Minster, to walk the old ramparts, and to poke about the little streets and bookshops. We were living on six shillings a day — \$1.50 in the currency of that time — and that meant a double bed in the Temperance hotels, the cleanest and cheapest of hosteleries, and if Temperance wasn't available, then we looked for a spare room over the local bakery. Fresh bread in the early morning gives you a good send-off.

From York we headed northwest to Richmond with its great keep overlooking the river, and the ruins of the near-by abbey, which we walked to through the woods by moonlight. After Richmond we came to the vales and dales, now pushing the bike ahead of us as we slugged up the unridable pitch, and now sweeping down the broad deserted hills. It was sheep country with rocky streams and little stone farmhouses or tiny hamlets miles apart.

Our big meal of the day was breakfast — eggs and sausage, fresh rolls, strawberry jam, and buckets of tea. We'd be on the road by eight; would

slow down to look at any ancient barrow, Roman ruin, or tempting churchyard; and knocked off at noon for beer and cheese at the local pub. There the advice from the innkeeper opened up prospects for the afternoon's ride and where to spend the night. I remember that during one day's ride in Yorkshire we were passed by exactly two automobiles, while we in turn passed four farm carts and one old surrey. We took in the country through our eyes and our pores, and we learned that the reward of sightseeing is in inverse ratio to the speed of the distance. Usually we covered our fifty miles by 3.30, and then it was time to find that spare room, stow our knapsacks, and stretch the legs.

At Keswick we made our headquarters in a comfortable room over the bakery, and I shall never forget the suppers of thin sliced ham, the fragrant loaves, and the comforting tea with which the baker's wife stoked us on our return from a day on the wet and windy heights. Here we had acquired a handbook of mountain climbing by Mr. Abraham, the seer of the Lake Country. We also acquired a rope and the calked boots which we needed for the scree or the upland slopes of Scafell, Great End, and Helvellyn. Morley had been here before, and each morning he guided me to a convenient farm at the base of one of these peaks. That gave us the whole day for the climbing, and it was a tribute to our lean condition that the only lunch we took with us was a bar of chocolate — chocolate, and water from one of the tarns, was our fortifier, but the real reward was when, panting and more frightened than we showed, we scrambled up the last twenty yards of crusted snow and rolled over on the crest with the world at our feet.

On one climb we disobeyed Mr. Abraham, who had laid down firm injunctions against following the bed of a brook in late March or early April. But it was temptingly easy to get our footing in the early stages, and not until we had reached the upper icy face, the more treacherous for the film of water which coated the toeholds left by an earlier ice picker, that we realized why Mr. Abraham had said no. Then it was too late. The rope braced us, and I think we did the last fifteen yards with the strength of our fingernails. We were so winded (and terrified) when at last we flopped over the crest that we stayed on longer than usual munching the chocolate and reviewing our conquest. At this moment, up the path on the safe side (there is always a path) came a severe retired Colonel and his obedient terrier wife. "Did you see the pair of

idiots below you," he said indignantly, "messing about on that ice face? Really too sickening. Wonder they weren't killed!" We said we hadn't noticed.

I made the home trip alone, Morley having decided that he wanted every last minute at the Lakes. Fountains Abbey, where I spent an incredibly lovely afternoon, gave me the eerie feeling that I had been there before in another century: I all but recognized the cell I had occupied. I rode to Hadrian's Wall; I came down through what remains of Sherwood Forest; I saw Nottingham, which holds only a very few vestiges of Robin Hood, and then I found myself pushing along through the cinders and smokestacks of industrial England, the five towns of Arnold Bennett, the country of H. E. Bates. How I wanted to get out of it!

I finally did at Peterborough, but by that time I had run out of cash and out of air. Both tires had developed slow leaks, and had to be blown up alternately every three miles. I was down to my last sixpence and Cambridge seemed a long, long distance in the future. So I took a gamble. With my sixpence I bought a platform pass to the Peterborough railway station; there I waited for the next train to Cambridge, on the chance that among the Peterborough passengers I would find at least one man from whom I could borrow the price of a return ticket. I found him in a Trinity don, Kitson-Clark, who after being surprised by my predicament happily bailed me out. We had supper that night in his rooms — mutton, wine, and crème brûlée. And there I told him this story.

The tread of the past

It was Rudyard Kipling who first opened my imagination to the Romans in Britain in that stirring trilogy of short stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Our heart goes out to Parnesius, the young centurion defending Hadrian's Wall from the attacks of the Picts and Scots.

When I was having tea with John Masfield in April, 1950, we spoke of these stories, and I asked if he could tell me the name of a good, accessible book depicting the Britain of those days. His answer was to reach into the bookshelf beside him for a slim brown volume, *Roman Britain*, by R. G. Collingwood (Oxford University Press) which he inscribed to me despite my protest. Collingwood gives a direct and enticing approach to those three centuries when Britain was a valuable, semicultivated outpost of the Roman Empire. I read of York where the Emperors stayed when they were refortifying the Wall and from which they led raids against the barbarians in Caledonia (Scotland); of Bath, the resort, with its bathing establishments and temples; and as I followed the maps and air photographs, I realized what powerful aid the plane has given the archaeologist in the detection and clarification of ancient sites.

Mr. Collingwood opens up a prospect which **Jacquetta Hawkes** has pursued in still more fascinating detail in her book, *History in Earth and Stone* (Harvard University Press, \$3.75). Miss Hawkes, while she is attentive to the Romans, is predominantly interested in uncovering those prehistoric remains of the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages which long preceded them. An enthusiastic walker, she has planned her book as a series of expeditions. She acknowledges the motor as an indispensable link between points, but once on location, there is walking to be done if you are to get the most out of these relics — these caves and villages and forts, these bathhouses, monoliths, and rock carvings.

Miss Hawkes is a historian with the nose of a detective. For instance, she will conduct you to the site of the famous, the notorious Cerne Abbas Giant, a hill figure of 180 feet cut in the slope of the Dorset downs. The Giant holds a club in his hand 120 feet long and his organs are of a size which terrified the Victorians. With skill and authority, the author traces his antecedents back before the coming of St. Augustine to those days at the end of the second century when the Emperor Commodus was reviving the cult of Hercules in Britain. And here, as in the case of the White Horse of Uffington, "it seems hardly credible that for the two thousand years between Augustus and Queen Victoria, the generations of men and women living on the hills . . . have kept the image . . . from the patient, insidious encroachments of the grass." But they have, and Miss Hawkes tells why. Her book reminds me of the Devil's Dyke, that huge roadblock between fen and forest which I used to pass on my way to the Newmarket races. She takes me to the Danes' Graves, the great Iron Age cemetery in Yorkshire, formerly of at least 500 mounds 10 to 30 feet across. One of these held the skeletons of two men who had been interred with their battle chariot, whose metal parts — iron tires, hub-bands, linchpins — survive. She brings to life the strongholds on the hills, and shows what Stonehenge meant in those misty far-off times. If I were Coronation-bound and had a week to spare, this book would lead me to places of ancient history and fascinating speculation.

The prickly pear

John Phillips is a first novelist whose book, *The Second Happiest Day* (Harper, \$3.75), is the February selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. He is also the son of John P. Marquand, and to avoid confusion John the Younger decided to publish under a pen name and with a different publisher. But even had the story appeared anonymously, there would have been no doubt of the Marquand blood in its veins, for in form it follows a pattern made familiar by the elder. Like Charles Gray in *Point of No Return*, Gus Taylor, the hero



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&

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These two books finally complete the Willa Cather story. The first, by E. K. Brown, is the only authorized biography of the author of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and contains all the biographical information anyone is likely ever to gather about Willa Cather as well as an absolutely first-rate critique of all her writings. While a Professor of English at the University of Chicago many years ago, Brown wrote an appreciation of Willa Cather's work for the *Yale Review*. A friendly correspondence ensued, and after Willa Cather's death, it was agreed that he embark on a full-length critical biography. Only his unexpected death at forty-five prevented his completing it, but Mr. Leon Edel, himself a distinguished literary critic,

undertook to complete the work from the copious notes left by Brown, and with the active cooperation of Miss Edith Lewis, Willa Cather's literary executrix and trustee. The final result is a work of major stature.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher* • 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22



of *The Second Happiest Day*, is caught in a crisis as the book opens, facing a decision he does not want to make. Then the novel cuts back to his early boyhood in East Northrup, Massachusetts; follows his education as a scholarship boy in a private school and his ripening friendship with George Marsh, III, football captain and rich as Croesus; shows his club life at Harvard, his service in the war, and the mixed emotions with which he falls in love with Lila Norris, the fiancée of his best friend. This is the heart of the story, and in the final section Gus, like Charles, has to make up his mind. But though he has adopted his father's pattern and style, John Phillips has achieved a liveliness of interest and an identification of the war generation which are real evidence of his own skill.

Gus, nicknamed "Gubber" at Emmanuel Academy, is an outsider; he never quite belongs and it makes him irascible. What pulls him into the merry-go-round is his redeeming friendship with George Marsh, the lion of the school, and a stand-out in New York society. George has the money, the popularity, the effortless entree, and for years Gus, who is good company and who plays the piano by ear, enjoys the free ride. But at heart Gus is a skeptic. He has an acid opinion of most people, and his account—for he tells the story—of the wedding at the Water Club, of his and George's invasion of Florida, of his arguments with Ava Norris, the editor of *Blythe*, of his reluctant election to a final club at Harvard, and of the bachelor's dinner in New York are fine things, witty, shrewd, full of life, sharp and laughable. His satires of the frivolous (Chee Wee Gibbons, the photographer), of the pampered (Lila's father), of the reckless (Fuzzy Eaton), and of the divorced (Baby) really hit the mark.

Where the book is less sure is in its delineation of the prep school hero, George Marsh, who will never be any better than he was in freshman year. George's bumbling after his return from the war (where he was also a hero) is never quite believable to me. I feel the strain developing between the two men but I simply haven't enough reason to believe in the deterioration allegedly taking place in George. Again in the case of Gus, the one thing left out of his conversion, his escape from the wasters, is the propelling force which made him cut himself free. It must have been more than economy (they had money and he didn't); or more than his disgust with Lila's parents, or his dismay at her unreliability. These negatives do not provide enough motivation. Gus has ambition, but it is never defined; he has intelligence, but he never reads a book; he has sympathy for Aunt Connie who brought him up, and for Mark Marsh, the elderly New Yorker, but hardly a drop for anyone of his own years; he is as he began, an outsider, a prickly pear, and perhaps that is why he is so provocative to read about.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Lives and Letters

THE LITTLE MADELEINE by *Mrs. Robert Henry*. (Dutton, \$4.00.) Mrs. Henry grew up in Montmartre in the early 1900s, in a world full of life and short of money. Her autobiography is enchanting, for she can convey places, people, and atmosphere equally well, and re-creates her Paris childhood without nostalgia or sentimentality. This is a truly exceptional book.

HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS edited by *Mark De Wolfe Howe*. (Harvard University Press, 2 vols., \$12.50.) The letters of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski run from 1916 to 1935 and are far ahead of the field in interest and distinction.

THE CHALLENGE by *Phyllis Bottome*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.75.) The author describes her battle with tuberculosis, early romances, and the start of her literary career in the second volume of a likable, unpretentious biography.

PORTRAITS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS edited by *Frederick W. Hilles*. (McGraw-Hill, \$4.00.) Reynolds dabbled with writing in addition to his painting, and his sketches of such contemporaries as Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick turned up in that formidable treasure-trove, the Boswell Papers. A lively historical curiosity.

Fiction

THE HATE MERCHANT by *Niven Busch*. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95.) Gaspar D. Splane, phony clergyman and amateur Hitler, is the central figure in this absorbing study of the power of hate.

THE DISGUISES OF LOVE by *Robie Macauley*. (Random House, \$3.00.) In this ingeniously constructed novel, three different narrators describe a love affair. Each one distorts the facts to suit a private vision. Where that leaves love is a question, but the book is lively and shrewd.

LANDFALL by *Helen Hull*. (Coward-McCann, \$3.50.) Her husband's illness leads a hot-shot female publisher to reassess her rather shaky marriage in the course of this intelligent, rather underplayed domestic novel.

War Memoirs

THE NAKED ISLAND by *Russell Braddon*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) Mr. Braddon was captured by the Japanese after the fall of Singapore. His account of prison camp brutality and slave labor is enough to curdle a reader's blood. It also crackles with humor and humanity. It is, in fact, almost impossible to put down.

U-BOAT 977 by *Heinz Schaeffer*. (Norton, \$3.50.) The war in the Atlantic from the point of view of a German U-boat commander who eventually took his ship and crew to South America does nothing to raise one's estimate of the Nazis, but it has a high quota of exciting episodes.

THE WHITE RABBIT by *Bruce Marshall*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50.) This moving story of a British secret agent operating in occupied France is mostly a matter of courage, suffering, narrow escapes, and terrifying disasters, with a bit of wry comedy thrown in.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE change in our image of the Japanese — the "unspeakable Jap" of the war years has become Professor MacArthur's Prize Pupil — has, if anything, made the soul of Japan seem a still more baffling paradox. How can the former aggressiveness and fanaticism of the Japanese be reconciled with their docility and friendliness toward their conquerors? How do the monstrous excesses of Nanking and Bataan fit in with the delicate shading of a Utamaro print or the legendary punctiliousness of Japanese manners? Frank Gibney sets out to resolve these paradoxes in *Five Gentlemen of Japan* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$4.00); and he has turned in an admirable job — imaginatively planned and smoothly written, illuminating, and thoroughly absorbing.

Mr. Gibney is a young American who has spent several years in Japan — first as an officer in the Navy, later as a correspondent — and who writes with the advantage of knowing Japanese. His book is cast in the form of a "historical essay," rather more than half of which is devoted to recent and current history. To give concreteness to his analysis of the Japanese character, Gibney has very effectively woven into his text the lives of five gentlemen of contemporary Japan — the Emperor; a veteran engineer, formerly a vice-admiral in the Japanese Navy; a farmer; a foreman in a steel mill; and a young Tokyo newspaperman.

To understand the Japanese, says Gibney, we must imagine a system in which the traditional absolute values of Western civilization have never existed. The morality of the Japanese is a social morality in which virtue is loyalty to one's commitments — to the commitments prescribed by a strong clan system reinforced by Confucianism and the national religion of Shinto. Japanese society is a web (with the Emperor at its center) which binds the individual in all directions. Within the web, the Japanese is considerate and ruthlessly self-disciplined. But when, as in dealing with wartime enemies, he is freed

from the contracts of the web society, he has no values that prevent his frustrations from finding outlet in brutality.

In Gibney's view, the existence of the imperially centered web society is "the central fact of modern Japanese history." He shows how it enabled the militarists to obtain total control of Japan in the thirties, and how after the war it predisposed the Japanese to coöperate loyally with their American conquerors. (There is an apocryphal story that an old Japanese farmer, when asked his opinion of MacArthur, replied: "The Emperor couldn't have picked a better man.")

The latter part of Mr. Gibney's book is an informative appraisal of the present situation in Japan. It examines the defeat of the local Communists; the formidable economic problems; the strong wish to trade with Red China; the ticklish question of rearmament; the attitude of the Japanese toward the role of Communism in Asia and their ideas about democracy. Gibney concludes that the Japanese, by their location and their culture, are the "bridge people" who could serve as mediator between the Western Powers and the rising, undetermined forces in the East.

A tragic idol

Prince of Players (Norton, \$4.50) by Eleanor Ruggles, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is a fine biography of the great actor Edwin Booth. It is a colorful and dramatic story that Miss Ruggles has to tell, for Booth's life was richly charged with triumph and tragedy, and he himself is a moving figure — a man of integrity, fortitude, and generous, tender spirit, whose loyalties ran deep and who was shiningly free from the customary vanity and egotism of the celebrated star.

Miss Ruggles gets off to a lively start with a sketch of Booth's father, a famous British tragedian and a decidedly piquant character, who emigrated to America around 1820 with his mistress, a London flower girl. Young Booth scored his first stage successes in the boisterous San Francisco of the early eighteen-fifties. Starred in New York at twenty-four, he soon became — and remained throughout his career — the idol of American theatregoers; and while he fared less well in London, his appearances in Germany were rapturously acclaimed.

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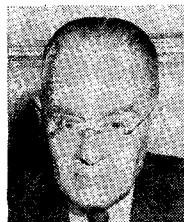
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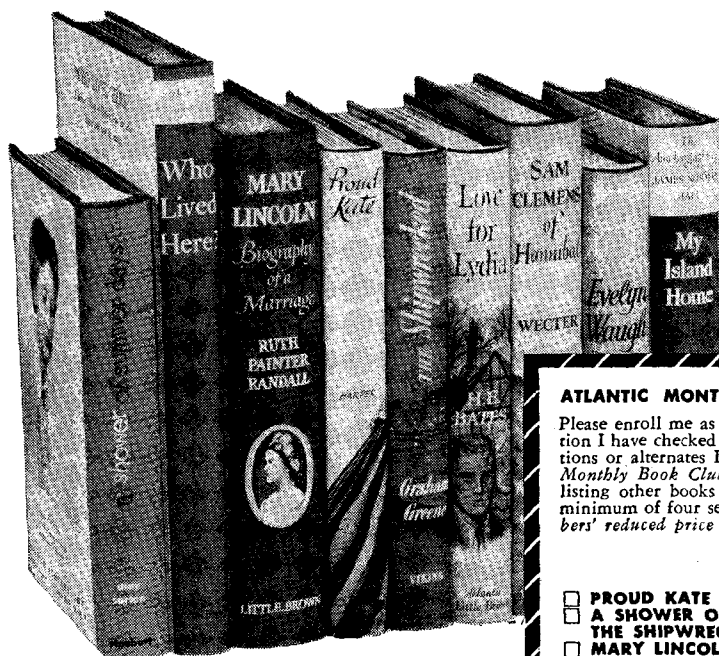


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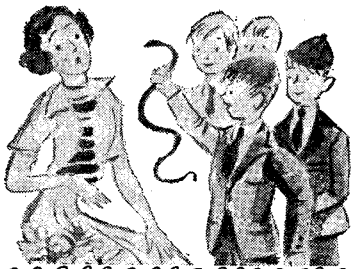
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The actor's personal life was haunted by tragedy. Booth père, in his later years, took to drink and was subject to fits of madness; and as a young boy, Edwin had the harrowing responsibility of being his father's constant escort. The wife Booth loved with all his being died a few years after their marriage; his second wife proved mentally unstable and eventually lapsed into insanity; his brother, John Wilkes, was Lincoln's assassin. Small wonder that his tragic performances bespoke a profound "acquaintance with grief."

To conjure up the genius of an actor who died sixty years ago and whose voice survives only in two screechy, primitive recordings is a stiff challenge for a biographer. Miss Ruggles has utilized the descriptions of Booth's contemporaries with a truly creative touch: the glimpses she gives us of Booth on stage add up to a vivid evocation of his somewhat old-fashioned style, with its grand delivery, its hint of strangeness, its extraordinarily poignant yet robust appeal. The Iago he played to the great Irving's Othello was so diabolic and yet so personally seductive that a young lady asked how Desdemona (Ellen Terry) could possibly have been left alone with him without a chaperone. And Julia Ward Howe, in a poem published by the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1859, described Booth's Hamlet as ". . . beautiful as dreams of maidenhood, That doubt defy."

Portraits and essays

To the select company of readers who remain patrons of the essay I warmly commend two imports from England — *The Singular Preference* (Viking, \$3.75) by Peter Quennell; and the late George Orwell's *Such, Such Were the Joys* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50).

Mr. Quennell, a stylish biographer, is also a writer of literary criticism that is both highly cultivated and highly readable, a rare conjunction nowadays. His latest book is a gallery of portraits, most of them literary; and its focus is on singularity — on the singular individual; the singular book; the singular aspects of a writer's talent.

Some of Quennell's subjects are well-known figures — Defoe, Dickens, Balzac, Swinburne, Kipling, H. G. Wells — but even in the compass of a few pages, Quennell usually manages to say something fresh and suggestive about them. Some are less familiar,

though they have their niche in the literary histories: the dramatists Tourneur, Ford, and Massinger; the wildly eccentric poet, Gérard de Nerval, whose artistic powers were unimpaired by spells of madness; Choderlos de Laclos, the author of that amatory classic, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; the bluestocking Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's "Thralia Dulcis," who left behind a remarkable diary; the Victorian fantast, Edward Lear; and others — an intriguing collection. In a third or "miscellaneous" category, there are entertaining pieces about the ineffable Beau Brummel; the Victorian dilettante, Janus Weathercock, who turned poisoner; the Sanson clan whose members, from 1688 to 1847, served successive French governments as state torturer and executioner.

These are the sketches of a man of taste, intelligence, and wit, who wears his learning urbanely and writes with fluency and grace. *The Singular Preference* is a work of singular charm.

Such, Such Were the Joys is a second posthumous collection of essays not published in book form during George Orwell's life. It takes its title from a long memoir of Orwell's early school days — a wonderful account of the squalor and miseries of life in one of the "best" boarding schools for the small sons of English gentlemen. "Notes on Nationalism" is a trenchant analysis of the pathology of the nationalist and of the diverse forms that nationalism can assume. Out of a pre-war visit to Morocco comes "Marrakech," a superb piece of descriptive writing, which makes its damning point about colonialism without sentimentalizing the underdog. In "Looking Back on the Spanish War," Orwell, one of the first to expose the maneuvers of the Comintern in Spain, reminds us that Franco's version of the war is a tissue of lies; that the Communists gave the Republicans little military aid and eventually sabotaged their cause; and that the real issue was the struggle of the Spanish common people for a decent life.

It is not just a pious tribute to say that Orwell's death was an irreplaceable loss. His reputation in this country was made by two novels dramatizing the horrors of Communism, but he was much more than just another gifted anti-Communist writer. A liberal through and through, he was a forceful critic of the Right as well as of the totalitarian Left. With a keenly original intelligence and blaz-

ing honesty, he waged war on the manifold infections of his time: on power-worship, thought-control, nationalism, anti-Semitism, the sadism embedded in our mass culture, the debasement of the English language — on nastiness of all kinds. What disgusted him most savagely, perhaps, was intellectual dishonesty, any sort of humbug. Genuinely believing in freedom, he loathed “all the smelly little orthodoxies . . . now contending for our souls” and all sniffers after heresy. He was a first-rate writer with a first-rate mind, but the crucial thing about him was his extraordinary decency.

Fiction roundup

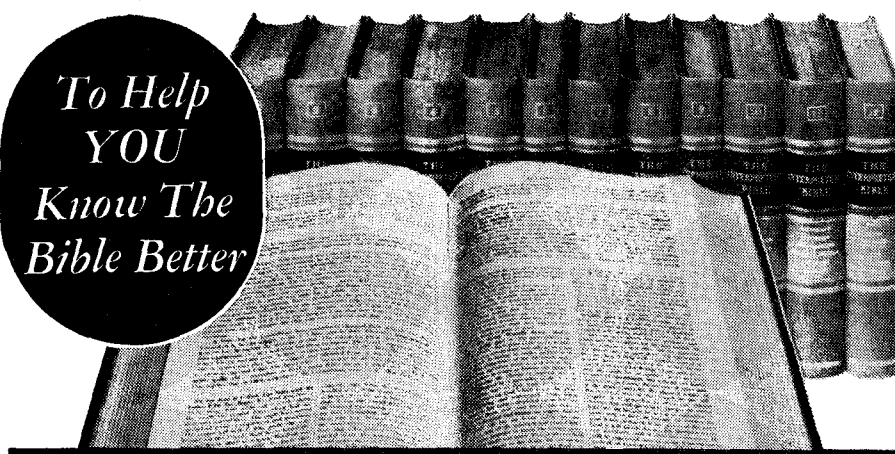
To me, the most dismal trait of the popular historical novel — aside from its repulsive length — is the half-baked earnestness, the lack of humor, in its vision of the past. That history is replete with subtle comedy, grim farce, and piercing ironies is a notion which most of our best-selling historical novelists leave to such frivolous thinkers as Professor Toynbee, Aldous Huxley, or Reinhold Niebuhr. When they (the novelists) contemplate the past, they are thrilled, amazed, angered, horrified, chastened, uplifted — but, like Queen Victoria, they are not amused.

The Little Emperors (Coward-McCann, \$3.00) — a historical novel by Alfred Duggan — is refreshingly different from the product just referred to. Mr. Duggan (*Conscience of the King; Knight with Armour*) is a compact writer with an awareness of the comedy in history and a quietly ironic touch. His novel describes, partly by guesswork, the little-known events which led to the withdrawal of the Roman garrison from Britain at the beginning of the fifth century.

In 406, barbarians poured into Gaul, and Britain was cut off from Italy, where Honorius was Emperor. The Army of Britain proclaimed as Emperor a certain Marcus, who soon was murdered, as was his successor, Gratianus. Shortly afterward, the third “little Emperor,” Constantius, took the Army of Britain to the continent in a bid — eventually defeated — to become master of the West.

Mr. Duggan’s novel is centered on Sempronius Felix, the highest civil servant in Britannia Prima. Felix’s young wife is the daughter of Gratianus, and her enjoyment of murder helps her father to the purple. But presently it costs them both their

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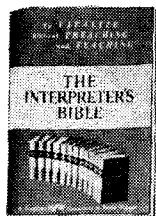
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lives, and Felix has to take refuge among the barbarians. Duggan tells his story in an easy, natural tone, with a sardonic sense of humor. He has reconstructed an epoch seldom if ever visited by other historical novelists and has fashioned a book with a distinctly individual flavor.

A Brighter Sun (Viking, \$3.00) — a first novel about Trinidad by a young East Indian, **Samuel Selvon** — also has a setting that is fresh and a sharply individual accent. Its hero is a 16-year-old East Indian who, after the traditional arranged marriage, goes to live with his teen-age bride in a mud hut in Barataria, near Port-of-Spain. These two children, Tiger and Urmilla, illiterate and wretchedly poor, try to learn to be grownups; they start a family; they struggle to get a living out of a leased patch of land and a cow. But Tiger aspires to something better. His efforts to push beyond the confines of his primitive world are the dramatic mainspring of *A Brighter Sun*.

Mr. Selvon's novel does not, in the final analysis, quite match up to its original promise, and its tone tends to soften the harsh realities of Tiger's life. But it is a touching story, full of

charm. It blazes with local color. Its native characters are a delight. And its pages are richly flavored with the droll, picturesque speech of Trinidad — "But, gul, life is a helluva thing, *oui*. But look how Ah take up meself and leave sweetman life in town and come here to live wid yuh in de bush. But life is a helluva thing, *oui*."

Prince Bart (Farrar, Straus, & Young, \$3.95) — a first novel by **Jay Richard Kennedy** — has as its theme what might be called The Great American Failure Story: the story of the man who has gone all-out for supersuccess and achieved it, only to find himself lonely, insecure, and insatiable. There are, to my mind, certain drawbacks to this theme. The first is that it is getting rather stale. The second is that the type of Success Maniac currently fashionable in fiction — the Hollywood or Madison Avenue Great One — is, in terms of human values, an unimportant person; and his efforts to soothe his psyche by fiercer fame-grubbing and more conspicuous consumption do not constitute a moving problem. The third catch is that the most tempting denouement — the switch from the gold-and-glitter standard to the love

standard in the hero's inner economy — is usually pretty unconvincing.

These liabilities are apparent in Mr. Kennedy's novel. But in spite of them, in spite of manifold crudities, it has a remarkable momentum — a torrential sort of energy. Mr. Kennedy has not handled The Great American Failure Story with any distinction but he certainly has given it one hell of a workout.

Kennedy's hero, Bart Blaine, who started life as the son of a penniless immigrant, is a 39-year-old movie idol — crude, arrogant, and unhappy. At the novel's opening he is faced with a crisis in his career. The grosses on his last two pictures have dropped and the news that he has suffered a heart attack has hurt his reputation as the tough guy, he-man type of lover. The main strand of the plot has to do with Blaine's frenzied battle to get on top again. At the climax of this battle, a reunion with his father frees him, we are asked to believe, from the furies that have hounded him. He realizes that his ambition has been a disease, an obsessive attempt to compensate for the bitterness of his childhood; and his bitterness dissolves as he understands that his father goaded him out of love — was trying to save his son from his own degrading poverty.

One of the furies that Blaine had been possessed by was an insatiable sexuality. It seems to me entirely possible that Blaine is the most sexually active hero in the annals of American fiction; and pure-minded readers are hereby advised that they will find his behavior very, very shocking.

Potpourri

BOUQUET DE FRANCE by *Samuel Chamberlain*. Gourmet, \$10.00.

This "Epicurean Tour of the French Provinces" is a lavishly produced volume, a collector's item — so beautiful to look at that it is almost a shock to find it very enjoyable and instructive reading (at least to anyone interested in French gastronomy). Its quality should not, of course, be a surprise, since Mr. Chamberlain is one of the genuine maestros in this field, and probably knows the gourmet's France better than any other American. His procedure in each chapter is as follows: First some notes on the province and its appeal to the traveler, including a brief discussion of regional wines. This is followed by a detailed report on the cuisine of recommended hotels and restaurants, plus regional recipes by their chefs.

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The first issue of *New World Writing* demonstrated that, priced at 50 cents, a collection of serious writing with an accent on youth and a voice or two from the *avant-garde* could sell well over a hundred thousand copies. The second number of what is to be a continuing project has now appeared. Its most impressive offering is an extract from a novel in progress by Dylan Thomas which, though a bit untidy, hints at great brilliance. The short story by James Jones is unimpressive; Shirley Jackson and Norman Mailer do better. There is some promising fiction by relative newcomers — James Baldwin, Osborn Duke, Samuel Selvon. Picasso's play, "Desire Trapped by the Tail," is freakish, but it was sound editing to let us have a look at it. The extract from *The Thief's Journal* by Jean Genet is far too brief to give any idea of whether, as some claim, he is a genius. Among the poets are Peter Viereck, Harvey Breit, Roy Fuller, and Eugenio Montale. Auden's essay on Grimm and Andersen is first-rate, and there is an amusing, subtle, and altogether devastating critique of Henry Miller by Alwyn Lee.

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH by Frederick Rolfe. Knopf, \$3.50.

First published in 1904, this novel is an enduring literary curiosity. The author was a half-crazy Englishman who entered preparation for the Catholic priesthood and was twice rejected for his eccentricities and misdemeanors. While remaining a Catholic, Rolfe cursed the Church and avenged himself in fantasy by writing *Hadrian the Seventh*. Like his creator, the novel's hero George Arthur Rose is an Englishman who has been denied admittance to the priesthood; but when a deadlock is reached in the election of a Pope, a fantastic fluke causes Rose to be selected. As Pope, he sweepingly reforms the Church; cripples the Jesuit Order; brings about the liquidation of revolutionary France and revolutionary Russia; settles the world's destinies at an international conference.

Many of Rolfe's ideas are silly or vicious, some are amusing; but the vividness with which he saw himself as Pope gives the book its peculiar vitality.

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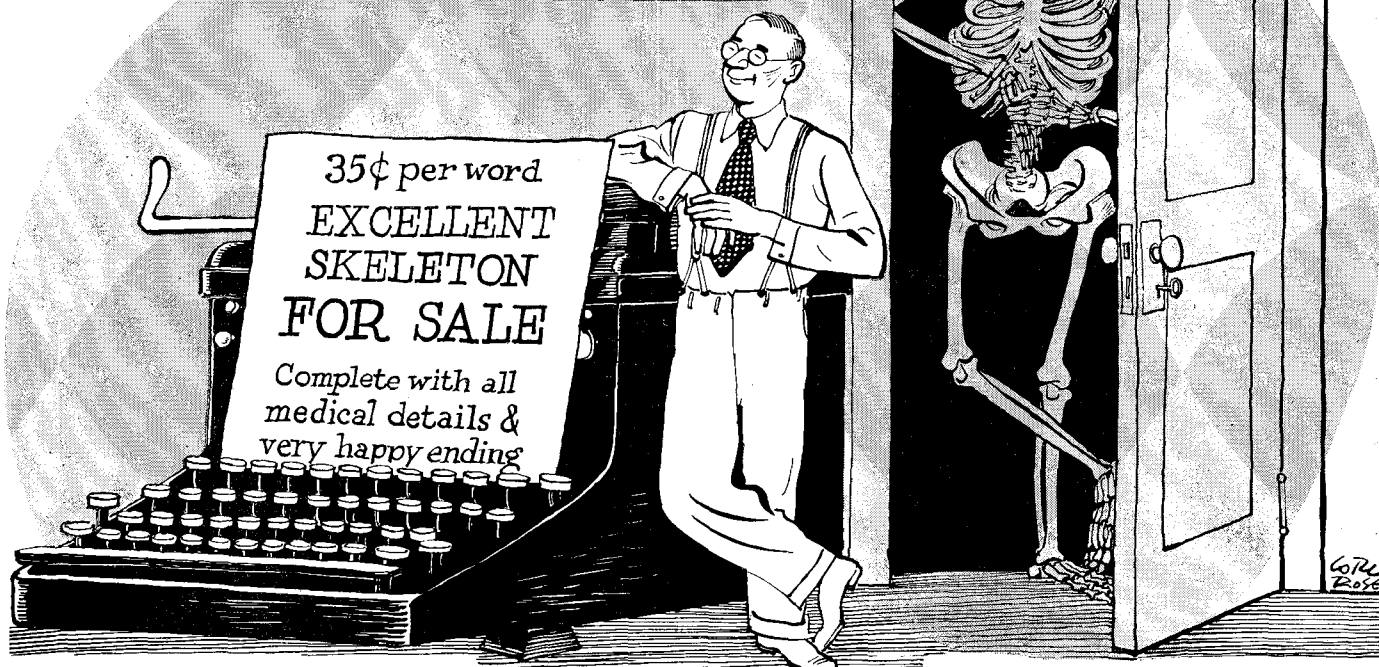
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THE swear-off article seems to be holding its own in the slick magazines, and hardly a week goes by without bringing into print a good, solid confession by a former addict of something or other.

The author has been taking aboard too much of the stuff, and it's high time to call a halt. Those who wish to convert such an experience into marketable prose will find it helpful, therefore, to stick to the standard form and avoid untested versions, however attractive.

"I Was a —er" will be the title for the swear-off article. "I was wrecking my home," the editorial blurb will put it, "risking my job, and ruining my health, but I never realized that . . . I Was a —er."

This kind of article meets all sorts of editorial requirements, giving the reader some rather racy vicarious experience and at the same time building up his character and perhaps even his reading speed. But it must be pointed out that one addiction—whether to hashish, jelly beans, applejack, Copenhagen snuff, vanilla extract, or blackstrap molasses—is much like another in the telling.

The great need is to get "I Was a —er" going in a hurry, before the reader can fully formulate the dreaded so-what? reaction. Never mind, at the beginning, how the author ever picked up the — habit. We know from the title that he had it, and although some editors like to open up with a child angle ("Gee, Mom, will I have to be a —er like Daddy when I grow up?"), the proper start for the article is in a doctor's office. The —er is already a medical case, but he doesn't realize it, and the doctor's diagnosis is a stunning shock to him. Here then is the fast opening:—

"The doctor repacked his sphygmomanometer and tossed his patellar hammer back into a drawer.

"His manner was thoughtful but casual. He sat down, leaned back, and lit a cigarette. 'I notice that you have said nothing about —,' he remarked idly.

"He was, of course, quite right.

In my folly, which I later on came to realize was a characteristic of —ers, I had supposed that not even an experienced medical man would perceive the true situation. The doctor's next words rudely dispelled that notion.

"In the course of twenty-four hours,' he demanded abruptly, 'just how — —, roughly, are you in the habit of —ing?'"

People like to read about what goes on in doctors' offices, and the author can blank right along with the opening interview for a page or two. Editors are fond of using this scene for the big picture layout—the worried —er getting the story right there in the doctor's office. The doctor tells him how he has learned to spot a —er by the tell-tale droop of the —, the characteristic discoloration of the —, and what the recurrent twitching in the region of the — discloses to the practiced eye. A cure? No, nothing will really *cure* a chronic —er. Yet there are ways. Really up to you, old man. It's for you to say whether you are going to keep on —ing — at this rate.

The medical interview is about to

end, with its standard punch line. "And if I do?" asks the author.

"In that case," replies the doctor, "I give you — months to live. Possibly —. But no more."

The next section of the —er's article is even more standardized than the opening — a straight, chronological account of his experiences with — from early childhood to that fateful day in the doctor's office. "As early as I can remember," the —er goes on, "my parents —ed — (smoked opium, ate jelly beans, chewed snuff, etc.) but always *in moderation*. So did my Aunt —, who lived with us. There was always a supply of — in the house and I simply took its presence for granted."

It was much the same when the author went away to school. Most of his friends in college, and later on in business life, took a similarly

tolerant view of —. "I suppose it was only natural that I found enjoyment, as they did, in moderate amounts of —. But I did not realize that I am one of those unfortunate people for whom no amount of —, however small, can be truly moderate."

Things go rapidly from bad to worse. Twice the author tries to cut down on his —ing, but he's soon in again, more deeply than ever. He loses a big contract for his firm. "I don't like to have to do this," the boss tells him, "but we can't — — — present-day conditions. Furthermore, — — — younger men. We — — — reputation to consider. — — —!"

The author's home life inevitably goes to pieces. "My wife — — — patiently — — — courage. — — — unwavering —

—." (This can run on freely for several paragraphs.)

"What finally brought me to my senses — — — the children. My oldest boy, —, who was then about —, — — —. He had obviously — — — — neighbor's boy, considerably bigger, who — — — his father was a —er. — — — liar. 'Gee, Dad,' he said, ' — — — — — — — — — ?'

"When a man's own son asks him a question like that, there can be only one answer: give up —. Forever."

That was ten years ago. Not only did the author break himself of the — habit, but he also manages to sell an article or two every year about how he did it.

CHARLES W. MORTON

HANNIBAL VISITED

by CHARLES BOEWE

CHARLES BOEWE grew up in West Salem, Illinois, took his A.B. and M.A. at Syracuse University, and is now working for his doctorate at the University of Wisconsin. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

I HAVE just returned from Hannibal, Missouri, and I should like to report that it is a success. It is a success beyond anything Mark Twain ever dreamed of for the Paige typesetting machine, and it is my guess that Twain had the business acumen to see that this would one day be so and invested heavily in Hannibal real estate — else how do you account for the Mark Twain Chinchilla Ranch and Mark Twain Frozen Custard? It seems obvious to me that the genius of Mark Twain has been enormously underestimated; a man who could foresee frozen custard was an American Nostradamus; can you buy Thoreau Balsam Pillows at Concord, or Emily Dickinson African Violets at Amherst?

The Mark Twain Museum and Mark Twain's Boyhood Home are operated admission-free by the Hannibal Chamber of Commerce. To them every year come thousands of people who have read one or more of Mark Twain's books — or because their

travels have taken them across the Mark Twain Memorial Bridge, down Mark Twain Avenue, past the Mark Twain Memorial Lighthouse; and they figure they might as well stop and find out what all the fuss is about. At any rate, the kids have an exciting time spinning the old steamboat wheel that is preserved in the Mu-



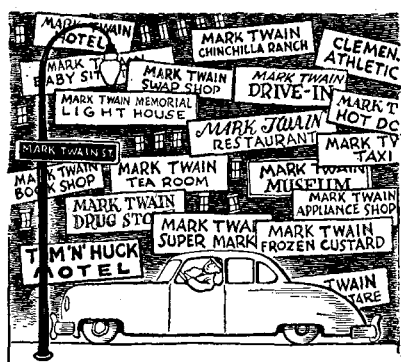
seum. I myself was impressed by the fact that Aunt Somebody-or-other — who lived in Hannibal when Mark Twain was a boy there, but as far as anybody knows never said a word to the lad — thoughtfully saved her lace fan for the Museum, where it is still lovingly treasured.

The Boyhood Home, at 208 Hill

Street adjoining the Museum, is a pleasant two-story white frame house with green shutters. At one corner of it a whitewashed wooden fence about ten feet long invites the tourist to pose his offspring, paintbrush in hand, and take his picture. The only reason this is not done more often than it actually is, is that no enterprising citizen has yet set up a Tom Sawyer Paintbrush Renting Service.

Nevertheless, many visitors do photograph their children in front of the fence, and the result is probably as pleasing as pictures of the children reduced to the size of ants with the Washington Monument in the background. One may also see at the Boyhood Home the downspout that may have suggested the downspout Tom Sawyer used to slide down when he wanted to get out of the house unobserved by Aunt Polly, or it may be that Twain saw another downspout somewhere. But the most remarkable feature of the Home is its automatic sprinkler system; not only does the Home have sprinklers inside, but outside as well, with the pipes running down the ridgepole of the roof and along the sides of the house. I was astonished to learn that Mark Twain, who left Hannibal when he was only eighteen, had begun smoking in bed at such an early age.

There are no official guides in Hannibal, yet as you wander around town following the map in a pamphlet distributed by the Chamber of Com-



merce — which marks not only Becky Thatcher's home but the Tom 'N Huck Motel — you soon learn that many of the citizens fancy themselves qualified by their deep study of Mark Twain's writings — though not all of them, it seems, have got as far as *The Innocents Abroad*.

Having paused only briefly to admire the Mark Twain Hotel and the Clemens Athletic Field, I found myself at the foot of Cardiff Hill (Holiday's Hill in *Life on the Mississippi*) where there stands a statue of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. It is an interesting enough piece of bronze, showing Huck properly ragged and with his single suspender, and I was happy to allow a few minutes to it; but when an eager amateur guide walked over from a gas station to explain it to me, I somehow lost interest in Tom, and the Doctor in *The Innocents Abroad* suddenly seemed to be the most memorable character Twain ever drew. I couldn't resist the temptation to emulate him.

"Who is Mr. Twain's friend?" I asked my companion, when he paused in his raptures long enough for me

to insert a word. For a moment he looked bewildered.

"Oh, that's not Mark Twain," he said, when he had sized up my stupidity. "Mark Twain's statue is up in Riverview Park. This is Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. Only statue in the world to be erected to the memory of fictional characters!"

"You mean," I said, "these lads aren't real? Didn't really live?"

"Oh no. They're only fiction — made up. Mark Twain, that's Samuel Clemens, made up their names and put them in a book, *Tom Sawyer*. And then he put them in another book, called *Huckleberry Finn*."

"Very interesting. But who is this fellow Clemens?"

"That's Mark Twain. That is, his name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, only he made up the name Mark Twain for himself."

"Then Mark Twain was no more real than Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn, and this isn't the world's only statue to fictional characters, for you have another right here in Hannibal, in Riverview Park."

"No, no, no. Mark Twain was a writer who lived here in Hannibal a long time ago, only his real name was Samuel Clemens. And if you'll read his books you'll see that he talks about Holiday's Hill, where he used to play, which is Cardiff Hill — right here in front of you — and this statue represents two of the characters in his books, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, who played on Cardiff Hill, only Mark Twain calls it Holiday's Hill."

"Rather confusing, isn't it? Do you suppose he was ashamed of his home town and was trying to disguise it?"

My guide said he thought he had a customer at the gas station.

I turned and started down Main Street for the Mark Twain Cave, Hannibal's greatest natural wonder. The cave is situated in a hill two miles south of Hannibal, a short distance from Mark Twain's River. Some say this river is identical with the Mississippi, but in Hannibal that seems unlikely. Mark Twain never owned the cave — any more than he ever owned the river — but he did get lost in it once, thereby providing himself with the raw material for one of his most famous scenes. Someone owns it now, and it costs a visitor seventy-five cents to go in with a guided party to see where Mark Twain used to play cops and robbers for free.

I paid my seventy-five cents cheerfully and went into the cave with a party of about twenty-five others. As the guide encouraged us to ask questions, someone soon asked if Mark Twain's name was among the many that were smoked in candle soot or scratched on nearly every available



smooth spot in the ceiling and the walls.

The guide apologized for its absence, and went on to volunteer the information so dear to Hannibal residents that Mark Twain's real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, as if that explained it. Then he also had to admit that *that* name wasn't in the cave, an oversight which you can bet he wished he'd thought of earlier. Evidently someone else in the party had read *The Innocents Abroad*, for a gentleman wearing one of the denim jackets provided by the management against the coolness of the cave promptly asked why it wasn't called the Becky Thatcher Cave, since that wasn't her name either.

The guide said he was sure that would be as good a name as any, and added that it once was called McDowell's Cave because a Mr. McDowell had placed the body of his little daughter in a cylinder of alcohol, and then had placed the cylinder in

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the cave, thinking the body would petrify. After he had assured several ladies in the party that the child's body had been removed years and years ago and given a decent burial, he hurried on to repeat a number of educational statistics about the expense and difficulty of fitting the cave with electric lights.

The gentleman in the denim jacket had been studying the Chamber of Commerce's pamphlet carefully. At the mention of the lights he said, "I see here that the first railroad to cross Missouri was started at Hannibal, and that the first mail car in the world was built in Hannibal; but I don't see any mention that the electric light was invented in Hannibal."

"As far as I know, it wasn't," said the guide. Then, the dawn of understanding that only a professional guide can give facial expression to — "The lights were put in *after* Mark Twain left Hannibal. Long after."

By this time the party had penetrated pretty far into the portion of the cave exhibited to tourists, and we had marveled at chunks of rock which the guide believed resembled a piano, an alligator, the devil's backbone, a post office, the prow of a ship, and an assortment of other objects unlikely to be found underground. We lingered a good while under the cross where Tom and Huck found Injun Joe's buried treasure. The man in the denim jacket suggested that Mark Twain must have needed a long step-ladder to carve the cross in the ceiling. He was told patiently that the cross was the natural result of the intersection of two seams in the rocks. Somehow this tarnished the wonder of the thing a little.

Leaving the cave at the conclusion of the quarter-mile walk, the man in the denim jacket said that it astonished him. "Yes," he said, "it's really astonishing — I might say unbelievable. . . . How many books did you say Mark Twain wrote?"

"The *Collected Works* numbers thirty-seven volumes," said the guide.

"To think that a man could write thirty-seven books and still find time for such an engineering feat! Why, most men would do well to dig a swimming pool singlehanded. But to dig a cave — well!"



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THEY COME IN THREES

by DAVID MAGEE

DAVID MAGEE was born in Yorkshire, England, and entered the export business in London after leaving school. He moved to the United States some twenty years ago and now owns a bookshop in San Francisco.

I DON'T understand it. My hands and feet are correctly endowed — at least they have the usual number of digits; they are not overlarge, nor do they twitch from St. Vitus's dance or any other form of nervous disorder; and while I cannot attribute to my movements the grace of a gazelle, I am able to push a girl around a crowded dance floor without reducing her toes to pulp or otherwise behaving like a runaway bulldozer. In short, I possess, so I like to believe, the average male's sense of balance and coordination. Yet since childhood I have been waging an endless and distressing battle with certain objects that are called — quite erroneously — inanimate.

Now, I am not referring to such perverse things as nails that tear great holes in the plaster, window shades of pullman compartments, or garden implements that rise suddenly and strike you in the face. These are adversaries common to all mankind. Mine are on a much higher social level. It is the art treasure, the heirloom, the priceless porcelain which should be in a museum (and why isn't it?) that is my enemy. Put me within five feet of a vase (Ming) and it has leaped from its pedestal and dashed itself into a thousand pieces on the floor. Let one of those terra cotta Percherons (Tang) catch sight of me and it has pranced off the

whatnot to break all four legs at the starting post.

It is most embarrassing, this passion of the old and rare to commit suicide in my presence. It happens all the time. Only a few weeks ago my wife and I were invited to dine with a couple whom we had met on our vacation. I shall call them the Bodleys. Had I realized that their house was a walking museum — and I mean walking — I would have known enough to stay home among my own worthless, and therefore truly inanimate, bric-a-brac.

It started out to be a very pleasant evening. The food was good, the wine vintage, the company gay, and there was no Ming, no Tang, in sight. Towards the end of dinner I told a story. It was a good story and the laughter of the Bodleys and their guests emboldened me to essay another. To give the punch line of this one the full treatment I leaned back — a trifle sharply perhaps. . . . For the next few minutes I was too busy trying to piece together the back of my chair to notice if the story got over. I don't think it did — at least not with my hostess. But she was charming and did her best to put me at ease. "Don't

give it a thought," she said graciously. "It was just one of an old set — Chippendale, I believe — that Bob and I picked up in London last year." The butler was less magnanimous. He brought me a new chair, as sturdy as a coronation throne, and carried away the broken one as if cradling in his arms the lifeless form of some favorite nephew.

When we joined the ladies after our coffee and liqueurs, I thought Bob Bodley made rather a point of leading me to the heaviest and most overstuffed chair in the living room; but perhaps I was being a bit sensitive. His wife, at any rate, could not have been more charming. She sat beside me for a while, chatting of this and that. Soon she drifted away to her other guests, leaving me to sip my highball in a considerably more cheerful state of mind. A little later she sat down on a sofa opposite me and raised her glass in my direction. "Happy days," she said as if she really meant it. Then she added: "Oh, Mr. Magee, would you mind throwing me my handbag? I left it beside you."

I picked up the bag, which had one of those large golden knobs for a clasp, and tossed it over to her. . . . I suppose I shouldn't take people literally, but it was only a matter of a few feet, and how was I to know that she was going to turn at that moment to speak to the man beside her? Anyway, women should not be allowed to own handbags that require an outside doorknob to open them.

I knelt in a litter of broken glass and ice and mopped furiously with my handkerchief at the ruined dress. I heard Mrs. Bodley say, "Be careful you don't cut yourself with that broken glass, Mr. Magee." But I am quite sure at that point she would not have cared in the least if a splinter of what was no doubt once a peerless Florentine goblet had pierced me mortally. "It's just an old rag," she said gaily, but her laughter came to me like a wind over a winter pond. "It was Bob's grandmother's wedding gown," she went on. "He told me I was foolish to have it made over. It doesn't pay to be sentimental over old things, does it?" And she gave me one of those wooden smiles that mothers reserve for the willful antics of other people's children.

When the butler came in with what I considered an unnecessarily large broom and dustpan, I tried to hide behind the other guests; but he

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spotted me right away. Your experienced hunter can always pick the rogue elephant from the rest of the herd.

I did not dare look at my wife, but when the time came for us to leave — and it was none too soon for me — I was aware of an overelaborate display of good will in her voice which managed somehow to convey at once a gracious thank-you for the evening and an apology for the oaf she had married. There was also, I felt, a certain finality about that farewell.

"Why didn't you bring an axe with you?" she muttered to me in the hall, and swept off to powder her nose and get her things.

I wandered aimlessly about the hall, waiting for her. The furniture here was of oak — Tudor, I judged, and as solid as Henry the Eighth himself. But I was taking no chances. I drifted over to the front door, anxious to be gone. There was a barome-



ter hanging there. From force of habit I tapped it. The bottom fell out. . . .

Since this dreadful evening my wife has dined out with considerable success on what she is pleased to call my triple play. But not, I need scarcely say, at the Bodleys'.

THE MULE

by R. P. LISTER

Was never mule a father;
Small wonder mules repine.
The noble mule, the fast one,
Is none the less the last one
Of his line.

Great virtue he inherits
From his undaunted sires,
But nothing can be said of
The clan that he is head of;
It expires.



by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C Minor (Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano; Malcolm Sargent conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; RCA Victor-Bluebird: 12" LP). At \$3.10, this reprint from the HMV files is by all odds the best buy among Beethoven Thirds, where no truly good recording exists. Firm tempi; spacious British sound.

Beethoven: Sonatas Op. 78, Op. 90, Op. 111 (Artur Schnabel, piano; RCA Victor: 12" LP). This is Vol. I of the Beethoven Society sets, recorded nearly twenty years ago, oversubscribed at the outset, later priced in collectors' circles (in its 78 rpm version) at up to \$135. The reprint is a little rough but an unquestionable necessity for earnest Beethovenians.

Brahms: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP). As in its kindred piece, the Beethoven Ninth, the Maestro finds in the Brahms First fiery heights and depths unexplored by anyone else. Magnificent and irresistibly moving.

Chopin: Ballades Op. 23, Op. 38, Op. 47, Op. 52 (Ginette Doyen, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). Delicate, precise, almost flirtatiously demure Chopin in a recording of exquisite sound.

Gesualdo and Monteverdi: Italian Madrigals (The Randolph Singers; Westminster: 12" LP, with song script). For the seeker of the unconventional, this is a most arresting record. With the superbly skilled aid of the Randolph Singers, Gesualdo projects the living spirit of the Renaissance, in disturbingly modern idiom, into our century. Recording: perfect.

Liszt: Concertos No. 1 and No. 2 (Edith Farnadi, piano; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). The fi is as hi as a war horse's eye. The triangle in No. 1 has never been so enticingly audible, and Miss Farnadi's pianism is perfection itself.

Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde (Kathleen Ferrier, contralto; Julius Patzak, tenor; Bruno Walter conduct-



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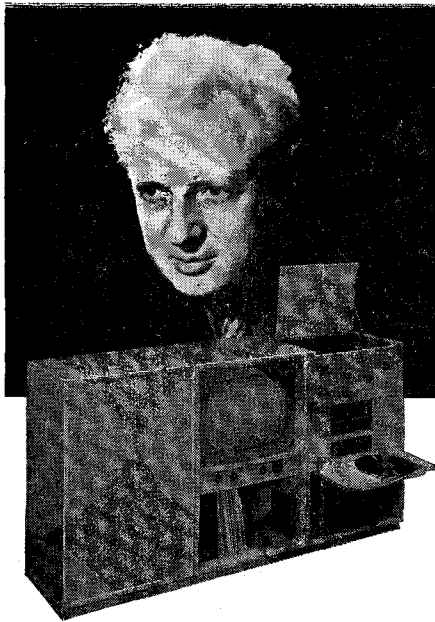
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ing Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London: two 12" LPs in album with libretto). Cheers for Columbia, which released Walter to record this magnificent performance. It easily supplants all others, on 78 rpm or LP. The work's great singing sadness has never been better conveyed or so well recorded.

Mahler: Symphony No. 5; Eight Songs (Bruno Walter conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony; Desi Halban, soprano, with Bruno Walter, piano; Columbia: two 12" LPs). Another version of Symphony No. 5 appeared coincidentally with this. It was at least as well recorded, but Walter knew and knows Mahler as no other living conductor does; the comprehension is trenchantly evident throughout this huge and eloquent song-symphony. The eight songs taper things off nicely. A very rich, deep dish indeed.

Massenet: Thaïs (Geori Boué, Roger Bourdin, Jean Giraudau, other soloists; George Sebastian conducting chorus and orchestra of Paris Opéra; Urania: three 12" LPs with libretto). Here is opera for the music-lover embarrassed by opera: the plot fits the form; the score fits the plot; there is suspense, without pretense of great depth; and the best music is incidental. All the cast are completely convincing, albeit Thaïs is somewhat shrill. Beautifully recorded.

Mendelssohn: Walpurgisnacht; Five Songs (Otto Ackermann conducting Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, choir and soloists; Uta Graf, soprano, with Leon Pommers, piano; Concert Hall: 12" LP). Most neglected masterpieces aren't masterpieces, but *Walpurgisnacht* is. The Druids revel, the good Christians shudder, the recording is resplendent.

Moussorgsky: Boris Godounov (Boris Christov, other soloists; Issay Dobrowen conducting French National Radio Orchestra and chorus; HMV: four 12" LPs with libretto.) Christov is terrific. In fact, everyone concerned is, including the HMV engineers. Gorgeous Russian gloom; fine, sonorous bell-ringing.

Mozart: Concerto No. 5 ("Turkish") for Violin (Jascha Heifetz, violin; Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting London Symphony) with **Beethoven: Romances in G and F** (William Steinberg conducting RCA Victor Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Although not perfectly recorded, the concerto is so flawless in performance, and so lacking in present

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or prospective competition, that all Mozart lovers should acquire it without indecent delay.

Porter, Katherine Anne: *The Downward Path to Wisdom* (Short story, read by the author; Caedmon: 12" LP). Another fine talking disk; a grim but touching story of childhood. Concurrently released: Archibald MacLeish reading poems of his own, including *Active*.

Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 1; Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini (Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano; Eugene Ormandy and Leopold Stokowski conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Anyone who hasn't been awaiting this reprint — especially the Variations — has an enviable surprise in store for him.

Schubert: A Song Recital (Gérard Souzay, baritone; Jacqueline Bonneau, piano; London: 10" LP). The tender, virile, flowing Souzay voice in some unfamiliar — but welcome — Schubert, leavened by *Die Forelle* and *Ihr Bild*. Faultless.

Tchaikovsky: The Sleeping Beauty (Anatole Fistoulari conducting Conservatory Concerts Orchestra of Paris; London: two 12" LPs). Here is the *Beauty*, at full, lovely length, with all the frr the law allows.

Thomson, Virgil: Concerto for Cello; Suite from The Mother of Us All (Luigi Silva, cello; Werner Janssen conducting Janssen Symphony Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Of all the records reviewed in this issue, with the possible exception of the Schnabel-Beethoven, this would be this reviewer's first choice. Its wonderful cordial wit recalls Mark Twain; it presents American folk-melody used as Beethoven and Smetana used *their* native tunes. Buy it.

Verdi: Aida (Renata Tebaldi, Ebe Stignani, Mario del Monaco; other soloists; Alberto Erede conducting Saint Cecilia Academy chorus and orchestra, Rome; London: three 12" LPs). This ought to be final. Mr. Erede keeps a steady, sturdy pace, and the unbeatable soloists do all the rest. Engineering: top-notch.

Verdi: Il Trovatore (Milanov, Bjoerling, Barbieri, Warren; Robert Shaw Chorale; Renato Cellini conducting RCA Victor Orchestra; RCA Victor: two 12" LPs). If this is not as good as Cellini's *Rigoletto* (perhaps the best operatic album yet made) it is still extremely good. It has the easy expertness of a Met performance, only a few vocal monkeyshines, superb microphoning.

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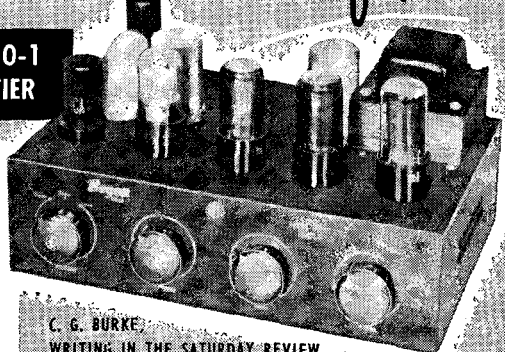


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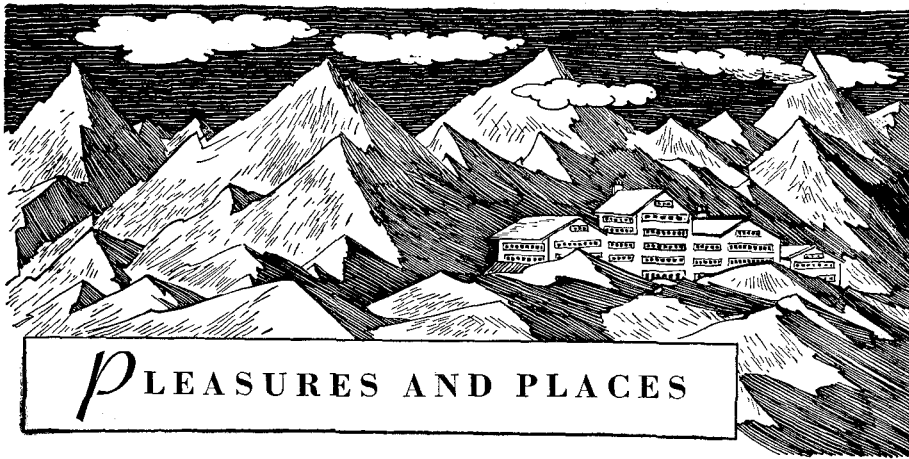
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SWISS HOTEL

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

JOSEPH WECHSBERG is at home almost anywhere on the continent of Europe. Readers of these pages will recall earlier articles, written from France and Italy, and his expert advice about those qualities which set a fine hotel or restaurant apart from more ordinary establishments. His next article will sum up the peculiar virtues of Boston's Ritz-Carlton.

THERE is a venerable *Hausdiener* on the fourth floor of the Suvretta House in St. Moritz who has been with the hotel for thirty-seven years. I'm not going to tell his name. Being a perfect Swiss *Hausdiener*, he prefers to remain anonymous, one of the 250 living cogs in the watchwork movement of a great Swiss hotel. The *Hausdiener*, or floor valet, makes up the rooms and bathrooms, presses men's suits, and shines shoes. For the past thirty-seven years the *Hausdiener* has done just that. He has never aspired to become concierge or assistant manager or vice-president. His only ambition has been, and is, to be the best fourth-floor *Hausdiener* at the Suvretta House — or, for that matter, in Switzerland. Because of him, the Swiss hotels are the best on earth.

There are, of course, good hotels elsewhere: in London (did you ever witness the feudal ceremony called "afternoon tea" at Claridge's or Brown's?); in France, where some hotels have charm and elegance, and in Italy, where they are reconverted palazzi; in Sweden and Belgium and Denmark, and above all in America, where the best hotels are extremely efficient.

But none of them compares with a fine Swiss hotel, which succeeds in giving the guest the illusion of being in a home — the kind of home

he would like to live in if he could afford it.

Absolute devotion to duty and an unflinching precision are hardly artistic virtues, but they are indispensable for the manufacture and the smooth operation of such intricate machines as watches and hotels. No watch and no hotel can be better than the people who make it. The Swiss have successfully exported watches and even hotel managers. Barcelona's Ritz, San Francisco's Palace, London's Savoy and Dorchester, Claridge's in Paris, Cairo's Metropolitan, the Bauer-Grünwald in Venice, the Cataract Hotel in Assouan, the Excelsior in Florence, the Atlanta in Brussels, the Palace in Scheveningen, are some of the great international caravansaries managed by Swiss. But the Swiss have not succeeded in exporting a Swiss hotel, in its entirety.

"You can export all the ingredients," I once read in a gastronomic guidebook of Genoa, "but you cannot seal in a can the shining of the sun and the blue of the sky." In order to re-create abroad the atmosphere of a Swiss hotel, the Swiss would have to send abroad everybody in it, including the fourth-floor *Hausdiener*. Thus you have to go to Switzerland if you want to enjoy a real Swiss hotel, and spend your money there. Which is all right with the Swiss.

The great Swiss hotels are not large by American standards. The Suvretta House has 365 rooms with 400 beds, no marble, and a minimum of chrome-plated appliances. It is a massive, chalet-like building of granite that blends beautifully into the surrounding woods and Suvretta Peak in the background, after which it was called. In 1910, when it was built, machinery was limited to elevators; the bathrooms were spacious but had no running water, which was installed only after the First World War.

The Suvretta remained open during that war but was closed during World War II, at considerable expense to the owners, since a permanent staff of thirty people had to be kept in the hotel to maintain it in first-class condition.

The history of the Suvretta House really goes back to 1899 when a rich shipbuilder from Newcastle-on-Tyne fell in love with the Engadine and built the Villa Suvretta there for his ailing wife. (The Villa stands just behind the hotel, and belongs to it, but is managed separately.) There was no railroad when the hotel was opened in 1912. People had to make the adventurous journey across the Julier Pass (7504 feet high) in a mail coach drawn by six sturdy horses. The Suvretta House thoughtfully provided a blacksmith's shop for people arriving in their own carriages. Quite a few did, the hotel being popular with royalty, ministers, and millionaires. No one was in a hurry in those days. Some people would spend months there.

Technological progress is still frowned upon at the Suvretta. The management takes a pleasantly dim view of radio and television. But there are compensations. Elegant simplicity is the leitmotiv. The brass lighting fixtures are hand-hammered by famous artists. The fine Persian rugs were imported from Tabriz. The dining-room curtains are hand-embroidered and repaired by expert craftsmen. The bedrooms are covered with Salubra linen tapestries that were put up forty years ago; they can be washed with soap and water and are extremely *haltbar*, or durable. (*Haltbar*, by the way, is a favorite Swiss word.) The finest linens and pillow covers were woven by the nuns of the Convent of Cazio. Other linens were made especially for the hotel by leading Swiss manufacturers, and hand-embroidered by village women in long winter nights.

The Suvretta's *lingerie* — the linen shop — is a sight to behold. Some of the linen still being used was bought back in 1912. Every few years new stocks have been added, with the year of the purchase woven into the material.

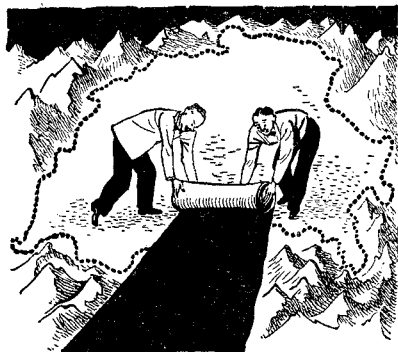
The linens are stacked up high in large closets, by the year, like vintage wines in a well-stocked cellar. They are used for one season and left lying in the closets for the next. This is said to make them last longer. At the time of my visit, the '24 and '37

vintages were being used—good years, it seems, for both wine and linen.

Two skilled seamstresses were busy turning torn bedspreads into pillowcases, and torn pillowcases into kitchen towels. I am sure they do something with their kitchen towels, too. Nothing is ever thrown away in Switzerland. All linen is washed by hand and dried in plain air and sunshine, throughout summer and winter. (The gastronomical specialty of the Canton of Graubünden and of St. Moritz, or San Murezzan, as the natives call it, is *Bündnerfleisch*, a side of beef dried for six months in the mountain air and sunshine.)

At the Suvretta House, they wouldn't think of buying fruit preserves, jams, and compotes but, as in a well-run home, make their own. Some guests like them so much that they buy them and take them along. Whatever the Swiss Midases touch turns into Swiss money. The Suvretta's coffee is bought green and roasted in the hotel's own shop. Two elderly sisters, *Kaffee-Köchinnen* of long standing, have been making coffee for the past twenty years, day after day. They have experimented with electric machines, percolators, *espresso* boilers, various high- and low-pressure cookers, and with other devices, but they always revert to grandmother's old-fashioned coffepot. The coffee is delicious. Maybe it's the water.

The water comes from the private wells of the hotel. The flowers come from its greenhouses. The Suvretta has its own post office—the manager doubles up as postmaster—and its private park and private ice rink. The ice rink, one of the best on the Con-



tinent, is kept in fine shape by Herr Baumann from Grindelwald, Switzerland's foremost ice-master, and by his crew of ten who treat the large rink like the icing on a giant birthday cake. They work all night long, figur-

ing out the components—humidity, temperature, air density, and what not—and produce the smoothest surface this side of Sonja Henie's Ice Revue.

The guest gets plenty of service even before he gets up to the hotel. As his train arrives at the St. Moritz railroad station, the liveried *conducteurs* from all local hotels stand in parade formation, their position determined by the rank of their establishment. At the head of the line, as befits his de luxe hotel, is the *conducteur* with the name SUVRETTA HOUSE on his cap. He takes charge of your luggage and leads you to the hotel bus. In Switzerland, thrift is the greatest of all virtues; even the well-to-do accept gratis transportation by the hotel bus.

After a 1½-mile ride, the bus drives up in front of the hotel entrance. An elaborate ritual ensues. The *voiturier* opens the door and helps you out. (He does it quite well, having practiced for the past ten or fifteen years.) Behind him stand the *chef de réception*, the assistant manager, and perhaps even the manager, if a V.I.P. is expected.

Few people dare arrive at the Suvretta House unannounced; many, in fact, carry on a long preliminary correspondence stating their exact wishes and knowing exactly how much it's going to cost them. Room and board, American plan, start at 26 francs (\$6.50) a day for a room without bath. For 125 francs (\$30) a day you get a bedroom, a sitting room, a bathroom, and plenty of *foie gras*, sturgeon, and *poulet de Bresse*.

From the moment you enter, a regiment of well-trained experts tries to outguess your every whim even before you have thought of it. Among the hotel's 250 employees are glass washers—professors in the science of washing glasses; *vacumiers* who operate large vacuum cleaners from plugs in the corridors; *casseroliers* who clean saucepans, and *passe-platiers* whose job is to send the food to the rooms as quickly as possible. There are *commis tournants*, who take over departments in the kitchen when the regular cook has his day off, and *commis de rang*, and also the *communard* who cooks for the staff. There are *chefs de grill* and *chefs de rang*, *chefs d'étage* and *demi-chefs de rang*. The *garderobier* has charge of the gentlemen's cloakroom and the *liftier* has operated his elevator for the past fifteen years. The restaurant *stagiaire* is a sort of wait-

er's apprentice, and the *économat-gouvernante* has charge of the pantry department. The *maître de plaisir* arranges parties; and there is a tennis



trainer in summer and an ice-skating champion in winter.

There are Swiss, Dutchmen, French, Belgians, Germans, Italians, Austrians, Hungarians, Scandinavians, Luxembourgers, Britishers, among the Suvretta's employees. Along the corridors, most employees speak German; in the restaurant, the language of Dante dominates; in the kitchen, most cursing is done in French, as it ought to be in all good kitchens.

The kitchen empire is under the command of M. Marcial Gaillard, a native of Savoie, a region of France which has produced a superaverage quota of good chefs. Gaillard is a veteran of Deauville's Normandie, Claridge's in Paris, the Splendide in Aix-les-Bains, the St. George in Beirut, and the King David in Jerusalem, where he was eating a chicken sandwich one day in 1948 when the hotel was blown up. He escaped with minor cuts and an allergy to chicken sandwiches.

M. Gaillard, who cooked for the statesmen participating in the conferences of Teheran and Cairo, calls the Suvretta a *maison des fous*. "Four hundred guests and each has his own whims. They write me in advance about their diet. They ask for changes and substitutions on the menu. Some want French cooking and others want Italian cooking, or Swiss cooking, or their own idea of cooking. We've got to make everything here, from chicken curry Bombay to shashlik Caucassienne, from piccata Portugaise to poularde Souvaroff. In a great French restaurant they serve a few *spécialités de la maison*. We can't afford to serve specialties. They are said to be too 'rich.' Everybody wants fruit juices and steaks. Hah! The American influence."

M. Gaillard's staff are a cosmopoli-

tan-minded folk. Between the short summer season and the longer winter season, they drift off to de luxe hotels



in Geneva, London, Paris, or to the Villa d'Este on Lake Como. They have their separate dining room and don't mix with the rest of the hotel staff, living in a different world. To switch from one to the other is considered high treason.

The best Swiss hotels are owned and operated *en famille*. In hotel-conscious Switzerland, where such matters as the distribution of tips among the employees are regulated by law, the great hotel dynasties — Ritz, Bon, Seiler, Gredig, Hauser, Armleder, Pinosch, Kienberger, Fassbind, Bucher, Fanciola, Von Allmen, Badrutt — are as well known as the captains of industry are in the United States.

The average Swiss hotel manager is born to his job somewhat like the French *vigneron* or the Prussian lieutenant, or the American businessman.

Rudolf Candrian-Bon, the present manager of the Suvretta House, is a second-generation *hôte* who started out as apprentice at the Beau Rivage Palace in Lausanne, worked three years in the kitchen and the storeroom of the Hotel O'Connor in Nice, was cashier and night clerk at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, reception manager at the Carlton in Geneva, *chef de réception* at Zurich's Baur au Lac, assistant manager of the Kulm Hotel in St. Moritz, and finally manager of the Park Hotel in Vitznau, which he operated with his wife, a member of the Bon *hôte* dynasty.

In a good Swiss hotel, the *hôtelière*, the wife of the owner or manager, is a priceless asset to her husband in the *économat*, the *lingerie*, or as superintendent of the chambermaids. She's the one who thinks of sending flowers and fresh fruit to newly arrived guests; she asks whether they like to have a special painting hung in their rooms; she supervises the flower arrange-

ments in the hall; and in general gives the hotel the warm atmosphere of hospitality that distinguishes the truly fine hotel from the merely mediocre one.

The great *hôtelière* of the Suvretta was the late Madame Bon, who died in 1944 at the age of eighty-seven. Up to her last years she would get up every morning at five for a thorough inspection of the entire hotel. Nothing escaped her eyes; dust under a table, provisions checked in incorrectly, the fine points of the day's menu.

Her severe appearance never failed to send late revelers to bed when she spotted them at the bar. Once a pleasantly intoxicated Swiss officer started a shooting competition in the hall, with the hall lights and wrist watches of his friends as suitable targets. Madame Bon flew into a fine rage and demanded that the young man leave immediately. But when he came to apologize, she was charmed by him and let him stay. The story is often told by the Bon family to point out that

the Swiss are unjustly accused of not having a sense of humor.

I asked the manager what makes a Swiss hotel different from any other on earth.

He thought it over for a while. Then: —

"In a good Swiss hotel," he said, "people take pride in their work. Even in the best houses things may go wrong. A new guest, through an unfortunate chain reaction of events, gets bad service. His luggage stays behind, the windows are left open in his room when he likes them closed, his food is served cold, the bath is too hot.

"If this happens, I usually have a report here a few minutes later. Before the guest has come down to complain, a member of the management has already gone up to apologize. You see, our employees observe our guests in the same way that the doctors in a good hospital observe their patients. They worry about the guests and lose sleep when something goes wrong. In short, *they care*."



CROSSING

by JOHN CIARDI

On the second day we scattered porpoises
into the light like horses leaping away
from a locomotive across their sleep and prairie.
On the third day nothing. On the fourth again

nothing to the horizon of nothing: clouds hanging
on the left of the sun, light spraying across the whitecaps,
the motion dizzy with itself in a lost eye:
the ocean has no sense of being looked at.

On the fifth day nothing again till ten when the swell
stippled bit by bit with jellyfish.

By noon they made a migration in the wave,
brown and velvet and seen in a wash of jade

when the waves tented and threw them against the light.

By five they were gone. Changelessly the sea
was empty again on the sixth day and the seventh.
On the eighth the gulls came. On the ninth, land.

That night my bed rocked on at the Algonquin,
my sleep swayed yet where the sea ran under it,
and the swell threw colors and lives away in the sun,
till I woke at last to balance and economy.

The next night even sleep had come ashore.

He Went Out to Meet Them

WITH FLARES AND WHISTLES and blaring bugles, the Reds had been attacking fanatically all night. Wave after wave they came, in overwhelming numbers.

By dawn, Jerry Crump could see that his position alone was keeping them from overrunning L Company. Twice he went out to meet them with his bayonet. Once he retook a captured machine

gun. And four times he left shelter to bring in wounded comrades.

Now, an enemy soldier crept close unobserved. He lobbed a grenade. It landed squarely among the wounded men. Without a second's hesitation, Corporal Crump threw himself upon it, smothered the explosion with his own body, and saved his four companions' lives.

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*Corporal
Jerry Crump
U.S. Army
Medal of Honor*



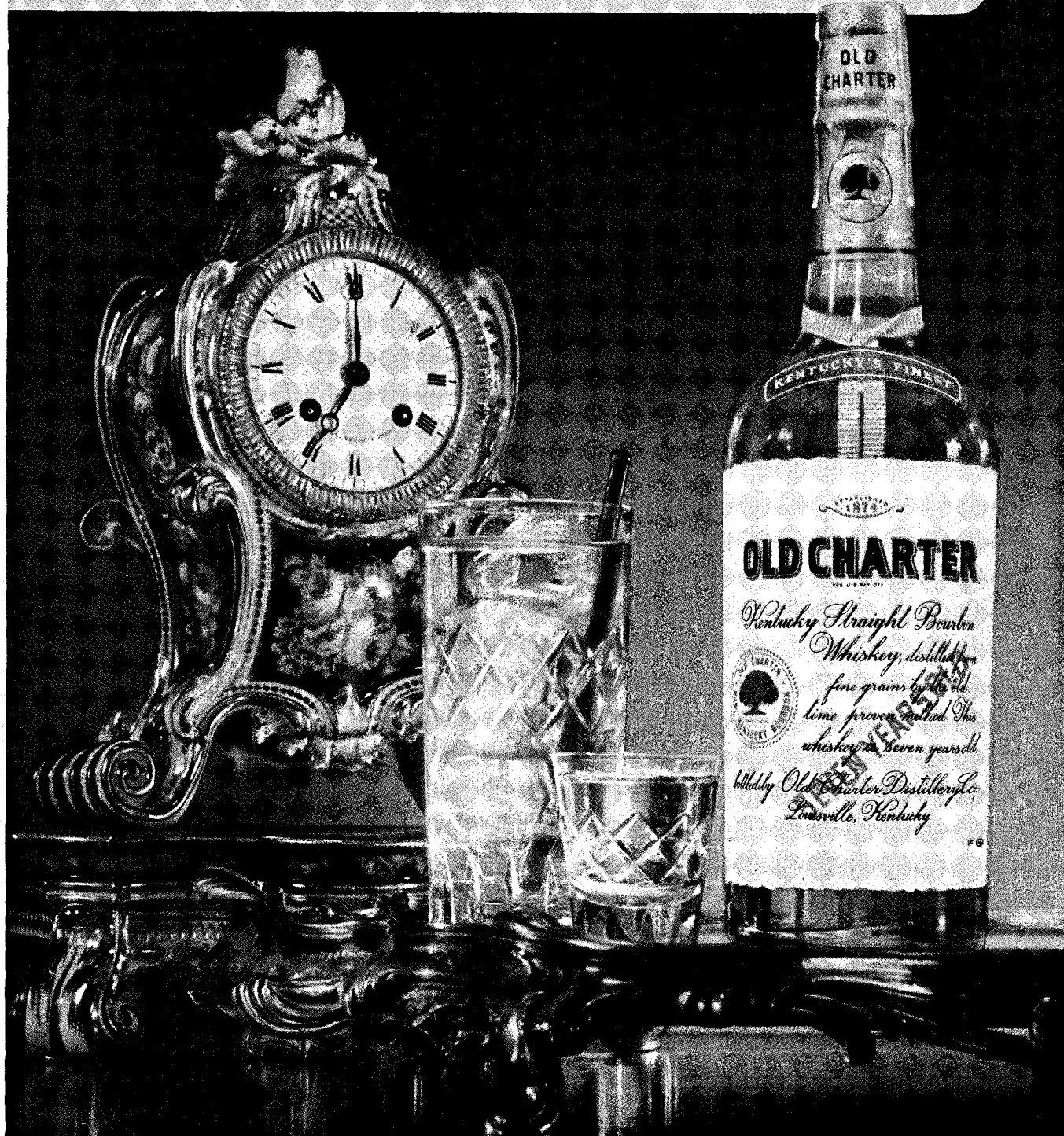
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save with U.S. Defense Bonds!



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